LETTERS,

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN,

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1710 TO 1742.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

COLLECTED AND REVISED

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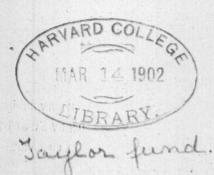
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er THE TELL TOP

LETTERS

FROM

Dr. SWIFT to STELLA.

LETTER XXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON.

London, July 19, 1711.

HAVE just sent my 26th, and have nothing to say, because I have other letters to write; (pshaw, I began too high) but I must lay the beginning like a nest-egg: to-morrow I'll say more, and setch up this line to be straight. This is enough at present for two dear saucy naughty girls.

20. Have I told you that Walls has been with me, and leaves the town in three days. He has brought no gown with him. Dilly carried him to a play. He has come upon a foolish errand, and goes back as he comes. I was this day with lord Peterborow, who is going another ramble: I believe I told you so. I dined with lord treasurer, but cannot get him to do his own business with me; he has put me off till to-morrow.

21, 22. I dined yesterday with lord treasurer, who would needs take me along with him to Windsor, although I refused him several times, having no linen, &c. I had just time to desire lord Forbes to call at my lodging, and order my man to send my things to-day to Windsor by his servant. I lay last night at the secretary's lodgings at Windsor, and borrowed one of his shirts to go to court in. The queen is very well. I Vol. II.

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dined with Mr. Masham; and not hearing any thing of my things, I got lord Winchelsea to bring me to town. Here I found that Patrick had broke open the closet to get to my linen and night-gown, and sent them to Windsor, and there they are; and he not thinking I would return so soon, is gone upon his rambles: so here I am left destitute, and forced to borrow a night-gown of my landlady, and have not a rag to put on

to morrow: faith, it gives me the spleen.

23. Morning. It is a terrible rainy day, and rained prodigiously on Saturday night. Patrick lay out last night, and is not yet returned: faith, poor Presto is a desolate creature; neither servant, nor linen; nor any thing. - Night. Lord Forbes's man has brought back my portmantua, and Patrick is come; fo I am in Chrifian circumstances: I shall hardly commit such a frolic again. I just crept out to Mrs. Van's, and dined, and staid there the afternoon: it has rained all this day. Windsor is a delicious place: I never saw it before, except for an hour about seventeen years ago. Walls has been here in my absence, I suppose to take his leave; for he defigned not to stay above five days in London. He fays, he and his wife will come here for fome months next year; and, in short, he dares not flay now for fear of her.

24. I dined to day with a hedge friend in the city; and Walls overtook me in the street, and told me he was just getting on horseback for Chester. He has as much curiofity as a cow: he lodged with his horse in Aldersgate-freet: he has bought his wife a filk gown, and himself a hat. And what are you doing? what is poor MD doing now? how do you pass your time at Wexford? how do the waters agree with you? Let Presto know soon; for Presto longs to know, and must know. Is not madam Proby curious company? I am afraid this rainy weather will spoil your waters. We have had a great deal of wet these three days. Tell me all the particulars of Wexford; the place, the company, the diversions, the victuals, the wants, the vexations. Poor Dingley never faw such a place in her life; fent all over the town for a little parfley to a boiled chicken, and it was not to be had: the butter is flark naught, naught, except an old English woman's; and it is such a sayour to get a pound from her now and then. I am glad you carried down your sheets with you, else you

must have lain in sackcloth. O Lord!

25. I was this forenoon with Mr. fecretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon, who is condemned for a rape. The under-fecretary was willing to fave him, upon an old notion that a woman cannot be ravished: but I told the fecretary, he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the judge; befides, he was a fiddler, and confequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else; and fo he shall fwing. What; I must stand up for the honour of the fair fex? 'Tis true, the fellow had lain with her a hundred times before; but what care I for that? What! must a woman be ravished because she is a whore?-The fecretary and I go on Saturday to Windsor for a week. I dined with lord treasurer, and flaid with him till past ten. I was to-day at his levee, where I went against my custom, because I had a mind to do a good office for a gentleman: lo I talked with him before my lord, that he might fee me, and then found occasion to recommend him this afternoon: was forced to excuse my coming to the levee, that I did it to fee the fight; for he was going to chide me away: I had never been there before but once, and that was long before he was treasurer. The rooms were all full, and as many Whigs as Tories. He whispered me a jest or two, and bid me come to dinner. I left him but just now, and 'tis late.

dined with him and Steele to-day at young Jacob Ton-Jon's. The two Jacobs thick it is I who have made the fecretary take from them the printing of the Gazette, which they are going to lose, and Ben Tooke and another are to have it. Jacob came to me t'other day, to make his court; but I told him, it was too late, and that it was not my doing. I reckon they will lose it in a week or two. Mr. Addison and I talked as usual, and as if we had seen one another yesterday; and Steele and I were very easy, although I writ him lately a biting letter, in answer to one of his, where he desired me get you gone to your waters, firrah. Do they give you a stomach? Do you eat heartily?—We have had much

rain to day and yesterday.

Rolt, and gave her a pistole to help her a little forward against she goes to board in the country. She has but eighteen pounds a year to live on, and is forced to seek out for cheap places. Sometimes they raise their price, and sometimes they starve her, and then she is forced to shift. Patrick the puppy put too much ink in my standish, and carrying too many things together, I spilled it on my paper and floor. The town is dull, and wet and empty: Wexford is worth two of it; I hope so at least, and that poor little MD finds it so. I reckon upon going to Windsor to-morrow with Mr. secretary, unless he changes his mind, or some other business pre-

vents him. I shall stay there a week, I hope.

Morning. Mr. secretary sent me word, he will call at my lodgings by two this afternoon, to take me to Windsor, so I must dine no where; and I promised lord treasurer to dine with him to-day; but I suppose we shall dine at Windsor at five, for we make but three hours there. I am going abroad, but have left Patrick to put up my things, and to be fure to be at home half an hour before two. - Windsor, at night. We did not leave London till three, and dined here between fix and feven; at nine I left the company, and went to fee lord treasurer, who is just come. I chid him for coming fo late; he chid me for not dining with him; faid, he staid an hour for me. Then I went and fat with Mr. Lewis till just now, and 'tis past eleven. I lie in the same house with the secretary, one of the prebendary's houses. The secretary is not come from his apartment in the Castle. Do you think that abominable dog Patrick was out after two to-day, and I in a fright every moment for fear the chariot should come? and when he came in he had not put up one rag of my things: I never was in a greater passion, and would certainly have cropt one of his ears, if I had not lookt every moment for the secretary, who sent his equipage

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to my lodging before, and came in a chair from White-hall to me, and happened to stay half an hour later than he intended. One of lord treasurer's servants gave me a letter to-night; I found it was from *****, with an offer of fifty pounds to be paid me in what manner I pleased; because, he said, he desired to be well with me. I was in a rage; but my friend Lewis cooled me, and said, it is what the best men sometimes meet with; and I have been not seldom served in the like manner, although not so grossly. In these cases I never demur a moment; nor ever found the least inclination to take any thing. Well, I'll go try to sleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor Wexford MD, and Stella that drinks water, and Dingley that drinks ale.

29. I was at Court and church to day, as I was this day fennight: I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and I am fo proud I make all the lords come up to me; one passes half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the queen to-day, which often happens. Windfor is a delicious fituation, but the town is scoundrel. I have this morning got the Gazette for Ben. Tooke and one Barber a printer; it will be about three hundred pounds a year between them. Tother fellow was printer of the Examiner, which is now laid down. dined with the fecretary, we were a dozen in all, three Scotch lords, and lord Peterborow. Duke Hamilton would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked up stairs. It is an ill circumstance, that on Sundays much company always meet at the great tables. Lord treasurer told at Court, what I said to Mr. secretary on this occasion. The secretary shewed me his bill of fare to encourage me to dine with him. Poh, faid I, shew. me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner. See how this is all blotted *, I can write no more here, but to tell you I love MD dearly, and God bless them.

30. In my conscience I sear I shall have the gout. I sometimes feel pains about my seet and toes; I never

^{*} This refers to the ink mentioned above, which blotted his paper.

drank till within these two years, and I did it to cure my head, I often fit evenings with some of these people, and drink in my turn; but lam now resolved to drink tentimes less than before; but they advise me to let what I drink be all wine, and not to put water to it t. Tooke and the printer stayed to day to finish their affair, and treated me, and two of the under-fecretaries, upon their getting the Gazette. Then I went to fee lord treasurer, and chid him for not taking notice of me at Windfor: he faid he kept a place for me yesterday at dinner, and expected me there; but I was glad I did not come, because the duke of Buckingham was there, and that would have made us acquainted; which I have no mind to. However, we appointed to sup at Mr. Masham's, and there stayed till past one o'clock; and that is late, firrals: and I have much bufinefs.

31. I have fent a noble haunch of venison this afternoon to Mrs. Vanhomrigh: I wish you had it, sirrahs: I dined gravely with my landlord the secretary. The queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt, but finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach: she hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives suriously, like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod. Dingley has heard of Nimrod, but not Stella, for it is in the Bible. I was to-day at Eaton, which is but just cross the bridge, to see my lord Kerry's son, who is at school there. Mr. secretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I can't send it to MD? It is a sad thing faith, considering how Presso loves MD, and how MD would love Presso's venison for Presso's sake. God bless the two dear Wexford girls.

Aug. 1. We had for dinner the fellow of that haunch of venison I fent to London; 'twas mighty fat and good,

[†] This advice appears to be reasonable, either because when wine is mixed with water, the particles of it, being diluted, infimuate themselves with greater facility into more vessels of the body, and into channels that pure wine could not readily get admittance into; and therefore its essects are more difficult to be shaken off: or, because that wine being of a hot nature, as it digests every thing else, so it digests itsels; but, when mixed with water, it has a contrary essect. Vid. Aristot. Problem. Sect. 3. Prob. 3. Consult. also Prob. 14, 22.

and eight people at dinner; that was bad. The queen and I were going to take the air this afternoon, but not together; and were both hindered by a sudden rain. Her coaches and chaises all went back, and the guards too: and I scoured into the market-place for shelter. I intended to have walked up the finest avenue I ever saw, two miles long, with two rows of elms on each side. I walked in the evening a little upon the terrace, and came home at eight: Mr. secretary came soon after, and we were engaging in deep discourse, and I was endeavouring to settle some points of the greatest consequence; and had wormed my self pretty well into him, when his under-secretary came in (who lodges in the same house with us) and interrupted all my scheme. I have just lest him;

'tis late, &c.

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2. I have been now five days at Windsor, and Patrick has been drunk three times that I have feen, and oftener I believe. He has lately had cloaths that have colt me five pounds, and the dog thinks he has the whip hand of me; he begins to master me; so now I am refolved to part with him, and will use him without the least pity. The secretary and I have been walking three or four hours to-day. The duchess of Shrewsbury, asked him, was that Dr. Dr. ane she could not fay my name in English, but said Dr. Presto, which is Italian for Swift. Whimfical enough, as Billy Swift fays. I go to-morrow with the secretary to his house at Buckleberry, twenty-five miles from hence, and return early on Sunday morning. I will leave this letter behind me lockt up, and give you an account of my journey when I return. I had a letter yesterday from the bishop of Clogher, who is coming up to Dublin to his parliament. Have you any correspondence with him to Wexford? Methinks I now long for a letter from you, dated Wexford, July 24, Sc. O Lord, that would be so pretending; and then says you Stella can't write much, because it is bad to write when one drinks the waters; and I think, fays you, I find myfelf better already, but I cannot tell yet, whether it be the journey or the waters. Presto is so filly to-night; yes he be; but Presto loves MD dearly as hope saved.

3. Morning. I am to go this day at noon, as I-told you to Buckleberry; we dine at twelve, and expect to be there in four hours; I cannot bid you good night now, because I shall be twenty-five miles from this paper to-night, and so my journal must have a

break; so good morrow, &c.

4. 5. I dined yesterday at Buckleberry, where we lay two nights, and fet out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve, in four hours we went twenty-fix miles. Mr. fecretary was a perfect country gentleman at Buckleberry; he smoakt tobacco with one or two neighbours; he enquired after the wheat in such a field; he went to visit his hounds; and knew all their names; he and his lady faw me to my chamber just in the country fashion. His house is in the midst of near three thousand pounds a year he had by his lady, who is descended from Jack Newbury, of whom books and ballads are written; and there is an old picture of him in the house. She is a great favourite of mine. I lost church to-day; but I dreffed, and shaved, and went to Court, and would not dine with the fecretary, but engaged myself to a private dinner with Mr. Lewis, and one friend more. We go to London to-morrow; for lord Dartmouth, the other fecretary, is come, and they are here their weeks by turns.

6. Lord treasurer comes every Saturday to Windsor, and goes away on Monday or Tuesday. I was with him this morning at his levee, for one cannot fee him otherwife here, he is so hurried: we had some talk, and I told him I would stay this week at Windsor by myself, where I can have more leifure to do some business that concerns them. Lord treasurer and the secretary thought to mortify me, for they told me, they had been talking a great deal of me to-day to the queen, and she faid, the had never heard of me; I told them, That was their fault, and not hers, &c. and so we laughed. I dined with the secretary, and let him go to London at five without me; and here am I all alone in the prebendary's house, which Mr. secretary has taken; only Mr. Lewis is in my neighbourhood, and we shall be good company. The vice-chamberlain, and Mr. Ma-(ham, and the green-cloth, have promised me dinners.

I shall want but four till Mr. secretary returns. We have a musick meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margarita, and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of siddlers; I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am forry for, because I heard it was a great assembly. Mr. Lewis came from it, and sat with me till just now; and 'tis late.

7. I can do no business, I fear, because Mr. Lewis, who has nothing or little to do here, sticks close to me. I dined to-day with the gentlemen ushers, among scurvy company; but the queen was hunting the stag tist four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner. Here are fine walks about this town. I sometimes walk

up the avenue.

8. There was a drawing-room to-day at Court; but so few company, that the queen sent for us into her bed-chamber, where we made our bows, and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked us round the room with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out. I dined at the green cloth, by Mr. Scarborow's invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the best table in England, and costs the queen a thou-sand pounds a month while she is at Windsor or Hampton-Court; and is the only mark of magnificence or hospitality I can see in the queen's family: it is designed to entertain foreign ministers, and people of quality, who come to see the queen, and have no place to dine at.

9. Mr. Coke, the vice-chamberlain, made me a long visit this morning, and invited me to dinner, but the toast, his lady, was unfortunately engaged to lady Sunderland. Lord treasurer stole here last night, but did not lie at his lodgings in the Castle; and after seeing the queen, went back again. I just drank a dish of chocolate with him. I fancy I shall have reason to be angry with him very soon: but what care I? I believe I shall die with ministers in my debt.— This night I received a certain letter from a place called Wexford, from two dear naughty girls of my acquaintance; but faith I

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won't answer it here, no in troth. I will fend this to Mr. Reading, supposing it will find you returned; and

I hope better for the waters.

10. Mr. vice-chamberlain lent me his horses to ride about and fee the country this morning. Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's physician and favourite, went out with me to shew me the places; we went a little after the queen and overtook Miss Forester, a maid of honour, on her palfry taking the air; we made her go along with us. We saw a place they have made for a famous horse-race to morrow, where the queen will come. We met the queen coming back, and Miss Forester stood, like us, with her hat off while the queen went by. The Dr. and I left the lady where we found her, but under other conductors, and we dined at a little place he has taken, about a mile off.—When I came back, I found Mr. Scarborow had fent all about to invite me to the green-cloth, and lessened his company on purpose to make me easy. It is very obliging, and will cost me thanks. Much company is come to town this evening, to fee to-morrow's race. I was tired with riding a trotting mettlesome horse a dozen miles, having not been on horse-back this twelvemonth. And Miss Forester did not make it easier; she is a filly true maid of honour, and I did not like her, although she be a toast, and was dressed like a man.

ri. I will fend this letter to-day. I expect the fecretary by noon. I will not go to the race, unless I can get room in some coach. It is now morning. I must rise, and fold up and seal my letter. Farewel,

and God preserve dearest MD.

I believe I shall leave this town on Monday.

LETTER XXVIII.

Windfor, Aug. 11, 1711.

SENT away my twenty-seventh this morning in an express to London, and directed to Mr. Reading: this shall go to your lodgings, where I reckon you will be returned before it reaches you. I intended to go to the race to-day, but was hindered by a visit, I believe I told you so in my last. I dined to-day at the green-cloth,

cloth, where every body had been at the race but myfelf, and we were twenty in all; and very noify company: but I made the vice-chamberlain and two friends
more fit at a fide-table, to be a little quiet. At fix I went
to fee the fecretary, who is returned; but lord keeper
fent to defire I would fup with him, where I flayed
till just now; lord treasurer and fecretary were to come

to us, but both failed. 'Tis late, &c.

12. I was this morning to visit lord keeper, who made me reproaches that I had never visited him at Windsor. He had a present sent to him of delicious peaches, and he was champing and champing, but I durst not eat one; I wished Dingley had some of them, for poor Stella can no more eat fruit than Presto. Dilly Ashe is come to Windsor; and after church I carried him up to the drawing-room, and talked to the keeper and treasurer, on purpose to shew them to him, and he faw the queen and feveral great lords, and the duchefs of Montague; he was mighty happy, and refolves to fill a letter to the bishop *. My friend Lewis and I dined foberly with Dr. Adams, the only neighbour prebendary. One of the prebendaries here is lately a peer, by the death of his father. He is now lord Willoughby of Brook, and will fit in the house of lords with his gown. I supped to-night at Masham's with lord treasurer, Mr. secretary, and Prior. The treasurer made us slay till twelve, before he came from the queen, and 'tis now past two.'

13. I reckoned upon going to London to-day; but by an accident the cabinet council did not fit last night, and sat to-day, so we go to-morrow at fix in the morning. I miss'd the race to-day by coming out too late, when every body's coach was gone, and ride I would not; I selt my last riding three days after. We had a dinner to-day at the secretary's lodgings without him: Mr. Hare, his under-secretary, Mr. Lewis, brigadier Sutton and I dined together, and I made the vice-chamberlain take a snap with us, rather than stay till five for his lady, who was gone to the race. The reason why the cabinet council was not held last night, was because Mr. secretary St. John would not sit with your duke of

Somerset. So to day the duke was forced to go to the race while the cabinet was held. We have musick-meetings in our town, and I was at the rehearsal tother day, but I did not value it, nor would go to the

meeting. Did I tell you this before?

London, 14. We came to town this day in two hours and forty minutes: twenty miles are nothing here. I found a letter from the archbishop of Dublin, sent me the Lord knows how. He fays some of the bishops will hardly believe that lord treasurer got the queen to remit the First Fruits before the duke of Ormond was declared lord lieutenant; and that the bishops have written a letter to lord treasurer, to thank him. He has fent me the address of the convocation, ascribing, in good part, that affair to the duke, who had less share in it than MD; for if it had not been for MD, I should not have been so good a solicitor. I dined to-day in the city, about a little bit of mischief with a printer .-I found Mrs. Vanhomrigh all in combustion, squabbling with her rogue of a landlord; she has left her house, and gone out of our neighbourhood a good way. Her eldest daughter is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands.

15. I dined to-day with Mrs. Van, who goes tonight to her new lodgings. I went at fix to fee lord treasurer, but his company was gone, contrary to custom, and he was bufy, and I was forced to stay some time before I could fee him. We were together hardly an hour, and he went away, being in hafte. He defired me to dine with him on Friday, because there would be a friend of his that I must see: my lord Harley told me when he was gone, that it was Mrs. Mafram his father meant, who is come to town to lie-in, and whom I never taw, though her husband is one of our Society. God fend her a good time; her death would be a terrible thing.—Do you know, that I have ventured all my credit with these great ministers, to clear some misunderstandings betwixt them; and if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it? 'Tis a plaguy ticklish piece of work, and a man hazards lofing both fides. 'Tis a pity the world does not know ' my virtue.- I thought the clergy in convocation in Ire-

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land would have given me thanks for being their folicitor, but I hear of no such thing. Pray talk occasionally on that subject, and let me know what you hear. Do you know the greatness of my spirit, that I value their thanks not a rush? but at my return shall freely let all people know, that it was my lord treasurer's action, wherein the duke of Ormand had no more share than a cat. And so they may go whistle, and I'll go

fleep.

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16. I was this day in the city, and dined at Pontack's with Stratford, and two other merchants. Pontack told us, although his wine was so good, he sold it cheaper than others, he took but seven shillings a stask. Are not these pretty rates? The books he sent for from Hamburgh, are come, but not yet got out of the custom-house. My library will be at least double when I come back. I shall go to Windsor again on Saturday, to meet our Society, who are to sup at Mr. secretary's; but I believe I shall return on Monday, and then I will answer your letter, that lies safe here underneath;—I see it; lie still; I'll answer you, when the

ducks have eaten up the dirt.

17. I dined to-day at lord treasurer's with Mrs. Masham, and she is extremely like one Mrs. Malolly, that
was once my landlady in Trim. She was used with
mighty kindness and respect, like a favourite. It signifies nothing going to this lord treasurer about business, although it be his own. He was in haste, and
desires I will come again, and dine with him to-morrow. His samous lying porter is fallen sick, and they
think he will die: I wish I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I have told you, he is an old Scotch
fanatick, and the damn'dest liar in his office alive. I
have a mind to recommend Patrick to succeed him: I
have trained him up pretty well. I reckon for certain,
you are now in town. The weather begins now to
alter to rain.

Windsor, 18. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, and he would make me go with him to Windsor, although I was engaged to the secretary, to whom I made my excuses: we had in the coach besides, his son and son-

in-law, lord Harley, and lord Dupplin, who are two of our fociety, and feven of us met by appointment, and fupped this night with the fecretary. It was past nine before we got here; but a fine moon-shiny night. I shall go back, I believe, on Monday. 'Tis very late.

19. The queen did not stir out to-day, she is in a little fit of the gout. I dined at Mr. Masham's; we had none but our society members, six in all, and I supped with lord treasurer. The queen has ordered twenty thousand pounds to go on with the building at Blenbeim, which has been starved till now, since the change of the ministry. I suppose it is to reward his last action of getting into the French lines. Lord trea-

furer kept me till past twelve.

London, 20. It rained terribly every step of our journey to-day; I returned with the secretary after a dinner of cold meat, and went to Mrs. Van's, where I sat the evening. I grow very idle, because I have a great deal of business. Tell me how you passed your time at Wexford; and an't you glad at heart you have got home safe to your lodgings at St. Mary's, pray? And so your friends come to visit you; and Mrs. Walls is much better of her eye; and the dean is just as he used to be: and what does Walls say of London? 'tis a reasoning coxcomb. And goody Stoyte, and Hannab what d'ye call her; no, her name en't Hannah, Catharine I mean; they were so glad to see the ladies again; and Mrs. Manley wanted a companion at ombre.

21. I writ to-day to the archbishop of Dublin, and inclosed a long politic paper by itself. You know the bishops are all angry that (smoak the wax candle drop at the bottom of this paper) I have let the world know the First-Fruits were got by lord treasurer before the duke of Ormond was governor. I told lord treasurer all this, and he is very angry; but I pacified him again by telling him they were fools, and knew nothing of what passed here, but thought all was well enough, if they complimented the duke of Ormond. Lord treasurer gave me t'other day a letter of thanks he received from the bishops of Ireland, signed by seventeen, and says he will write them an answer. The dean of Carlisse sat with me to-day till three, and I- went to dine

with lord treasurer, who dined abroad, so did the secretary, and I was lest in the suds. 'Twas almost sour, and I got to Sir Matthew Dudley, who had half dined. Thornbill, who killed Sir Cholmley Dering, was murdered by two men on Turnham-Green last Monday night: as they stabbed him, they bid him remember Sir Cholmley Dering. They had quarreled at Hampton-Court, and sollowed and stabbed him on horseback. We have only a Grubstreet paper of it, but I believe it is true. I went myself through Turnham-Green the same night, which

was yesterday.

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22. We have had terrible rains these two or three days. I intended to dine at lord treasurer's, but went to fee lady Abercorn, who is come to town, and my lord; and I dined with them, and visited lord treasurer this evening. His porter is mending. I fat with my lord about three hours, and am come home early to be bufy. Passing by White's Chocolate-house, my brother Masham called me, and told me his wife was brought to-bed of a boy, and both very well. (Our fociety, you must know, are all brothers.) Dr. Garth told us, that Mr. Henley is dead of an apoplexy. His brotherin-law, earl Poulet, is gone down to the Grange to take care of his funeral. The earl of Danby, the duke of Leeds's eldest grandson, a very hopeful young man of about twenty, is dead at Utrecht of the finall-pox.-I long lo know whether you begin to have any good effeet by your waters .- Methinks this letter goes on flowly; 'twill be a fortnight next Saturday fince it was begun, and one fide not filled. O fye for shame, Presto. Faith, I'm so tosticated to and from Windsor, that I know not what to fay; but faith, I'll go to Windsor again on Saturday, if they ask me, not else. So lose your money again, now you are come home; do, sirrah.

Take your magnifying glass, madam Dingley. You shan't read this, sirrah Stella; don't read it for

your life, for fear of your dearest eyes.

There's enough for this side; these ministers hinder me.

Pretty, dear, little, naughty, faucy MD. Silly, impudent loggerhead Prefto.

23. Dilly and I dined to-day with lord Abercorn, and had a fine fat haunch of venison, that smelt rarely on one fide: and after dinner Dilly won half a crown of me at backgammon at his lodgings, to his great content. It is a fcurvy empty town this melancholy feafon of the year; but I think our weather begins to mend. The roads are as deep as in Winter. The grapes are fad things; but the peaches are pretty good, and there are fome figs. I fometimes venture to eat one, but always repent it. You say nothing of the box sent half a year ago. I wish you would pay me for Mrs. Walls's tea. Your mother is in the country, I suppose. Pray send me the account of MD, madam Dingley, as it stands fince November, that is to fay, for this year, (excluding the twenty pounds lent Stella for Wexford) for I cannot look in your letters. I think I ordered that Hawkshaw's interest should be paid to you. When you think proper, I will let Parvisol know you have paid that twenty pounds, or part of it: and so go play with the dean, and I will answer your letter to-morrow. Good night, firrahs, and love Presto, and be good girls.

24. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, who chid me for not dining with him yesterday; for it seems I did not understand his invitation; and their Club of the ministry dined together, and expected me. Lord Radnor and I were walking the Mall this evening; and Mr. fecretary met us, and took a turn or two, and then stole away, and we both believed it was to pick up some wench; and to-morrow he will be at the cabinet with the queen: fo goes the world. Prior has been out of town these two months, nobody knows where, and is lately returned. People confidently affirm he has been in France, and I half believe it. It is said, he was sent by the ministry, and for some overtures towards a Peace. The fecretary pretends he knows nothing of it. I believe your parliament will be dissolved. I have been talking about the quarrel between your lords and commons with lord treasurer; and did, at the request of some people, defire that the queen's answer to the commons address might express a dislike of some principles, 3c. but was answered dubiously. And so now to your letter, fair ladies. I know drinking is bad; I

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mean writing is bad in drinking the waters; and was angry to fee fo much in Stella's hand. But why Dingley drinks them I cannot imagine; but truly she'll drink waters as well as Stella: why not? I hope you now find the benefit of them fince you are returned: pray let me know particularly. I am glad you are forced upon exercise, which, I believe, is as good as the waters for the heart of them. 'Tis now past the middle of August; so by your reckoning you are in Dublin. It would vex me to the dogs that letters should miscarry between Dublin and Wexford, after scaping the salt feas. I will write no more that nafty town in hafte again, I warrant you. I have been four Sundays together at Windsor, of which a fortnight together; but I believe I shall not go to-morrow; for I will not, unless the fecretary asks me. I know all your news about the mayor: it makes no noise here at all, but the quarrel of your parliament does; it is so very extraordinary, and the language of the commons fo very pretty. The Examiner has been down this month, and was very filly the five or fix last papers; but there is a pamphlet come out, in answer to a letter to the seven lords who examined Gregg. The Answer is by the real author of the Examiner, as I believe; for it is very well written. We had Trap's poem on the duke of Ormond printed here, and the printer fold just eleven of them. 'Tis a dull piece, not half fo good as Stella's; and the is very modest to compare herself with such a poetaster. I am heartily forry for poor Mrs. Parnel's death; she seemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted: they appeared to live perfectly well together. Dilly is not tired at all with England, but intends to continue here a good while: he is mighty easy to be at distance from his two fisters-in-law. He finds some sort of scrub acquaintance; goes now and then in difguise to a play; smoaks his pipe; reads now and then a little trash, and what elle the Lord knows. I fee him now and then; for he calls here, and the town being thin, I am less pestered with company than usual. I have got rid of many of my folicitors, by doing nothing for them: I have not above eight or nine left, and I'll be as kind to them. Did

Did I tell you of a knight, who defired me to speak to lord treasurer to give him two thousand pounds, or five hundred pounds a year, until he could get something better? I honeftly delivered my message to the treafurer, adding, The knight was a puppy, whom I would not give a groat to lave from the gallows. Cole Reading's father-in-law has been two or three times at me to recommend his Lights to the ministry; affuring me, that a word of mine would, &c. Did not that dog use to speak ill of me, and profess to hate me? He knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I have ordered Patrick to deny me constantly to him.—Did the bishop of London die in Wexford? poor gentleman! Did he drink the waters? Were you at his burial? Was it a great funeral? So far from. his friends? But he was very old: we shall all follow. And yet it was a pity, if God pleased. He was a good man; not very learned: I believe he died but poor. Did he leave any charity legacies? Who held up his pall? Was there a great fight of clergy? Do they defign a tomb for him? Are you fure it was the bishop of London? because there is an elderly gentleman here that we give the fame title to: or did you fancy all this in your water, as others do thrange things in their wine? They fay, these waters trouble the head, and make people imagine what never came to pass. Do you make no more of killing a bishop? Are these your whiggish tricks?-Yes, yes, I see you are in a fret. Oh faith, fays you, faucy Presto, I'll break your head; what, can't one report what one hears, without being made a jest and a laughing-stock? Are these your English tricks, with a murrain? And Sacheverell will be the next bithop? He would be glad of an addition of two hundred pounds a year to what he has; and that is more than they will give him, for aught I fee. He hates the new ministry mortally, and they hate him, and pretend to despise him too. They will not allow him to have been the occasion of the late change; at least some of them will not: but my lord keeper owned it to me t'other day. No, Mr. Addison does not go to Ireland this year: he pretended he would; but he is gone to Bath with Pattoral Philips, for his eyes.—So now I have 0

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ave run run over your letter; and I think this shall go to-morrow, which will be just a fortnight from the last, and bring things to the old form again after your rambles to Wexford, and mine to Windfor. Are there not many literal faults in my letters? I never read them over, and I fancy there are. What do you do then? do you guess my meaning; or are you acquainted with my manner of mistaking? I lost my handkerchief in the Mall tonight with lord Radnor: but I made him walk with me to find it, and find it I did not. Tisdall (that lodges with me) and I have had no conversation, nor do we pull off our hats in the streets. There is a cousin of his (I suppose) a young parson, that lodges in the house too; a handsome genteel fellow. Dick Tighe and his wife lodged over-against us; and he has been seen, out of our upper windows, beating her two or three times: they are both gone to Ireland, but not together; and he folemnly vows never to live with her. Neighbours do not flick to fay, that she has a tongue: in short, I am told, she is the most urging provoking devil that ever was born; and he a hot whiffling puppy, very apt to resent. I'll keep this bottom till to-morrow: I'm sleepy.

25. I was with the fecretary this morning, who was. in a mighty hurry, and went to Windfor in a chariot with lord keeper; fo I was not invited, and am forced to stay at home; but not at all against my will; for I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the city with one of my printers, for whom I got the Gazette, and am come home early; and have nothing to fay to you more, but finish this letter, and not send it by the bell-man. Days grow short, and the weather grows bad, and the town is splenetick, and things are so oddly contrived, that I cannot be absent; otherwise I would go for a few days to Oxford, as I promised.—They lay, 'tis certain that Prior has been in France; nobody doubts it: I had not time to alk the secretary, he was in such haste. Well, I will take my leave of dearest MD for a while; for I must begin my next letter tonight: consider that, young women; and pray be merry, and good girls, and love Presto. There is now but one bulinels the ministry wants me for; and when that is done, I will take my leave of them. I never got a penny penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, some things stand very ticklish; I dare say nothing at this distance. Farewel, dear firrals, dearest lives: there is peace and quiet with MD, and nowhere else. They have not leifure here to think of small things, which may ruin them; and I have been forward enough. Farewel again, dearest rogues; I am never happy, but when I write or think of MD. I have enough of Courts and ministries; and with I were at Laracor; and if I could with honour come away this moment, I would, Bernage came to fee me to day; he is just landed from Portugal, and come to raise recruits: he looks very well, and feems pleafed with his station and manner of life: he never saw London nor England before; he is ravished with Kent, which was his first prospect when he landed. Farewel again, &c. &c.

LETTER XXIX.

London, Aug. 25, 1711. HAVE got a pretty small gilt sheet of paper to write to MD. I have this moment fent my 28th by Patrick, who tells me he has put it in the post-office; 'tis directed to your lodgings: if it wants more particular direction, you must set me right. It is now a solar month and two days fince the date of your last, N. 18. and I reckon you are now quiet at home, and thinking to begin your 19th, which will be full of your quarrel between the two houses, all which I know already. Where shall I dine to-morrow? can you tell? Mrs. Vanbomrigh boards now, and cannot invite one; and there I used to dine when I was at a loss; and all my friends are gone out of town, and your town is now at the fullest with vour parliament and convocation. But let me alone, firrals; for Presto is going to be very busy; not Presto, but t'other I.

26. People have so lest the town, that I am at a loss for a dinner. It is a long time since I have been at London upon a Sunday; and the ministers are all at Windsor. It cost me eighteen pence in coach hire before I could find a place to dine in. I went to Frankland's, and he was abroad, and the drab his wife lookt out at window,

and bowed to me without inviting me up: so I dined with Mr. Coote, my lord Montrath's brother; my lord is with you in Ireland. This morning at five my lord Jersey died of the gout in his stomach, or apoplexy, or both: he was abroad yesterday, and his death was sudden: he was chamberlain to king William, and a great favourite, turned out by the queen as a Tory, and stood now fair to be privy-seal; and by his death will, I suppose, make that matter easier, which has been a very stubborn business at Court, as I have been informed. I never remember so many people of quality to have died

in fo fhort a time.

27. I went to-day into the city to thank Stratford for my books, and dine with him, and fettle my affairs of my money in the bank, and receive a bill for Mrs. Wesley for some things I am to buy for her; and the d- a one of all these could I do. The merchants were all out of town, and I was forced to go to a little hedge place for my dinner. May my enemies live here in Summer! and yet I am so unlucky that I cannot posfibly be out of the way at this juncture. People leave the town so late in Summer, and return so late in Winter, that they have almost inverted the feasons. It is Autumn this good while in St. James's Park; the limes have been losing their leaves, and those remaining on the trees are all parched: I hate this season, where every thing grows worse and worse. The only good thing of it is the fruit, and that I dare not eat. Had you any fruit at Wexford? A few cherries, and durst not eat them. I do not hear we have yet got a new privy-feal. The Whigs whisper, that our new ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out Mr. secretary: they have some reasons for their whispers, although I thought it was a greater fecret. I do not much like the posture of things; I always apprehended, that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them feveral times. The Whigs are mighty full of hopes at present; and whatever is the matter, all kind of stocks fall. I have not yet talked with the secretary about Prior's journey. I should be apt to think it may foretel a Peace; and that is all we have to preserve us. The secretary is not come from Windfor; but I expect him tomorrow. Burn all politicks!

28. We begin to have fine weather, and I walked to-day to Cheljea, and dined with the dean of Carlifle, who is laid up with the gout. It is now fixed that he is to be dean of Christ church in Oxford. I was adviling him to use his interest to prevent any misunde:standing between our ministers; but he is too wife to meddle, though he fears the thing and the consequences as much as I. He will get into his own warm quiet deanry, and leave them to themselves; and he is in the right.——When I came home to-night I found a letter from Mr. Lewis, who is now at Windfor; and in it, forfooth, another which lookt like Presto's hand; and what should it be but a 19th from MD? O faith, I scaped narrowly, for I sent my 28th but on Saturday; and what should I have done if I had two letters to answer at once? I did not expect another from Wexford, that's certain. Well, I must be contented; but you are dear faucy girls, for all that, to write fo foon

again, faith; an't you?

29. I dined to-day with lord Abercorn, and took my leave of them; they let out to-morrow for Chester, and, I believe, will now fix in Ireland. They have made a pretty good journey of it: his eldest fon is married to a lady with ten thousand pounds; and his fecond fon has, t'other day, got a prize in the lottery of four thousand pounds, beside two small ones of two hundred pounds each: nay, the family was fo fortunate, that my lord bestowing one ticket, which is a hundred pounds, to one of his fervants, who had been his page, the young fellow got a prize, which has made it another hundred. I went in the evening to lord treasurer, who defires I will dine with him to-morrow, when he will shew me the answer he designs to return to the letter of thanks from your bishops in Ireland. The archbishop of Dublin desired me to get myself mentioned in the answer which my lord would fend; but I fent him word I would not open my lips to my lord upon it. He fays, It would convince the bishops of what I have affirmed, that the First-Fruits were granted before the duke of Ormond was declared governor; and I writ to him, That I would not give a farthing to convince them. My lord treasurer began a health to my lord PILLA

privy-seal; Prior punned, and said it was so privy, he knew not who it was; but I fancy they have fixt it all, and we shall know to morrow. But what care you

who is privy-feal, faucy fluttikins?

30. When I went out this morning, I was furprized with the news, that the bishop of Bristol is made lord privy-seal. You know his name is Robinson, and that he was many years envoy in Sweden. All the friends of the present minittry are extreme glad, and the clergy above the rest. The Whigs will fret to death, to see a civil employment given to a clergyman. It was a very handsome thing in my lord treasurer, and will bind the church to him for ever. I dined with him today, but he had not written his letter; but told me, he would not offer to fend it without shewing it to me : he thought that would not be just, fince I was so deeply concerned in the affair. We had much company; lord Rivers, Marr, and Kinnoul, Mr. fecretary, George Granville, and Mulham; the last has invited me to the christening of his fon to-morrow fennight, and on Saturday I go to Windfor with Mr. fecretary.

Mountjoy, who invited us to dinner. He returned foon to go to a play, it being the last that will be acted for some time: he dresses himself like a beau, and no doubt makes a fine figure. I went to visit some people at Kensington; Ophy Butler's wise there lies very ill of an ague, which is a very common disease here, and little known in Ireland——I am apt to think we shall soon have a Peace, by the little words I hear thrown out by the ministry. I have just thought of a project to bite the town. I have told you, that it is now known that Mr. Prior has been lately in France. I will make a printer of my own sit by me one day, and I will dictate to him a formal relation of Prior's journey, with several particulars, all pure invention; and

and I doubt not but it will take.

Sept. 1. Morning. I go to-day to Windsor with Mr. secretary; and lord treasurer has promised to bring me back. The weather has been fine for some time, and I believe we shall have a great deal of dust—At night. Windsor. The secretary and I and brigadier

Sutton

Sutton dined to day at Parson's Green at my lord Poterborow's house, who has left it and his gardens to the fecretary during his absence. It is the finest garden I have ever feen about this town, and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great plenty, and ripening fast. I durit not eat any fruit, but one fig; but I brought a balket full to my friend Lewis here at Windsor. Does Stella never eat any? what no apricocks at Donnybrook? nothing but claret and ombre? I envy people maunching and maunching * peaches and grapes, and I not daring to eat a bit. My head is pretty well, only a fudden turn any time makes me giddy for a moment, and fometimes it feels very stuff't; but it it grows no worse, I can bear it very well. I take all opportunities of walking; and we have a delicious park here just joining to the castle, and an avenue in the great park very wide and two miles long, fet with a double row of elms on each fide. Were you ever at Windsor? I was once a great while ago; but had quite forgotten it.

2. The queen has the gout, and did not come to chapel, nor stir out from her chamber, but received the facrament there; as she always does the first Sunday in the month. Yet we had a great Court, and among others, I faw your Ingoldsby, who seeing me talk very familiarly with the keeper, treasurer, &c. came up and faluted me, and began a very impertinent discourse about the siege of Bouchain. I told him, I could not answer his quettions, but I would bring him one that should; so I went and fetched Sutton (who brought over the express about a month ago) and delivered him to the general, and bid him answer his queftions; and fo I left them together. Sutton after tome time comes back in a rage; finds me with lord Rivers and Masbam, and there complains of the trick I had played him, and fwore he had been plagued to death with Ingoldsby's talk. But he told me, Ingoldsby askt him what I meant by bringing him; so, I suppose,

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^{*} As the provincial word maunching echoes rather better to this action of the jaws than the proper term munching, it is therefore here retained.

he smoakt me a little. So we laughed, &c. My lord Willoughby, who is one of the chaplains, and prebendary of Windsor, read prayers last night to the family; and the bishop of Bristol, who is dean of Windsor, officiated last night at the cathedral. This they do to be popular, and it pleases mightily. I dined with Mr. Masham, because he lets me have a select company. For the Court here have got by the end a good thing I said to the secretary some weeks ago. He shewed me his bill of fare to tempt me to dine with him; Poh, said I, I value not your bill of fare, give me your bill of company. Lord treasurer was mightily pleased, and told it every body, as a notable thing. I reckon upon returning to-morrow; they say the bisshop will then have the privy-seal delivered him at a

great council.

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3. Windfor still. The council was held so late today, that I do not go back to town till to-morrow. The bithop was fworn privy-councellor, and had the privy-seal given him: and now the patents are pasfed for those who were this long time to be made lords or earls. Lord Raby, who is earl of Strafford, is on Thursday to marry a namesake of Stella's, the daughter of Sir H. Johnson in the city; he has threescore thousand pounds with her, ready money; besides the rest at the father's death. I have got my friend Stratford to be one of the directors of the South-Sea company, who were named to-day. My lord treasurer did it for me a month ago; and one of those whom I got to be printer of the Gazette, I am recommending to be printer to the same company. He treated Mr. Lewis and me to-day at dinner. I supped last night and this with lord treaturer, keeper, &c. and took occasion to mention the printer. I faid, It was the same printer, whom my lord treasurer has appointed to print for the South-Sea company; he denied, and I infilted on it; and I got the laugh on my fide.

London, 4. I came as far as Brentford in lord Rivers's chariot, who had business with lord treasurer; then I went into lord treasurer's: we stopt at Kensington, where lord taeasurer went to see Mrs. Masham, who is now what they call in the straw. We got to town by Vol. II.

three, and I lighted at lord treasurer's; who commanded me not to stir: but I was not well; and when he went up, I begged the young lord to excuse me, and fo went into the city by water, where I could be easier, and dined with the printer, and dictated to him some part of Prior's journey to France. I walkt from the city, for I take all occasions of exercise. Our journey was horrid dufty.

5. When I went out to-day, I found it had rained mightily in the night, and the streets were as dirty as Winter: it is very refreshing after ten days dry. I went into the city and dined with Stratford, thanked him for his books, gave him joy of his being director, of which he had the first notice by a letter from me. I ate sturgeon, and it lies on my stomach. I almost finished Prior's journey at the printer's, and came home pretty late with Patrick at my heels.

7. Morning. But what sh'all we do about this letter of MD's, N. 19? not a word answered yet, and fo much paper spent? I cannot do any thing in it, tweet hearts, till night.—At night. O Lord, O Lord, the greatest disgrace that ever was has happened to Presto. What do you think; but when I was going out this forenoon a letter came from MD, N. 20, dated at Dublin. O dear, O dear; O fad, O fad. Now I have two letters together to answer: here they are, lying together. But I will only answer the first; for I came in late. I dined with my friend Lewis at his lodgings, and walkt at fix to Kenfington to Mr. Masham's fon's christening. It was very private; nobody there but my lord treasurer, his son, and son-in-law, that is to fay, lord Harley, and lord Dupplin, and lord Rivers and I. The dean of Rochester christened the child, but foon went away. Lord treasurer, and lord Rivers were godfathers, aud Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Masham's sitter, god-mother. The child roared like a bull, and I gave Mrs. Masham joy of it; and the charged me to take care of my nephew, because Mr. Masham being a brother of our Society, his fon you know is confequently a nephew. Mrs. Masham sat up dressed in bed, but not as they do in Ireland with small ooth about her, as if the was cut off in the middle; for you might fee the

the counterpain (what d'ye call it?) rise about her hips and body. There's another name of the counterpain, and you'll laugh now, sirrahs. George Granville came in at supper, and we staid till eleven, and lord treasurer set me down at my lodging in Suffolk-street. Did I ever tell you that lord treasurer hears ill with the lest ear, just as I do? he always turns the right; and his servants whisper him at that only. I dare not tell him, that I am so too, for fear he should think I counterfeited, to make my court.

6. You must read this before the other; for I mistook, and forgot to write yesterday's journal, it was so insignificant: I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and sat the evening with lord treasurer, till ten o'clock, on Thursday he has always a large select company, and expects

me. So good night for last night, &c.

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8. Morning. I go to Windfor with lord treasurer to-day, and I will leave this behind me to be fent to the post. And now let us hear what fays the first letter, N. 19. You are still at Wexford, as you fay, madam Dingley. I think no letter from me ever yet miscarried. And fo Inish-Corthy *, and the river Slain; fine words those in a lady's mouth. Your hand like Dingley's, you scambling, scattering sluttekin? Yes mighty like indeed, is not it +? Pisshh, don't talk of writing or reading till your eyes are well, and long well; only I would have Dingley read fometimes to you, that you may not quite lose the desire of it. God he thanked that the ugly numming is gone. Pray use exercise when you go to town. What game is that ombia which Dr. Elwood and you play at? is it the Spanish game ombre? Your card purse? you a card purse! you a fiddlestick. You have luck indeed; and luck in a bag. What a Devil is that eight shilling tea-kettle? copper, or tin japanned? It is like your Irish politeness, raffling for tea-kettles. What a splutter you keep to convince

* The name of a town in the county of Wexford.

1 In Stella's spelling. It is an odd thing that a woman of Stel.a's understanding should spell extreamly ill.

[†] These words in Italicks are written in strange mishapen letters, inclining to the right hand, in imitation of Stella's writing.

me that Walls has no taste? My head continues pretty Why do you write dear firrah Stella, when you find your eyes fo weak that you cannot fee? what comfort is there in reading what you write, when one knows that? So Dingley can't write because of the clutter of new company come to Wexford? I suppose the noise of their hundred horses disturbs you; or, do you lie in one gallery, as in an hospital? What; you are afraid of losing in Dublin the acquaintance you have got in Wexford; and chiefly the bishop of Rapho, an old, doating, perverse coxcomb? Twenty at a time at That is like five pounds at a time, when it was never but once. I doubt, madam Dingley, you are apt to lie in your Travels, though not so bad as Stella; she tells thumpers, as I shall prove in my next, if I find this receives encouragement.—So, Dr. Elwood fays, there are a world of pretty things in my works. A pox on his praises! an enemy here would fay more. The duke of Buckingham would fay as much, though he and I are terribly fallen out: and the great men are perpetually inflaming me against him: they bring me all he fays of me, and I believe, make it worse out of roguery. - No, 'tis not your pen is bewitched, madam Stella, but your old fcrawling, splayfoot pot-books &, s, f, aye, that's it: there the s, f, f, there, there, that's exact, Farewel, &c.

Our fine weather is gone, and I doubt we shall have a rainy journey to-day. Faith, 'tis a shaving day, and

I have much to do.

When Stella says her pen was bewitched, it was only because there was a hair in it. You know the seilow they call God help it had the same thoughts of his wife, and for the same reason. I think this is very well observed, and I unfolded the letter to tell you it.

Cut off those two notes above; and see the nine pounds indorsed, and receive the other; and send me word how my accounts stand, that they may be adjusted by Nov. 1. Pray be very particular: but the twenty pounds I lend you is not to be included; so make no

[§] These words in Italicks are miserably scrawled, in imitation of Stella's hand, and the two Esses that follow.

blunder. I won't wrong you; nor you shan't wrong me; that's the short. O Lord, how stout Presto is of late? But he loves MD more than his life a thousand times, for all his stoutness; tell him that; and that I'll swear it, as hope saved, ten millions of times, &c.

I open my letter once more to tell Stella, that if she does not use exercise after her waters, it will lose all the effects of them: I should not live, if I did not take all opportunities of walking. Pray, pray, do this to

oblige poor Presto.

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LETTER XXX.

Windfor, Sept. 8, 1711.

whole-

I MADE the coachman stop, and put in my twentyninth at the post-office at two o'clock to-day, as I
was going to lord treasurer, with whom I dined, and
came here by a quarter past eight; but the Moon shone,
and so we were not in much danger of overturning;
which however he values not a straw, and only laughs
when I chide at him for it. There was no body but he
and I, and we supped together, with Mr. Masham and
Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's favourite physician, a Scotchman. I could not keep myself awake after supper, but
did all I was able to disguise it, and thought I came
off clear; but at parting he told me, I had got my nap
already. It is now one o'clock; but he loves sitting
up late.

9. The queen is still in the gout, but recovering; she saw company in her bed-chamber after church; but the crowd was so great, I could not see her. I dined with my brother, Sir William Wyndham, and some others of our Society, to avoid the great tables on Sunday at Windsor, which I hate. The usual company supped to-night at lord treasurer's, which was lord keeper, Mr. secretary, George Granville, Masham, Arbuthnot and I. But showers have hindred me from walking to-day, and that I don't love.—Noble fruit, and I dare not eat a bit. I ate one sig to day, and sometimes a few mulberries, because it is said, they are

wholesome, and you know, a good name does much. I shall return to town to-morrow, though I thought to have staid a week, to be at leisure for something I am doing. But I have put it off till next; for I shall come here again on Saturday, when our Society are to meet at supper at Mr. secretary's. My life is very regular here: on Sunday morning I constantly visit lord keeper, and sup at lord treafurer's with the same set of company. I was not sleepy to-night; I resolved I would not; yet it is past mid-

night at this prefent writing.

London, 10. Lord treasurer and Masham and I left Windsor at three this afternoon; we dropt Masham at Kenfington with his lady, and got home by fix. It was feven before we fat down to dinner, and I stayed till past eleven. Patrick came home with the secretary: I am more plagued with Patrick and my portmantua than with myfelf. I forgot to tell you, that when I went to Windfor on Saturday, I overtook lady Giffard and and Mrs. Fenton in a chariot going, I suppose, to Sheen. I was then in a chariot too, of lord treasurer's brother, who had business with the treasurer; and my lord came after, and overtook me at Turnham-Green, four miles from London, and then the brother went back, and I went in the coach with lord treasurer: so it happened that those people saw me, and not with lord treasurer. Mrs. F. was to see me about a week ago; and defired I would get her son into the Charter-house.

Prior's journey; it makes a two-penny pamphlet, I suppose you will see it, for I dare engage it will run; it is a formal grave lie, from the beginning to the end. I writ all but about the last page, that I distated, and the printer writ. Mr. secretary sent to me to dine where he did; it was at Prior's; when I came in Prior shewed me the pamphlet, seemed to be angry, and said, Here is our English liberty: I read some of it, and said I liked it nightily, and envied the rogue the thought; for had it come into my head, I should have certainly done it myself. We stayed at Prior's till past ten, and then the secretary received a pacquet with the news of Bouchain being taken, for which the guns will go off

for it was past denying; it feems he was discovered by a rascal at Dover, who had positive orders to let him

pass. I believe we shall have a Peace.

12. It is terrible rainy weather, and has cost me three shillings in coaches and chairs to day, yet I was dirty into the bargain. I was three hours this morning with the fecretary about fome bufiness of moment, and then went into the city to dine. The printer tells me he fold yesterday a thousand of Prior's journey, and had printed five hundred more. It will do rarely, I believe, and is a pure bite. And what is MD doing all this while? got again to their cards, their Walls, their deans, their Stoytes, and their claret? Pray present my fervice to Mr. Stoyte, and Catherine. Tell goody Stoyte, the owes me a world of dinners, and I will shortly come over and demand them, - Did I tell you of the archbishop of Dublin's last letter *? He had been faying in several of his former, that he would shortly write to me something about myself, and it looked as if he intended something for me: at last out it comes, and confilts of two parts. First, he advites me to strike in for some preferment now I have friends; and secondly, he advises me, fince I have parts, and learning, and a happy pen, to think of some new lubject in Divinity not handled by others, which I should manage better than any body. A rare spark this, with a pox! but I shall answer him as rarely. Methinks he should have invited me over, and given me some hopes or promises. But hang him! and so good night, &c.

13. It rained most furiously all this morning till about twelve, and sometimes thundered; I trembled for my shillings, but it cleared up, and I made a shift to get a walk in the Park, and then went with the secretary to dine with lord treasurer. Upon Thursdays there is always a select company; we had the duke of Shrewsbury, lord Rivers, the two secretaries, Mr. Granville, and Mr. Prior. Half of them went to council at fix; but Rivers, Granville, Prior and I stayed

^{*} See the last Collection of Letters, printed by Dodstey and others, No. 50.

till eight. Prior was often affecting to be angry at the account of his journey to Paris; and indeed the two last pages, which the printer got somebody to add, are fo romantick, they spoil all the rest. Dilly Ashe pretended to me that he was only going to Oxford and Cambridge for a fortnight, and then would come back. I could not see him, as I appointed t'other day; but some of his friends tell me, he took leave of them as going to Ireland; and so they say at his lodging. I believe the rogue was ashamed to tell me so, because I advised him to stay the Winter, and he said he would. I find he had got into a good fet of fcrub acquaintance, and I thought passed his time very merrily; but I suppole he languished after Balderig, and the claret of Dublin: and, after all, I think he is in the right; for he can eat, drink and converie better there than here. Bernage was with me this morning: he calls now and then; he is in terrible fear of a Peace. He faid, he never had his health so well as in Portugal. He is a favourite of his colonel.

14. I was mortified enough to-day, not knowing where in the world to dine, the town is fo empty; I met H. Coote, and thought he would invite me, but he did not: Sir John Stanley did not come into my head; fo I took up with Mrs. Van, and dined with her and her damned landlady, who, I believe, by her eyebrows, is a bawd. This evening I met Addison and Pastoral Philips in the Park, and supped with them at Addison's lodgings, we were very good company, and yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is. I fat with them till twelve, so you may think 'tis late, young women; however, I would have some little conversation with MD, before your Presto goes to bed, because it makes me sleep and dream, and so forth. Faith this letter goes on flowly enough, firrals, but I can't write much at a time till you are quite settled after your journey you know, and have gone all your visits, and lost your money at ombre. You never play at chess now, Stella. That puts me in mind of Dick Tighe; I fancy I told you, he used to beat his wife here; and the deferved it; and he resolves to part with her; and they went to Ireland in different coaches. O Lord,

Lord, I said all this before, I'm sure. Go to bed, sir-rahs.

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Windsor, 15. I made the secretary stop at Brentsord, because we set out at two this afternoon, and fasting would not agree with me. I only designed to eat a bit of bread and butter, but he would light, and we eat roast beef like dragons. And he made me treat him and two more gentlemen; faith it cost me a guinea; I don't like such jesting, yet I was mightily pleased with it too. To night our Society met at the secretary's, there were nine of us; and we have chosen a new member, the earl of fersey, whose father died lately. 'Tis past one, and I have stolen away.

16. I defign to stay here this week by myself, about some business that lies on my hands, and will take up a great deal of time. Dr. Adams, one of the canons, invited me to-day to dinner. The tables are so sull here on Sunday, that it is hard to dine with a few, and Dr. Adams knows I love to do so; which is very obliging. The queen saw company in her bed-chamber; she looks very well but she sat down. I supped with lord treasurer as usual, and stayed till past one as usual, and with our usual company, except lord keeper, who did not come this time to Windsor. I hate these sup-

pers mortally; but I seldom eat any thing. 17. Lord treasurer and Mr. secretary stay here till to-morrow; some business keeps them, and I am forry for it, for they hinder me a day. Mr. Lewis and I were going to dine loberly with a little court friend at one. But lord Harley and lord Dupplin kept me by force, and said we should dine at lord treasurer's, who intended to go at four to London; I flayed like a fool, and went with the two young lords to lord treasurer; who very fairly turned us all three out of doors. They both were invited to the duke of Somerset, but he was gone to a horse-race, and would not come till hve: to we were forced to go to a tavern, and fent for wine from lord treasurer's, who at last we were told did not go to town till the morrow, and at lord treasurer's we supped again; and I defired him to let me add four shillings to the bill I gave him. We fat up till two, yet I must write to little MD.

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18. They

18. They are all gone early this morning; and I am alone to feek my fortune; but Dr. Arbuthnot engages me for my dinners; and he yesterday gave me my choice of place, person, and victuals for to-day. So I chose to dine with Mrs. Hill, who is one of the dreffers, and Mrs. Masbam's fifter, no company but us three, and to have a shoulder of mutton, a small one, which was exactly, and only there was too much victuals besides; and the Dr.'s wife was of the company. And to-morrow Mrs. Hill and I are to dine with the Doctor. have feen a fellow often about Court, whom I thought I knew; I asked who he was, and they told me it was the gentleman porter; then I called him to mind; he was Killy's acquaintance (I won't fay yours) I think his name is Lovet, or Lovel, or something like it. I believe he does not know me, and in my present posture I shall not be fond of renewing old acquaintance; I believe I used to see him with the Bradleys; and by the way, I have not feen Mrs. Bradley fince I came to England. I left your letter in London, like a fool; and cannot answer it till I go back, which will not be until Monday next: fo this will be above a fortnight from my last; but I will fetch it up in my next; fo go and walk to the dean's for your health this fine weather.

19. The queen deligns to have cards and dancing here next week, which makes us think the will flay here longer than we believed. Mrs. Masham is not well after her lying-in; I doubt she got some cold; she is lame in one of her legs with a rheumatick pain. Dr. Arbuthnot and Mrs. Hill go to-morrow to Kenfington to fee her, and return the fame night. Mrs. Hill and I dined with the Doctor to-day. I rode out this morning with the Doctor to see Cranburn, a house of lord Ranelagh's, and the duchels of Marlborough's lodge, and the Park; the finest places they are for nature, and plantations, that ever I faw; and the finest riding upon artificial roads, made on purpose for the queen. Arbuthnot made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called A History of the Maids of honour since Harry the eighth, shewing they make the best wives, with a lift of all the maids of honour fince, &c. to pay a crown in hand, and t'other crown upon delivery of the book

book; and all in the common forms of those things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known, and we sent it to the maids of honour, when they came to supper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good court jest; and the queen will certainly have

it; we did not tell Mrs. Hill.

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20. To-day I was invited to the green cloth by cotonel Godfrey, who married the duke of Marlborough's fifter, mother to the duke of Berwick by king James: I must tell you those things that happened before you were born: But I made my excuses, and young Harcourt (lord keeper's fon) and I dined with my next neighbour Dr. Adams. Mrs. Masham is better, and will be here in three or four days. She had need; for the duchefs of Somerfet is thought to gain ground daily. We have not yet fent you over all your bills; and I think we have altered your money-bill. The duke of Ormand is centured here by those in power for very wrong management in the affair of the mayoralty. He is governed by fools; and has usually much more sense than his advisers, but never proceeds by it. must know how your health continues after Wexford. Walk and use exercise, sirrahs both; and get somebody to play at shuttlecock with you, madam Stella, and walk to the dean's and Donnybrook.

dined at the green-cloth, and we had but eleven at dinner, which is a finall number there, the Court being always thin of company till Saturday night.—This new ink and pen make a strange figure; I must write larger, yes I must, or Stella won't be able to read this *. S. S. S. there's your S s for you, Stella. The maids of honour are bit, and have all contributed their crowns, and are teazing others to subscribe for the book. I will tell lord keeper and lord treasurer to-morrow; and I believe the queen will have it. After a little walk this evening, I squandered away the rest of it in sitting at Lewis's lodging, while he and Dr. Arbuthnot played

Lewis's lodging, while he and Dr. Arbuthnot played at picquet. I have that foolith pleasure, which I believe nobody has beside me, except old lady Berkely. But I fretted when I came away; I will loiter so no more, for

^{*} These words in stalics are written enormously large.

I have

I have a plaguy deal of business upon my hands, and very little time to do it. The pamphleteers begin to be very busy against the ministry: I have begged Mr. secretary to make examples of one or two of them; and he assures me he will. They are very bold and abusive.

22. This being the day the ministry comes to Windfor, I ate a bit or two at Mr. Lewis's lodgings, because I must sup with lord treasurer; and at half an hour after one, I led Mr. Lewis a walk up the avenue, which is two miles long: we walkt in all about five miles; but I was so tired with his flow walking, that I left him here, and walkt two miles towards London, hoping to meet lord treasurer, and return with him; but it grew darkish, and I was forced to walk back, so I walkt nine miles in all; and lord treasurer did not come till after eight; which is very wrong for there was no Moon, and I often tell him how ill he does to expose himself fo, but he only makes a jest of it. I supped with him, and thaid till now, when it is half an hour after two. He is as merry, and careless, and disengaged as a young heir at one and twenty. 'Tis late indeed.

23. The fecretary did not come last night, but at three this afternoon; I have not feen him yet; but I verily think they are contriving a Peace as fast as they can, without which it will be impossible to subsist. The queen was at church to day, but was carried in a chair. I and Mr. Lewis dined privately with Mr. Lowman, clerk of the kitchen. I was to see lord keeper this morning, and told him the jest of the maids of honour, and lord treasurer had it last night. That rogue Arbuthnot puts it all upon me. The Court was very full to-day; I expected lord treasurer would have invited me to supper; but he only bowed to me, and we had no discourse in the drawing-room. 'Tis now seven at night, and I am at home; and I hope lord treasurer will not fend for me to supper; if he does not, I will reproach him, and he will pretend to chide me for not coming. - So farewell till I go to bed, for I am going to be busy.—Tis now past ten, and I went down to ask the servants about Mr. secretary; they tell me the queen is yet at council, and that the went to lupper, and came

out to the council afterwards. 'Tis certain they are ma naging a Peace. I mill go to bed, and there's an end —'Tis now eleven, and a messenger is come from lord treasurer to sup with them; but I have excused myself, and am glad I am in bed; for else I should sit up till two,

and drink till I was hot. Now I'll go fleep.

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London, 24. I came to town by fix with lord treasurer, and have staid till ten. That of the queen's going out to sup, and coming in again, is a lie, as the secretary told me this morning: but I find the ministry are very bufy with Mr. Prior, and I believe he will go again to France. I am told fo much, that we shall certainly have a Peace very foon. I had charming weather all last week at Windsor; but we have had a little rain today, and yesterday was windy. Prior's Journey sells still; they have fold two thousand, although the town is empty. I found a letter from Mrs. Fenton here, defiring me in lady Giffard's name to come and pass a week at Sheen, while she is at Moor-park. I will answer it with a vengeance: and now you talk of answering, there is MD's N. 20 is yet to be answered: I had put it up so safe I could hardly find it; but here it is, faith, and I am afraid I cannot fend this till Thursday; for I must fee the fecretary to-morrow morning, and be in 10me other place in the evening.

25. Stella writes like an emperor, and gives such an account of her journey, never saw the like. Let me see; stand away, let us compute; you staid sour days at Inish-Corthy; two nights at Mrs. Proby's mothers; and yet was bur six days in journey; for your words are, "We lest Wexford this day sennight, and came here last night." I have heard them say, that travellers may lie by authority. Make up this, if you can. How sar is it from Wexford to Dublin? how many miles did you travel in a day? * Let me see—thirty pounds in two months, is nine score pounds a year; a matter of

nothing

^{*} The doctor was always a bad reckoner, either of money or any thing else; and this is one of his rapid computation. For as Stella was seven days in journey, although Dr. Swift says only six, she might well have spent four days at Inish-Carthy, and two nights at Mrs. Proby's mothers, the distance from Wexford to Dublin being but two easy days journey.

nothing in Stella's purse. I dreamed Billy Swift was alive, and that I told him, you writ me word he was dead, and that you had been at his funeral, and I admired at your impudence, and was in mighty hafte to run and let you know what lying rogues you were. Poor lad, he is dead of his mother's former folly and fondness, and yet now I believe as you say, that her grief will foon wear off .- O yes, madam Dingley, mightily tired of the company, no doubt of it, at Wexford? And your description of it is excellent; clean sheets, but bare walls; I suppose then you lay upon the walls -Mrs. Walls has got her tea; but who pays me the money? Come, I shall never get it; so I make a present of it to stop some gaps, &c. Where's the thanks of the house? So, that's well; why, it cost four and thirty shillings English-You must adjust that with Mrs. Walls; I think that is so many pence more with you. - No, Leigh and Sterne, I suppose, were not at the water-fide; I fear Sterne's business will not be done; I have not feen him this good while. I hate him for the management of that box; and I was the greatest fool in nature for truffing to fuch a young jackanapes; I will speak to him once more about it, when I fee him. Mr. Addison and I met once more fince, and I supped with him: I believe I told you to somewhere in this letter. The archbishop chose an admirable messenger in Walls to send to me; yet I think him fitter for a messenger than any thing.—The Dthe + has! I did not observe her looks. Will she rot out of modesty with lady Giffard? I pity poor Jennybut her husband is a dunce, and with respect to him she loses little by her deasness. I believe, madam Stella, in your accounts you miltook one liquor for another, and it was a hundred and forty quarts of wine, and thirty-two of water. This is all written in the morning before I go to the fecretary, as I am now doing. I have answered your letter a little shorter than ordinary; but I have a mind it should go to-day, and I will give you my journal at night in my next; for I'm so afraid of another letter before this goes: I will never have two together again unanswered. --- What care I for + Somewhat or other which Stella's mother had confented to.

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Dr. Tisdall and Dr. Raymond, or how many children they have? I wish they had a hundred a piece.—Lord treasurer promises me to answer the bishops' letter tomorrow, and shew it me; and I believe it will confirm all I said, and mortify those that threw the ment on the duke of Ormond. For I have made him jealous of it; and t'other day talking of the matter, he said, I am your witness you got it for them before the duke was lord lieutenant. My humble service to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. Farewel, &c.

What do you do when you fee any literal mistakes in my letters? how do you fet them right? for I never read them over to correct them. Farewel again.

Pray fend this note to Mrs. Brent, to get the money when Parvifol comes to town, or she can fend to him.

LETTER XXXI.

London, Sept. 25, 1711.

DINED in the city to-day, and at my return I put my 30th into the post-office; and when I got home I found for me one of the noblest letters I ever read; it was from -, three fides and a half in folio on a large sheet of paper; the two first pages made up of fatire upon London, and crowds and hurry, stolen from fome of his own school boy's exercises: the side and a half remaining is spent in desiring me to recommend Mrs. South, your commissioner's widow, to my lord treasurer for a pension. He is the prettiest, difcreetest fellow that ever my eyes beheld, or that ever dipt pen into ink. I know not what to fay to him. A pox on him, I have too many fuch customers on this fide already. I think I will fend him word that I never faw my lord treasurer in my life: I am fure I industrioully avoided the name of any great person when I saw him, for fear of his reporting it in Ireland. And this recommendation must be a secret too, for sear the duke of Bolton should know it, and think it was too mean. I never read so d-d a letter in my life: a little would make me send it over to you. - I must send you a pattern, the first place I cast my eyes on, I will not pick and chuse [In this place (meaning the Exchange in London) which is the compendium of old Troynovant, as that is of the whole bufy world, I got fuch a furfeit that I grew fick of mankind, and refolved, for ever after, to bury myself in the shady retreat of ---, You must know that London has been called by some Troynovant, or New Troy -- Will you have any more? Yes, one little bit for Stella, because she'll be fond of it. [This wondrous Theatre (meaning London) was no more to me than a defart, and I should less complain of folitude in a Connaught shipwreck, or even the great Bog of Allen.] A little scrap for Mrs. Marget *, and then I have done. [Their royal Fanum, wherein the Idol Pecunia is daily worshipped, seemed to me to be just like a hive of bees working and labouring under huge weights of cares.] Fanum is a temple, but he means the Exchange; and Pecunia is money: fo now Mrs. Marget will understand her part. One more paragraph, and I-Well, come, don't be in such a rage, you shall have no more. Pray, Stella, be satisfied; 'tis very pretty: and that I must be acquainted with fuch a dog as this! —Our Peace goes on fast. Prior was with the secretary two hours this morning: I was there a little after he went away, and was told it. I believe he will foon be dispatched again to France; and I will put somebody to write an account of his fecond journey: I hope you have feen the other. This latter has taken up my time with storming at it.

26. Bernage has been with me these two days; yesterday I sent for him to let him know, that Dr. Arbuthnott is putting in strongly to have his brother made a captain over Bernage's head. Arbuthnott's brother is but an ensign; but the doctor has great power with the queen: yet he told me, he would not do any thing hard to a gentleman who is my friend; and I have engaged the secretary and his colonel for him. To-day he told me very melancholy, that the other had written from Windsor (where he went to solicit) that he has got the company; and Bernage is full of the spleen. I made the secretary write yesterday a letter to the colonel in Bernage's behalf. I hope it will do yet; and I have written to Dr. Arbuthnott to Windsor, not to insist on doing such a hardship. I dined in the city at Pon-

tack's with Stratford; it cost me seven shillings: he would have treated; but I did not let him. I have removed my money from the bank to another fund. I defire Parvifol may speak to Hawkshaw to pay in my money when he can; for I will put it in the funds; and in the mean time borrow so much of Mr. secretary, who

offers to lend it me. Go to the dean's, firralis.

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27. Bernage was with me again to-day, and is in great fear, and lo was I; but this afternoon at lord treasurer's, where I dined, my brother George Granville, secretary at war, after keeping me a while in suipence, told me, that Dr. Arbuthnott had waved the bulinels, because he would not wrong a friend of mine; that his brother is to be a lieutenant, and Bernage 18 made a captain. I called at his lodging, and the foldier's Coffee-house, to put him out of pain, but cannot find him; fo I have left word, and shall see him tomorrow morning, I suppose. Bernage is now easy; he has ten shillings a day, beside lawful cheating. However, he gives a private sum to his colonel; but it is very cheap: his colonel loves him well, but is surprifed to fee him have so many friends. So he is now quite off my hands.—I left the company early to-night at lord treasurer's; but the secretary followed me, to defire I would go with him to W. Mr. Lewis's man came in before I could finish that word beginning with a W, which ought to be Windsor, and brought me a very handsome rallying letter from Dr. Arbuthnott, to tell me, he had, in compliance to me, given up his brother's pretentions in favour of Bernage this very morning; that the queen had spoken to Mr. Granville to make the company eafy in the other's having the captainship. Whether they have done it to oblige me or no, I must own it so. He says, he this very morning begged her majesty to give Mr. Bernage the company. I am mighty well pleased to have succeeded so well; but you will think me tedious, although you like the man, as I think.

Windsor, 28. I came here a day sooner than ordinary, at Mr. secretary's desire, and supped with him and Prior, and two private ministers from France, and a

French

French prieft. I know not the two ministers names; but they are come about the Peace. The names the fecretary called them, I suppose, were seigned; they were good rational men. We have already fettled all things with France, and very much to the honour and advantage of England; and the queen is in mighty good humour. All this news is a mighty fecret; the people in general know that a Peace is forwarding. The earl of Stratford is to go foon to Holland, and let them know what we have been doing: and then there will be the devil and all to pay; but we'll make them swallow it with a pox. The French ministers staid with us till one, and the fecretary and I fat up talking till two; fo you will own 'tis late, firrahs, and time for your little faucy Presto to go to bed and sleep adazy; and God bless poor little MD: I hope they are now fast asleep

and dreaming of Prefto.

29. Lord treasurer came to-night, as usual, at half an hour after eight, as dark as pitch. I am weary of chiding him; fo I commended him for observing his friends advice, and coming to early, &c. I was two hours with lady Oglethorp to-night, and then supped with lord treasurer, after dining at the green-cloth: I staid till two; this is the effect of lord treasurer's being here; I must sup with him and he keeps cursed hours. Lord keeper and the fecretary were absent; they cannot fit up with him. This long fitting up makes the periods in my letters fo fhort. I defign to hay here all the next week to be at leifure by myfelf, to finish fomething of weight I have upon my hands, and which must soon be done. I shall then think of returning to Ireland, if these people will let me; and I know nothing else they have for me to do. I gave Dr. Arbuthnott my thanks for his kindness to Bernage, whose commission is now figned. Methinks I long to know femething of Stella's health, how it continues after Wexford waters.

30. The queen was not at chapel to-day, and all for the better, for we had a drince to preach: the has a little of the gout. I dined with my brother Masham and a moderate company, and would not go to lord treafurer's till after supper at eleven o'clock, and pretended I had mistaken the hour; fo I ate nothing: and a little after twelve the company broke up, the keeper and fecretary refusing to stay; so I saved this night's debauch. Prior went away yesterday with his Frenchmen, and a thousand reports are raised in this town. Some said, they knew one to be the Abbé de Polignac, others swore it was the Abbé du Bois. The Whigs are in a rage about the Peace; but we'll wherret them, I warrant, boys. Go, go, go to the dean's, and don't mind politicks, young women, they are not good after the waters; they are flark naught; they strike up into the head. Go, get two black aces, and fish for a manilio.

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Od. 1. Sir John Walters, an honest drunken fellow, is now in waiting, and invited me to the green-cloth to-day, that he might not be behind hand with colonel Godfrey, who is a Whig. I was engaged to the Mayor's feath with Mr. Masham; but waiting to take leave of lord treasurer, I came too late, and so returned fneaking to the green-cloth, and did not fee my lord treasurer neither; but was resolved not to lose two dinners for him. I took leave to-day of my friend and folicitor lord Rivers, who is commanded by the queen to fet out for Hanover on Thursday. The secretary does not go to town till to-morrow: he and I and two friends more drank a fober bottle of wine here at home, and parted at twelve; he goes by feven to-morrow morning, fo I shall not see him. I have power over his cellar in his absence, and make little use of it. Lord Dartmouth and my friend Lewis stay here this week; but I can never work out a dinner from Dartmouth. Masham has promised to provide for me: I squired his lady out of her chaife to-day, and must visit her in a day or two. So you have had a long fit of the finest weather in the world; but I am every day in pain that it will go off. I have done no bufiness to-day: I am very dle.

2. My friend Lewis and I, to avoid over-much eating, and great tables, dined with honest Jemmy Eckershall, clerk of the kitchen, now in waiting; and I bespoke my dinner: but the cur had your acquaintance

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Lovet, the gentleman porter, to be our company: Lovet, towards the end of dinner, after twenty wrigglings, said he had the honour to see me formerly at at Moor-park, and thought he remembered my face: I said, I thought I remembered him, and was glad to see him, &c. and I escaped for that much, for he was very pert. It has rained all this day, and I doubt our good weather is gone. I have been very idle this afternoon, playing at twelve-penny picquet with Lewis; I won seven shillings, which is the only money I won this year; I have not played above four times, and I think always at Windsor: cards are very dear, there is a duty on them of six-pence a pack, which spoils small

gamesters.

3. Mr. Masham sent this morning to defire I would ride out with him, the weather growing again very fine: I was very bufy, and fent my excuses; but desired he would provide me a dinner: I dined with him, his lady, and her fifter, Mrs. Hill, who invites us tomorrow to dine with her, and we are to ride out in the morning. I fat with lady Oglethorp till eight this evening, then was going home to write; looked about for the woman that keeps the key of the house; she told me Patrick had it. I cooled my heels in the cloisters till nine, then went into the musick-meeting, where I had been often desired to go; but was weary in half an hour of their fine stuff *, and stole out so privately that every body law me; and cooled my heels in the cloisters again till after ten: then came in Patrick. I went up, shut the chamber-door, and gave him two or three fwinging cuffs on the ear, and I have strained the thumb of my left hand with pulling him, which I did not feel until he was gone. He was plaguily afraid and humbled.

4. It was the finest day in the world, and we got out before eleven, a noble caravan of us. The duches of Sbrewsbury in her own chaise with one horse, and Miss Touchet with her; Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Scarborow, one of the dressers, in one of the queen's chaises; Miss

^{*} Swift, like some others, rather hated than loved musick
Forester

Forester and Miss Scarborow, two maids of honour, and Mrs. Hill on horseback. The duke of Shrewsbury, Mr. Masham, George Fielding, Arbuthnott and I on horseback too. Mrs. Hill's horse was hired for Miss Scarborow, but she took it in civility, her own horse was galled and could not be rid, but kicked and winced: the hired horse was not worth eighteen pence. I borrowed coat, boots and horse, and in short we had all the difficulties, and more than we used to have in making a party from Trim to * Long field's. My coat was light camblet, faced with red velvet, and filver buttons. We rode in the great park and the forest about a dozen miles, and the duchess and I had much conversation; we got home by two, and Mr. Masham, his lady, Arbuthnott and I dined with Mrs. Hill. Arbuthnott made us all melancholy, by fome fymptoms of bloody ur-e: he expects a cruel fit of the stone in twelve hours; he says he is never mistaken, and he appeared like a man that was to be racked to-morrow. I cannot but hope it will not be so bad; he is a perfectly honest man, and one I have much obligation to. It rained a little this afternoon, and grew fair again. Lady Oglethorp sent to speak to me, and it was to let me know that lady Rochester delires she and I may be better acquainted. 'Tis a little too late; for I am not now in love with lady Roch fler: they thame me out of her, because she is old. Arbuthnott says, he hopes my strained thumb is not the gout; for he has often found people lo miliaken. I do not remember the particular thing that gave it me, only I had it just after beating Patrick, and now it is better; fo I believe he is mittaken.

5. The duchess of Shrewsbury sent to invite me to dinner; but I was abroad last night when her servant came, and this morning I sent my excuses, because I was engaged, which I was sorry for. Mrs. Forester taxed me yesterday about the history of the maids of honour; but I told her fairly it was no jest of mine; for I sound they did not relish it altogether well! and

^{*} Mr. Longfield lived at Killbride, about four miles from Trim.

I have

I have enough already of a quarrel with that brute Sir John Walters, who has been railing at me in all companies ever fince I dined with him; that I abused the queen's meat and drink, and said, nothing at the table was good, and all a d—dlie; for, after dinner, commending the wine, I said, I thought it was something small. You would wonder how all my friends laugh at this quarrel. It will be such a jest for the keeper, treasurer, and secretary.—I dined with honest colonel Godfrey, took a good walk of an hour on the terrace, and then came up to study: but it grows bloody

cold, and I have no waiftcoat here.

6. I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend Gastrel and the dean of Rochester had often invited me, and I happened to be dilengaged: it is the worst provided table at court. We ate on pewter: every chaplain, when he is made a dean, gives a piece of plate, and to they have got a little, some of it very old. One who was made dean of Peterborrow (a finall deanry) faid, he would give no plate; he was only dean of Peterborrow. The news of Mr. Hill's miscarriage in his expedition came to-day, and I went to visit Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Hill, his two lifters, to condole with them. I advised them by all means to go to the musickmeeting to-night, to shew they were not cast down, &c. and they thought my advice was right, and went. I doubt Mr. Hill and his admiral made wrong steps; however, we lay it all to a storm, &c. I sat with the secretary at supper; then we both went to lord treasurer's supper, and fat till twelve. The fecretary is much mortified about Hill; because this expedition was of his contriving, and he counted much upon it; but lord treasurer was just merry as usual, and old laughing at Sir John Walters and me falling out. I faid, Nothing grieved me, but that they would take example, and perhaps presume upon it, and get out of my government; but that I thought I was not obliged to govern bears, though I governed men. They promife to be as obedient as ever, and so we laughed; -and so I go to bed; for it is colder still, and you have a fire now, and are at cards at home.

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7. Lord Harley and I dined privately to-day with Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Hill, and my brother Masham. I faw lord Hallifax at Court, and we joined and talked. and the duchess of Shrew Bury came up and reproached me for not dining with her: I faid, That was not fo foon done; for I expected more advances from ladies. especially ducheties: the promised to comply with any demands I pleased; and I agreed to dine with her tomorrow, if I did not go to London too foon, as I believe I shall before dinner. Lady Oglethorp brought me and the duchess of Hamilton together to-day in the drawing-room, and I have given her fome encouragement, but not much. Every body has been teazing Walters. He told lord treasurer, that he took his company from him that were to dine with him; my lord faid, I will fend you Dr. Swift: lord keeper bid him take care what he did; For, faid he, Dr. Swift is not only all our favourite, but our governor. The old company fupped with lord treafurer, and got away by twelve.

London, 8. I believe I shall go no more to Windsor; for we expect the queen will come in ten days to Hampton Court. It was frost last night, and cruel cold today. I could not dine with the duchels; for I left Windfor half an hour after one with lord treasurer, and we called at Kenfington, where Mrs. Mafbam was got to fee her children for two days. I dined, or tather supped with lord treasurer, and staid till after ten. and his family are gone from hence, upon some wrangle with the family. Yesterday I had two letters brought me to Mr. Masham's; one from Ford, and t'other from our little MD, N 21. I would not tell you till to-day, because I would not. I won't answer it till the next, because I have flipt two days by being at Windsor, which I must recover here. Well, sirrahs, I must go to fleep. The roads were as dry as at Midfummer to-

day. This letter shall go to-morrow.

9 Morning. It rains hard this morning; I suppose our fair weather is now at an end. I think I'll put on my waistcoat to-day: shall I? Well, I will then, to please MD. I think of dining at home to-day upon a chop and a pot. The town continus yet very thin. Lord Strafford is gone to Holland to tell them what we

have done here towards a Peace. We shall soon hear what the Dutch say, and how they take it. My humble service to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine.— Morrow, dearest sirrahs, and farewel; and God Almighty bless MD, poor, little, dear MD, for so I mean, and Presto too. I'll write to you again to-night, that is, I'll begin my next letter Farewel, &c.

This little bit belongs to MD; we must always write

on the margin: * you are faucy rogues.

LETTER XXXII.

London, October 9, 1711.

T WAS forced to lie down at twelve to day, and mend my night's sleep: I slept till after two, and then fent for a bit of mutton and pot of ale from the next cook's shop, and had no stomach. I went out at four, and called to see Biddy Floyd, which I had not done these three months: she is something marked, but has recovered her complexion quite, and looks very well. Then I fat the evening with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. and drank coffee, and ate an egg. I likewise took a new lodging to-day, not liking a ground-floor, nor the ill fmell, and other circumstances. I lodge, or shall lodge, by Leicester-Fields, and pay ten shillings a week; that won't hold out long, faith. I shall lie here but one night more. It rained terribly till one o'clock to-day. I lie, for I shall lie here two nights, till Thursday, and then remove. Did I tell you that my friend Mrs. Barton has a brother drowned, that went on the expedition with fack Hill? He was a lieutenant-colonel, and a coxcomb; and she keeps her chamber in form, and the fervants fay, she receives no messages. Answer MD's letter, Presto, d'ye hear? No, says Presto, I won't yet, I'm bufy: you're a faucy rogue. Who talks?

10. It cost me two shillings in coach-hire to dine in the city with a printer. I have sent, and caused to be sent, three pamphlets out in a fortnight. I will ply the

^{*} This happens to be the only single line written upon the margin of any of his journals. By some accident there was a margin about as broad as the back of a razor, and therefore he made this ple of it.

rogues warm, and whenever any thing of theirs makes a noise, it shall have an answer. I have instructed an under-spur-leather to write so, that it is taken for mine. A rogue that writes a news-paper called The Protestant Post boy, has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the secretary has taken him up, and he shall have a squeeze extraordinary. He says, that an ambitious Tantivy, missing of his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his spleen on the late ministry, &c. I'll Tantivy him with a vengeance. I sat the evening at home, and am very busy, and can hardly find time to write, unless it were to MD. I am in surious haste.

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11. I dined to-day with lord treasurer: Thursdays are now his days when his choice company comes, but we are too much multiplied. George Granville fent his excuses upon being ill; I hear he apprehends the apoplexy, which would grieve me much. Lord treasurer calls Prior nothing but Monsieur Baudrier, which was the feigned name of the Frenchman that writ his journey to Paris. They pretend to suspect me, so I talk freely of it, and put them out of their play. Lord treasurer calls me now Dr. Martin, because Martin * is a fort of a swallow, and so is a Swift. When he and I came last Monday from Windfor, we were reading all the figns + on the road. He is a pure trifler; tell the bishop of Clogher so. I made him make two lines in verse for the Bell and Dragon, and they were rare bad ones. I suppose Dilly is with you by this time: what could his reason be of leaving London, and not owning it? 'Twas plaguy filly. I believe his natural inconstancy made him weary; I think he is the king of inconstancy. I stayed with lord treasurer till

^{*} From this pleafantry of my lord Oxford, the appellative Martinus Scriblerus took its rife.

[†] Vide Swift's Imitations of Herace, Lib. II. Sat. 6. where he gives an account of what fort of tattle entertained my lord Oxford and him upon the road to Windfor; and, among other whims, how, as the chariot passed along,

They gravely try'd to read the lines Writ underneath the country Signs. Vol. II.

ten; we had five lords and three commoners. Go to

ombre, sirrahs.

12. Mrs. Vanhomrigh has changed her lodging as well as I. She found the had got with a bawd, and removed: I dined with her to-day; for though she boards, her landlady does not dine with her. I am grown a mighty lover of herrings; but they are much smaller here than with you. In the afternoon I visited an old major-general, and eat fix oysters; then fat an hour with Mrs. Colledge, the joiner's daughter that was hanged, it was joiner was hanged and not his daughter; with Thompson's wife, a magistrate. There was the famous Mrs. Floyd of Chester, who, I think, is the handsomest woman (except MD) that ever I faw. She told me, that twenty people had fent her the verses upon Biddy, as meant to her: and indeed, in point of handsomeness, she deterves them much better. I will not go to Windfor to-morrow, and fo I told the fecretary to-day. I hate the thoughts of Saturday and Sunday Suppers with lord treasurer. Jack Hill is come home from his unforunate expedition, and is, I think, now at Windfor: I have not yet feen him. He is privately blamed by his own friends for want of conduct. He called a council of war, and therein it was determined to come back. But they fay, a general should not do that, because the officers will always give their opinion for returning, fince the blame will not lie upon them, but the general: I pity him heartily. Bernage received his commission to-day.

13. I dined to-day with colonel Crowe, late governor of Barbadoes; he is a great acquaintance of your friend Sterne, to whom I trufted the box. Lord treasurer has refused Sterne's business; and I doubt he is a rake; Femmy Leigh stays for him, and nobody knows where to had him. I am so busy now, I have hardly time to foare to write to our little MD; but in a fortnight I hope it will be over. I am going now to be busy, &c.

14. I was going to dine with Dr. Cockburn, but Sir Andrew Fountain met me, and carried me to Mrs. Van's, where I drank the last bottle of Raymond's wine, admirable good, better than any I get among the mi-

niftry. I must pick up time to answer this letter of MD's, I'll do it in a day or two for certain. ____ I am glad I am not at Windsor, for it is very cold, and I won't have a fire till November. I am contriving how to stop up my grate with bricks. Patrick was drunk last night; but did not come to me, else I should have given him t'other cuff. I fat this evening with Mrs. Barton, it is the first day of her seeing company; but I made her merry enough, and we were three hours difputing upon Whig and Tory. She grieved for her brother only for form, and he was a fad dog. Is Stella well enough to go to church, pray? no nummings left? no darkness in your eyes? do you walk and exercise? Your exercise is ombre. People are coming up to town; the queen will be at Hampton-court in a week. Lady Betty Germain, I hear, is come, and lord Pembroke is coming: his new wife is as big with child as the can tumble.

15. I sat at home till four this afternoon to-day writing, and ate a roll and butter; then visited Will. Congreve an hour or two, and supped with lord treasurer, who came from Windsor to day, and brought Prior with him. The queen has thanked Prior for his good service in France, and promised to make him a commissioner of the customs. Several of that commission are to be out; among the rest, my friend Sir Matthew Dudley; I can do nothing for him, he is so hated by the ministry. Lord treasurer kept me till twelve, so I

need not tell you it is now late.

16. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary at Dr. Cotestworth's, where he now lodges till his house be got ready in Golden-Square. One Boyer, a French dog, has abused me in a pamplet, and I have got him up in a messenger's hands: the secretary promises me to swinge him. Lord treasurer told me last night, that he had the honour to be abused with me in a pamphlet. I must make that rogue an example for warning to others. I was to see Jack Hill this morning, who made that unfortunate expedition; and there is still more missortune; for that ship, which was admiral of his sleet, is blown up in the Thames, by an accident and carelesness of some rogue, who was going, as they think, to

fleal some gun-powder: sive hundred men are lost; we don't yet know the particulars. I am got home by seven, and I am going to be busy, and you are going to play and supper; you live ten times happier than I: but I should live ten times happier than you, if I were with MD. I saw Jemmy Leigh to-day in the street, who tells me that Sterne has not lain above once these three weeks in his lodgings, and he doubts he takes ill courses; he stays only till he can find Sterne to go along with him, and he cannot hear of him. I begged him to enquire about the box when he comes to Chester, which

he promifes.

17. The fecretary and I dined to-day with brigadier Britton, a great friend of his. The lady of the house is very galante, about thirty-five; she is said to have a great deal of wit; but I fee nothing among any of them that equals MD by a bar's length, as hope faved. My lord treasurer is much out of order; he has a sore throat, and the gravel, and a pain in his breaft where the wound was: pray God preserve him. The queen comes to Hampton-Court on Tuesday next; people are coming fast to town, and I must answer MD's letter. which I can hardly find time to do, though I am at home the greatest part of the day. Lady Betty Germain and I were disputing Whig and Tory to death this morning. She is grown very fat, and looks mighty well. Biddy Floyd was there, and she is, I think, very much spoiled with the small pox.

18. Lord treasurer is still out of order, and that breaks our method of dining there to-day. He is often subject to a fore throat, and some time or other it will kill him, unless he takes more care than he is apt to do. It was said about the town, that poor lord Peterborow was dead at Frankfort; but he is something better, and the queen is sending him to Italy, where I hope the warm climate will recover him; he has abundance of excellent qualities, and we love one another mightily. I was this afternoon in the city, eat a bit of meat, and settled some things with a printer. I will answer your letter on Saturday, if possible, and then send away this; so to setch up the odd days I lost at Windsor, and keep constant to my sortnight. Ombre

time is now coming on, and we shall have nothing but Manley, and Walls, and Stoytes, and the dean. Have you got no new acquaintance? Poor girls; no body knows MD's good qualities.— Tis very cold; but I will not have a fire till November, that's pozz. Well, but coming home to-night, I found on my table a letter from MD; faith I was angry, that is with my felf and I was alraid too to fee MD's hand to foon, for fear of fomething, I don't know what: at last I opened it, and it was over well, and a bill for the two hundred guineas. However, 'tis a fad thing that this letter is

not gone, nor your twenty-first answered yet.

19. I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. Van, with some company who did not come; but I ate nothing but herrings: you must know I hardly ever eat of above one thing, and that the plainest ordinary meat at table; I love it best, and believe it wholefomest. You love rarities; yes you do; I wish you had all that I ever see where I go. I was coming home early, and met the fecretary in his chair, who perfuaded me to go with him to Britton's; for he faid, he had been all day at business, and had eaten nothing. So I went, and the time past so, that we staid till two, so

you may believe 'tis late enough.

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20. This day has gone all wrong, by fitting up to late last night. Lord treasurer is not yet well, and can't go to Windfor. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, and took occasion to hint to him that he would lose his employment, for which I am very forry. Lord Pembroke and his family are all come to town. I was kept so long at a friend's this evening, that I cannot send this to-night. When I knocked at my lodgings, a fellow asked me where lodged Dr. Swift? I told him, I was the person: he gave me a letter he brought from the fecretary's office, and I gave him a shilling: when I came up, I saw Dingley's hand: faith I was afraid, I do not know what. At last it was a formal letter from Dingley about her exchequer business. Well, I'll do it on Monday, and fettle it with Tooke. And now, boys, for your letter, I mean the first, N. 21. Let's see; come out, little letter. --- I never had the letter from the bishop that Raymond mentions; but I have written

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to Ned Southwel, to defire the duke of Ormand to speak to his reverence that he may leave off his impertinence. What a pox can they think I am doing for the archbishop here? You have a pretty notion of me in Ireland, to make me an agent for the archbishop of Dublin ----- Why; do you think I value your people's ingratitude about my part in ferving them? I remit them their First-Fruits of Ingratitude, as freely as I got the other remitted to them. This lord treasurer defers writing his letter to them, or elfe they would be plaguily confounded by this time. For he designs to give the merit of it wholly to the queen and me, and to let then know it was done before the duke of Ormond was lord lieutenant. You visit, you dine abroad, you fee friends; you pilgarlick; you walk from Finglass, you a cat's foot. O Lord-Lady Gore hung her child by the waist; what is that waist *, I don't understand the word; he must hang on till you explain or spell it.—I don't believe he was pretty, that's a liiii.—Pish; burn your First-Fruits; again at it. Stella has made twenty false spellings in her writing; I'll send them to you all back again on the other fide of this letter, to mend them; I won't miss one. Why; I think there were seventeen bishops names to the letter lord Oxford received .- I will fend you some pamphlets by Leigh: put me in mind of it on Monday, for I shall go then to the printer; yes, and the Miscellany. I am mightily obliged to Walls, but I don't deserve it by any usage of him here, having feen him but twice, and once en paf-Mrs. Manley forfworn ombre! What; and no blazing star appear? no monters born? no whale thrown up? Have you not found out some evasion for her? She had no such regard to oaths in her younger days. I got the books for nothing, madam Dingley; but the wine I got not; it was but a promise. - Yes, my head is pretty well in the main, only now and then a little threatning or fo. You talk of my recon-

^{*} With great respect to the Dr's judgment, perhaps Stella's orthography might be desended against the tyranny of her instructor; at least she has all the moderns on her side: however indeed, wast well as waist, is to be met with in Littleton's dictionary.

ciling some great folks. I tell you what. The fecretary told me last night, that he had found the reafon why the queen was cold to him for some months past; that a friend had told it him yesterday; and it was, that they suspected he was at the bottom with the duke of Marlborough. Then he faid, he had reflected upon all I had spoken to him long ago; but he thought it had been only my suspicion, and my zeal and kindness for him. I said I had reason to take that very ill, to imagine I knew so little of the world as to talk at a venture to a great minister; that I had gone between him and lord treasurer often, and told each of them what I had faid to the other, and that I had informed him so before: he said all that you may imagine to excuse himself and approve my conduct. told him, I knew all along, that this proceeding of mine was the furest way to fend me back to my willows in Ireland, but that I regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom service in keeping them well together. I minded him how often I had told lord treasurer lord keeper, and him together, that all things depended on their union, and that my comfort was to see them love one another; and I had told them all fingly, that I had not said this by chance, &c. He was in a rage to be thus suspected; swears he will be upon a better foot, or none at all; and I do not fee how they can well want him in this juncture. I hope to find a way of fettling this matter. I act an honest part; that will bring me neither profit nor praise. MD must think the better of me for it: nobody else shall ever know it. Here's politicks enough for once; but madam D. D. gave me occasion for it. I think I told you I have got into lodgings that don't finell ill—O Lord! the spectacles: well, I'll do that on Monday too; although it goes against me to be employed for folks that neither you nor I care a groat for. Is the eight pounds from Hawkshaw included in the thirty-nine pounds five shillings and two-pence? How do I know by this how my account stands? Can't you write five or fix lines to cast it up? Mine is forty-four pounds per annum, and eight pounds from Hawkshaw makes fifty-two pounds. Pray fet it right, and let me know; you had best .-D 4 And

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And so now I have answered N. 21, and 'tis late, and I will answer N. 22 in my next: this cannot go tonight, but shall on Tuesday: and so go to your play, and lose your money with your two eggs a penny;

filly jade; you witty? very pretty.

21. Mrs. Van would have me dine with her again to-day, and fo I did, though lady Mountjoy has fent two or thre times to have me see and dine with her, and the is a little body I love very well. My head has ached a little in the evenings these three or four days, but it is not of the giddy fort, so I do not much value I was to fee lord Harley to-day, but lord treasurer took phylick, and I could not fee him. He has voided much gravel, and is better, but not well; he talks of going on Tuesday to see the queen at Hampton-Court; I wish he may be able. I never saw so fine a summer day as this was; how is it with you pray? and can't you remember naughty packs. I han't seen lord Pembroke yet. He will be forry to miss Dilly: I wonder you say nothing of Dilly's being got to Ireland; if he be not there foon, I shall have some certain odd thoughts; guess them if you can.

22. I dined in the city to day with Dr. Friend, at one of my printers; I enquired for Leigh, but could not find him: I have forgot what fort of apron you want. I must rout among your letters, a needle in a bottle of hay. I gave Stern directions, but where to find him Lordknows. I have bespoken the spectacles; got a fet of Examiners, and five pamphlets, which I have either written or contributed to, except the beit which is the Vindication of the duke of Marlborough; and is entirely of the author of the Atalantis. I have settled Dingley's affair with Tooke, who has undertaken it, and understands it. I have bespoken a Miscellany: what would you have me do more? It cost me a shilling coming home; it rains terribly, and did so in the morning, Lord treasurer has had an ill day, in much pain. He writes and does business in his chamber now he is ill: the man is bewitched; he defires to fee me, and I'll maul him, but he will not value it a rush. ____I am half weary of them all. I often burst out into these

thoughts, and will certainly steal away as soon as I decently can. I have many friends, and many enemies; and the last are more constant in their nature. I have no shuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumstances, if you can be easy; but I will always live in Ireland as I did the last time; I will not hunt for dinners there; nor converse with more than

a very few.

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23. Morning. This goes to-day, and shall be sealed by and bye. Lord treasurer takes physick again to-day: I believe I shall dine with lord Dupplin. Mr. Tooke brought me a letter directed for me at Morphew's the bookfeller. I suppose, by the postage, it came from Ireland; it is a woman's hand, and feems false spelt on purpose; it is in such fort of verse as Harris's petition; rallies me for writing merry things, and not upon divinity; and is like the subject of the archbishop's last letter, as I told you. Can you guess whom it came from? it is not ill written; pray find it out; there is a Latin verse at the end of it all rightly spelt; yet the English, as I think, affectedly wrong in many places. My plaguing time is coming. A young fellow brought me a letter from judge Coote, with recommendation to be lieutenant of a man of war. He is the son of one Echlin, who was minister of Belfast before Tistall, and I have got some other new customers; but I shall trouble my friends as little as poffible. Saucy Stella used to jeer me for meddling with other folks affairs: but now I am punished for it. Patrick has brought the candle, and I have no more room. Farewel, &c. &c.

Here is a full and true account of Stella's new spelling.

Plaguely, - Plaguily *.
Dineing, - Dining.
Straingers, - Strangers.
Chais, - Chafe †.
Waift, - Waft.

^{*} This column of words, as they are corrected, is in Stella's hand.

[†] Yet here is one word still false spelt.

Houer, - Hour. Immagin. - Imagine. - About. A bout, Intellegence, - - Intelligence. - - Abundance. Aboundance, - Merit. Merrit. Secreet. - - Secret. Phamphlets, - - Pamphlets. Bustiness. - Business.

Tell me truly, firrah, how many of these are mistakes of the pen, and how many are you to answer for as real ill spelling? There are but sourteen; I said twenty by guess. You must not be angry, for I will have you spell right, let the world go how it will. Though after all, there is but a mistake of one letter in any of these words. I allow you henceforth but six salse spellings in every letter you send me.

LETTER XXXIII.

London, Oct. 23, 1711.

DINED with lord Dupplin, as I told you I would and put my thirty-second into the post-office my own felf; and I believe there has not been one moment fince we parted, wherein a letter was not upon the road going or coming to or from PMD *. If the queen knew it, the would give us a pension; for it is we bring good luck to their post-boys and their pacquets: else they would break their necks and fink. But, an old faying and a true one; Be it fnow or ftorm or hail, PMD's letters never fail: Cross winds may sometimes make them tarry; But PMD's letters can't miscarry. --- Terrible rain to-day, but it cleared up at night enough to fave me twelve pence coming home. Lord treasurer is much better this evening. I hate to have him ill, he is so confoundedly careless. I won't answer your letter yet, so be satisfied.

24. I called at lord treasurer's to day at noon; he was earing some broth in his bed-chamber, undressed, with a thousand papers about him. He has a little

^{*} That is, Presto and MD.

The design of the

fever upon him, and his eye terribly blood-shot; yet he dreffed himself, and went out to the treasury. He told me, he had a letter from a lady with a complaint against me, it was from Mrs. Cutts, a fifter of lord Cutts, who writ to him, that I had abused her brother: you remember the Salamander; it is printed in the Miscellany. I told my lord, that I would never regard complaints, and that I expected whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into the fire, and forget them, else I should have no quiet. I had a little turn in my head this morning; which, though it did not last above a moment, yet being of the true fort, has made me as weak as a dog all this day. Tis the first I have had this half year. I shall take my pills if I hear of it again. I dined at lady Mountjoy's with Harry Coote, and went to fee lord Pembroke upon his coming to town. - The Whig party are furious against a Peace, and every day some ballad comes out reflecting on the ministry on that account. The secretary St. John has seized on a dozen booksellers and publishers, into his messengers hands. Some of the foreign ministers have published the Preliminaries agreed on here between France and England; and people rail at them as insufficient to treat a Peace upon; but the fecret is, that the French have agreed to articles much more important, which our ministers have not communicated, and the people, who think they know all, are discontented that there is no more. This was an inconvenience I foretold to the fecretary; but we could contrive no way to fence against it. - So there's politicks for you.

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Tuesday in that terrible rain. I dined with Lewis at his lodgings, to dispatch some business we had. I sent this morning and evening to lord treasurer, and he is much worse by going out; I am in pain about evening. He has sent for Dr. Radcliff; pray God preserve him. The chancellor of the exchequer shewed me to-day a ballad in manuscript against lord treasurer and his South-Sea project; it is very sharply written: if it be not printed, I will send it to you. If it be, it shall go in your pacquet of pamphlets,—I sound out your letter about di-

rections

rections for the apron, and have ordered to be bought a cheap, green filk work apron; I have it by heart. I fat this evening with Mrs. Barton, who is my near neighbour. It was a delicious day, and I got my walk, and was thinking whether MD was walking too just at that time that Presto was.——This paper does not cost me a farthing, I have it from the secretary's office. I long till to-morrow to know how my lord treasurer sleeps this night, and to hear he mends: we are all undone without him; so pray for him, sirrahs, and don't stay too late at the dean's.

26. I dined with Mrs. Van; for the weather is so bad, and I am so busy, that I can't dine with great folks: and besides I dare eat but little, to keep my head in order, which is better. Lord treasurer is very ill, but I hope in no danger. We have no quiet with the Whigs, they are so violent against a Peace; but I'll cool them, with a vengeance, very soon. I have not heard from the bishop of Clogher, whether he has got his statues. I writ to him six weeks ago; he's so bufy with his parliament. I won't answer your letter

yet, fay what you will, faucy girls.

27. I forgot to go about some business this morning, which cost me double the time; and I was forced to be at the secretary's office till four, and lose my dinner; fo I went to Mrs. Van's, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of, and they are a light vittals: besides, I was to have supped at lady Ashburnham's; but the drab did not call for us in her coach, as the promised, but sent for us, and fo I fent my excuses. It has been a terrible rainy day, but so flattering in the morning, that I would needs go out in my new hat. I met Leigh and Sterne as I was going into the Park. Leigh lays he will go to Ireland in ten days, if he can get Sterne to go with him; fo I will fend him the things for MD, and I have defired him to enquire about the box. I hate that Sterne for his carelessness about it; but it was my fault.

29. I was all this terrible rainy day with my friend Lewis upon business of importance; and I dined with him, and came home about seven, and thought I would amuse

amuse myself a little after the pains I had taken. I saw a volume of Congreve's Plays in my room, that Patrick had taken to read; and I looked into it, and in mere loitering read in it till twelve, like an owl and a fool: if ever I do so again; never saw the like. Count Gallas, the emperor's envoy, you will hear is in difgrace with us: the queen has ordered her ministers to have no more commerce with him; the reason is, the fool writ a rude letter to lord Dartmouth, secretary of state, complaining of our proceedings about a Peace; and he is always in close confidence with lord Wharton, and Sunderland, and others of the late ministry. I believe you begin to think there will be no Peace; the Whigs here are fure it cannot be, and stocks are fallen again. But I am confident there will, unless France plays us tricks; and you may venture a wager with any of your Whig acquaintance, that we shall not have another campaign. You will get more by it than by ombre, firrah.- I let flip telling you yesterday's journal, which I thought to have done this morning, but blundered. I dined yesterday at Harry Coote's with lord Hatton, Mr. Finch, a fon of lord Nottingham, and Sir Andrew Fountain. I left them foon; but hear they flaid till two in the morning, and were all drunk; and fo good night for iast night, and good night for tonight. You blundering goofecap, an't you ashamed to blunder to young ladies? I shall have a fire in three or four days now, oh, ho.

30. I was to-day in the city concerting some things with a printer, and am to be to-morrow all day busy with Mr. secretary about the same. I won't tell you now; but the ministers reckon it will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas 'tis certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am assaid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction. But I forgot; I won't tell you what I will do, nor what I will not do: so let me alone, and go to Stoyte, and give goody Stoyte and Catherine my humble service; I love goody Stoyte better than goody Walls. Who'll pay me for this green apron? I will have the money; it cost ten

shillings and six pence. I think it plaguy dear for a cheap thing; but they said that English silk would cockle, and I know not what. You have the making into the bargain. 'Tis right Italian: I have sent it and the pamphlets to Leigh, and will send the Miscellanies and spectacles in a day or two. I would send more;

but faith I'm plaguy poor at present.

31. The Devil's in this fecretary; when I went this morning he had people with him; but fays he, We are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon; at two Prior sends word, he is otherwise engaged; then the secretary and I go and dine with brigadier Britton, sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; he is in haste to see lady Jersay, we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers, teazing me to death for my affistnce, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, yet slipping opportunities. Lord treasurer mends every day, though slowly: I hope he will take care of himself. Pray, will you send to Parvisel to send me a bill of twenty pounds as soon as he can, for I want money. I must have money; I will have money, sirrahs.

Nov. 1. I went to day into the city to fettle some bufine's with Stratford, and to dine with him; but he was engaged, and I was fo angry I would not dine with any other merchant, but went to my printer, and ate a bit, and did bufiness of mischief with him, and I shall have the spectacles and Miscellany to-morrow, and leave them with Leigh. A fine day always makes me go into the city, if I can spare time, because it is exercife; and that does me more good than any thing. I have heard nothing fince of my head, but a little, I don't know how, fometimes: but I am very temperate, especially now the treasurer is ill, and the ministers often at Hampton-Court, and the fecretary not yet fixed in his house, and I hate dining with many of my old acquaintance. Here has been a fellow discovered going out of the East-India house with fixteen thousand pounds in money and bills; he would have escaped, if he had not been so uneasy with thirst, that he stole out before his time, and was caught. But what is that to MD? I wish we had the money, provided the East-India company was never the worfe; you know we mud

must not covet, &c. Our weather, for this fortnight past, is chequered, a fair and a rainy day; this was very fine, and I have walked four miles, wish MD

would do fo, lazy fluttikins.

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2. It has rained all day with a continuendo, and I went in a chair to dine with Mrs. Van; always there in a very rainy day. But I made a shift to come. back afoot. I live a very retired life, pay very few visits, and keep but very little company; I read no news-papers. I am forry I fent you the Examiner; for the printer is going to print them in a finall volume: it feems the author is too proud to have them printed by subscription, though his his friends offered, they fay, to make it worth five hundred pounds to him. The Spectators are likewise printing in a larger and a smaller volume: so I believe they are going to leave them off, and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written. We have had no news for me to fend you now towards the end of my letter. The queen has the gout a little; I hoped the lord treasurer would have had it too; but Radcliff told me yesterday it was the rheumatism in his knee and foot; however he mends, and I hope will be abroad in a short time. I am told they design giving away several employments before the parliament fits, which will be the thirteenth instant. I either do not like, or not understand this policy; and if lord treasurer does not mend foon, they must give them just before the sessions. But he is the greatest procrastinator in the world.

3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal; I ftufft the fecretary's pockets with papers, which he must read and fettle at Hampton-Court, where he went to-day, and stays some time. They have no lodgings for me there, so I can't go; for the town is small, chargeable and inconvenient. Lord treasurer had a very ill night last night, with much pain in his knee and soot, but is easier to-day.——And so I went to visit Prior about some business, and so he was not within, and so Sir Andrew Fountain made me dine to day again with Mrs. Van, and I came home soon, remembering this must go to-night, and that I had a letter of MD's

to answer. O Lord, where is it? let me see, so, so, here it is. You grudge writing fo foon. Pox on that bill; the woman would have me manage that money for her. I do not know what to do with it now I have it; I am like the unprofitable steward in the gospel: I laid it up in a napkin; there thou haft what is thine own, &c. Well, well, I know of your new mayor. (I'll tell you a pun; a fishmonger owed a man two crowns; so he sent him a piece of bad ling and a tench, and then faid he was paid: how is that now? find it out; for I won't tell it you: which of you finds it out?) Well, but as I was faying, what care I for your mayor? I fancy Ford may tell Forbes right about my returning to Ireland before Christmas, or foon after. I'm forry you did not go on with your story about Pray God you be John; I never heard it in my life, and wonder what it can be .- Ah, Stella, faith you leaned upon your Bible to think what to fay when you writ that. Yes, that story of the secretary's making me an example is true; " never heard it before; why how could you hear it? is it possible to tell you the hundredth part of what passes in our companies here? The secretary is as easy with me as Mr. Addison was. I have often thought what a splutter Sir William Temple makes about being fecretary of state: I think Mr. St. John the greatest young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent tafte; the best orator in the house of commons, admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a despiler of money. His only fault is talking to his friends in way of complaint of too great a load of bufiness, which looks a little like affectation: and he endeavours too much to mix the fine gentleman, and man of pleasure, with the man of business. What truth and sincerity he may have I know not: he is now but thirty-two, and has been secretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary? How he stands with the queen and lord treasurer I have told you before. This is his character; and I believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I writ to the archbishop of Dublin, bishop of Cloyne, and of Clogher together, five weeks ago from Windsor: I hope they

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they had my letters; pray know if Clogber had his. Fig for your Physician and his advice, madam Dingley; if I grow worse, I will; otherwise I will trust to temperance and exercise: your fall of the leaf; what care I when the leaves fall? I am forry to fee them fall with all my heart; but why should I take physick because leaves fall off from trees? that won't hinder them from falling. If a man falls from a horse, must I take phyfick for that? - This arguing makes you mad; but it is true right reason, not to be disproved .- I am glad at heart to hear poor Stella is better; use exercise and walk, spend pattens and spare potions, wear out clogs and watte claret. Have you found out my pun of the fishmonger? Don't read a word more till you have got it. And Stella is handsome again, you say? and is she fat? I have fent to Leigh the fet of Examiners; the first thirteen were written by several hands, some good, fome bad; the next three and thirty were all by one hand, that makes forty-fix: * then the author, whoever he was, laid it down on purpose to confound guesfers; and the last fix were written by a woman. Then there is an account of Guiscard by the same woman, but the facts fent by Presto. Then An Answer to to the Letter to the lords about Greg by Presto; Prior's journey by Presto; Vindication of the duke of Marlborough entirely by the same woman; Comment on Hare's fermon by the same woman, only hints fent to the prin-

^{*} Here the doctor's memory failed him a little: he should have faid, The first twelve were written by several hands (for Swift's Examiners commenced with No. 13), and the next thirty-two were by one hand, in all forty-four. Vid. his Letter to Stella, dated June 7, 1711. If the reader has any doubt of this matter still remaining, let him confult the two last paragraphs of the forty-fourth Examiner; and for curiofity, if he pleafes, read the first paragraph of the forty-fifth Number, where he will find the Examiner intends to proceed on a plan quite different from Swift's course of politicks. However, in fix or eight weeks after Swift became filent, the Examiner was laid down, although revived again the December following, and continued to be a lively and spirited paper for two or three months, the writers of it being supplied with hints from Mr. fecretary St. John and Dr. Swift. But the ministry having then obtained their ends in parliament, and the Peace being in great forwardness, they suffered the Examiner to fink again into obscurity and dulness.

ter from Presto to give her. Then there's the Miscellany, an apron for Stella, a pound of chocolate without fugar for Stella, a fine fnuff-rasp of ivory, given me by Mrs. St. John for Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco, which the must hide or cut shorter out of modesty, and four pair of spectacles for the Lord knows who. There's the cargo, I hope it will come fafe. Oh, Mrs. Masham and I are very well; we write to one another, but it is upon business; I believe I told you so before: pray pardon my forgetfulness in these cates; poor Prefto can't help it. MD shall have the money as soon as Tooke gets it. And so I think I have answered all, and the paper is out, and now I have fetcht up my week, and will fend you another this day fortnight.-Why, you rogues, two crows make tench-ill-ling: you are fo dull you could never have found it out. Farewel, &c. Gc.

LETTER XXXIV.

London, November 3, 1711.

Y thirty-third lies now before me just finished, and I am going to feal and fend it, so let me know whether you would have me add any thing: I gave you my journal of this day; and it is now nine at night, and I am going to be busy for an hour or two.

4. I left a friend's house to-day where I was invited, just when dinner was setting on, and pretended I was engaged, because I saw some fellows I did not know, and went to Sir Matthew Dudley's, where I had the fame inconvenience, but he would not let me go; ctherwise I would have gone home and sent for a slice of mutton and a pot of ale, rather than dine with persons unknown, as bad for ought I know as your deans, parfons, and curates. Bad flabby weather to-day.—Now methinks I write at ease, when I have no letter of MD's to answer. But I mistook, and have got the large paper. The queen is laid up with the gout at Hampton-Court; the is now feldom without it any long time together; I fear it will wear her out in a very few years. I plainly find I have less twitchings about my toes since these ministers are sick and out of town, and that I don't don't dine with them. I would compound for a light easy gout to be perfectly well in my head.——Pray walk when the frost comes, young ladies, go a frost-biting. It comes into my head, that from the very time you first went to Ireland I have been always plying you to walk and read. The young fellows here have begun a kind of fashion to walk, and many of them have got swinging strong shoes on purpose; it has got as far as several young lords; if it hold, it would be a very good thing. Lady Lucy and I are fallen out: she rails at me,

and I have left visiting her.

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5. MD was very troublesome to me last night in my fleep; I was adreamed, methought, that Stella was here: I asked her after Dingley, and she said, she had left her in Ireland, because she designed her stay to be short, and such stuff .- Monsieur Pontachartrain, the fecretary of state in France, and Monsieur Fontenelle, the secretary of the Royal Academy there, (who writ the Dialogues des morts, &c.) have sent letters to lord Pembroke, that the Academy have, with the king's confent, chosen him one of their members, in the room of one who is lately dead. But the cautious gentleman has given me the letters to shew my lord Dartmouth and Mr. St. John, our two secretaries, and let them see there is no treaton in them; which I will do on Wednefday, when they come from Hampton-Court. The letters are very handsome, and it is a great mark of honour and distinction to lord Pembroke. I hear the two French ministers are come over again about the Peace; but I have feen nobody of consequence to know the truth. I dined to day with a lady of my acquaintance who was fick, in her bed chamber, upon three herrings and a chicken; the dinner was my bespeaking. We begin now to have chesnuts and Seville oranges; have you the latter yet? 'Twas a terrible windy day, and we had processions in carts of the Pope and the Devil, and the butchers rang their cleavers; you know this is the fifth of November, popery and gun-powder.

6. Since I am used to this way of writing, I fancy I could hardly make out a long letter to MD without it. I think I ought to allow for every line taken up by telling you where I dined; but that will not be above seven

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lines in all, half a line to a dinner. Your Ingoldsby is going over, and they fay here, he is to be made a lord. -Here was I staying in my room till two this afternoon for that puppy Sir Andrew Fountain, who was to go with me into the city, and never came; and if I had not shot a dinner flying, with one Mr. Murray, I might have fasted, or gone to an ale house.—You never faid one word of goody Stoyte in your letter; but I suppose these Winter nights we shall hear more of her. - Does the Provost laugh as much as he used to do? we reckon him here a good-for-nothing fellow .- I defign to write to your dean one of these days, but I can never find time, nor what to fay. I will think of fomething : but if DD * were not in Ireland, I believe seriously I should not think of the place twice a year. Nothing there ever makes the subject of talk in any company where I am.

7. I went to day to the city on buliness; but stopt at a printer's and staid there; it was a most delicious day. I near the parliament is to be prorogued for a fortnight longer; I suppose, either because the queen has the gout, or that lord treasurer is not well, or that they would do something more towards a Peace. I called at lord treasurer's at noon, and sat a while with lord Harley, but his father was alleep. A bookseller has reprinted or new-titled A Sermon of Tom Swift's printed last year, and publishes an advertisement calling it Dr. Swift's Sermon. Some friend of lord Galway has, by his directions, published a four-shilling book about his conduct in Spain; to defend him; I have but just seen it. But what care you for books, except Presto's Miscellanies? Leigh promised to call and see me, but has not yet; I hope he will take care of his cargo, and get your Chester box. A murrain take that box; every thing is spoiled that is in it. How does the strong box do? You say nothing of Raymond: is his wife brought to bed again; or how? has he finished his house; paid his debts; and put out the rest of the money to use? I am glad to hear poor Foe is like to get his two hundred pounds. I suppose Trim is now reduced to slavery.

^{*} These two initial letters include both Stella and Dingley.

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again. I am glad of it; the people were as great rafcals as the gentlemen. But I must go to bed, sirrahs; the secretary is still at *Hampton Court* with my papers, or is come only to-night. They plague me with at-

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8. I was with the fecretary this morning, and we dined with Prior, and did business this afternoon till about eight, and I must alter and undo, and a clutter: I am glad the parliament is prorogued. I staid with Prior till eleven; the fecretary left us at eight. Prior, I believe, will be one of those employed to make the Peace, when a Congress is opened. Lord Ashburnham told to-day at the Coffee house, that lord Harley was yesterday morning married to the duke of Newcastle's daughter, the great heirefs, and is got about all the town. But I faw lord Harley yesterday at noon in his night-gown, and he dined in the city with Prior and others; fo it is not true: but I hope it will be fo; for I know, it has been privately managing this long time: the lady will not have half her father's estate; for the duke left lord Pelham's fon his heir; the widow duchefs will not tland to the will, and she is now at law with Pelham. However, at worst, the girl will have about ten thousand pounds a year, to support the honour: for lord treasurer will never save a groat for himself. Lord Harley is a very valuable young gentleman; and they fay the girl is handsome, and has good sense, but red hair.

9. I defigned a jaunt into the city to-day to be merry, but was disappointed; so one always is in this life; and I could not see lord Dartmouth to-day, with whom I had some business. Business and pleasure both disappointed. You can go to your dean, and for want of him, goody Stoyte, or Walls, or Manley, and meet every where with cards and claret. I dined privately with a friend on a herring and chicken, and half a stask of bad Florence. I begin to have fires now, when the mornings are cold; I have got some loose bricks at the back of my grate for good husbandry. Fine weather. Patrick tells me, my caps are wearing out; I know not how to get others. I want a necessary woman strangely; I am as helpless as an elephant.—I had three pacquets

from the archbishop of Dublin, cost me four shillings, all about Higgins, printed stuff, and two long letters. His people forget to enclose them to Lewis; and they were only directed to Doctor Swift, without naming London or any thing else: I wonder how they reached me, unless the post-master directed them. I have read

all the trash, and am weary.

10. Why; if you must have it out, something is to be published of great moment, and three or four great people are to fee there are no mistakes in point of fact: and 'cis fo troublesome to send it among them, and get their corrections, that I am weary as a dog. I dined today with the printer, and was there all the afternoon; and it plagues me, and there's an end, and what would you have? Lady. Dupplin, lord treasurer's daughter, is brought to bed of a fon. Lord treasurer has had an ugly return of his gravel. 'Tis good for us to live in gravel-pits, but not for gravel-pits to live in us: a man in this case should leave no stone unturned. Lord treafurer's fickness, the queen's gout, the forwarding the Peace, occasion putting off the parliament a fortnight longer. My head has had no ill returns. I had good walking to-day in the city, and take all opportunities of it on purpose for my health; but I can't walk in the Park, because that is only for walking take, and loses time, fo I mix it with business: I wish MD walked half as much as Presto. If I was with you, I'd make you walk; I would walk behind or before you, and you should have masks on, and be tuckt up like any thing, and Stella is naturally a flout walker, and carries herfelf firm, methinks I see her strut, and step clever over a kennel; and Dingley would do well enough. if her petticoats were pinned up; but she is so embroiled, and so fearful, and then Stella scolds, and Dingley stumbles, and is so daggled. Have you got the whale-bone petticoats amongst you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them. Pshaw, what's all this I'm faying? methinks I'am talking to MD face to face.

11. Did I tell you that old Frowde, the old fool, is felling his estate at Pepperhara, and is sculking about the town no body knows where? and who do you think

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manages all this for him, but that rogue Child, the double squire of Farnham? I have put Mrs. Masham. the queen's favourite, upon buying it; but that is yet a great fecret; and I have employed lady Oglethorp to enquire about it. I was with lady Oglethorp to-day. who is come to town for a week or two, and to-morrow I will see to hunt out the old fool; he is utterly ruined, and at this prefent in some blind alley with some dirty wench. He has two fons that must starve, and he never gives them a farthing. If Mrs. Masham buys the land, I will defire her to get the queen to give fome pension to the old fool, to keep him from absolutely flarving. What do you meddle with other peoples affairs for? fays Stella. O, but Mr. Masbam and his wife are very urgent with me, fince I first put them in the head of it. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, who, I

doubt, will foon lose his employment.

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12. Morning. I am going to hunt out old Frowde, and to do some business in the city. I have not yet called to Fatrick to know whether it be fair. It has been past dropping these two days. Rainy weather hurts my pate and my purse. He tells me'tis very windy, and begins to look dark; woe be to my shillings : an old faying and a true; Few fillings, many shillings. If the day be dark, my purse will be light. enemies be this curse; A dark day and a light purse. And so I'll rise, and go to my fire, for Patrick tells me I have a fire; yet it is not shaving day, nor is the weather cold; this is too extravagant. What is become of Dilly? I suppose you have him with you. Stella is just now she wing a white leg, and putting it into the slipper.-Present my service to her, and tell her I am engaged to the dean; and delire the will come too: or, Dingley, can't you write a note? This is Stella's morning dialogue, no, morning speech I mean.-Morrow, hrrahs, and let me rife as well as you; but I promife you Walls can't dine with the dean to-day, for the is to be at Mrs. Proby's just after dinner, and to go with Gracy Spencer to the shops to buy a yard of muslin, and a filver lace for an under petticoat. Morrow again, firrahs .- At night. I dined with Stratford in the city, but could not finish my affairs with him; but now I have refolved to buy five hundred pounds South Sea flock, which will cost me three hundred and eighty ready money; and I will make use of the bill of a hundred pounds you sent me, and transfer Mrs. Walls over to Hawkshaw; or, if the dislikes it, I will borrow a hundred pounds of the secretary, and repay her. Three shillings coach-hire to-day. I have spoken to Frowde's brother, to get me the lowest price of the estate, to tell

Mrs. Malbam.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the neighbourhood. Last Saturday night I came home, and the drab had just washed my room, and my bedchamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to bed in my own defence, and no fire: I was sick on Sunday, and now have got a swinging cold. I scolded like a dog at Patrick, although he was out with me: I detest washing of rooms: cant they wash them in a morning, and make a fire, and leave onen the windows? I slept not a wink last night for hawking and spitting: and now every body has colds. Here's a clutter: I'll go to

bed and fleep if I can.

14. Lady Mountjoy sent to me two days ago, so I dined with her to-day, and in the evening went to see lord treasurer. I found Patrick had been just there with a how d'ye, and my lord had returned answer, that he desired to see me. Mrs. Masham was with him when I came; and they are never disturbed: 'tis well she is not very handsome: they sit alone together, settling the nation. I sat with lady Oxford, and stopt Mrs. Masham as she came out, and told her what progress I had made, &c. and then went to lord treasurer: he is very well, only uneasy at rising or sitting, with some rheumatick pain in his thigh, and a foot weak. He shewed me a small paper, sent by an unknown hand to one Mr. Cook, who sent it to my lord: it was written in plain large letters, thus;

Though G-d's knife did not succeed; AF-n's yet may do the Deed.

And a little below; Burn this Dog. My lord has frequently such letters as these: once he shewed me one, which

which was a vision describing a certain man, his dress, his fword, and his countenance, who was to murder my lord. And he told me he faw a fellow in the chapel at Windsor with a dress very like it. They often send him letters figned Your humble fervant, The Devil, and fuch stuff. I sat with him till after ten, and have business to do.

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15. The fecretary came yesterday to town from Hampton-Court, fo I went to him early this morning; but he went back last night again : and coming home to-night I found a letter from him to tell me, that he was just come from Hampton Court, and just returning and will not be here till Saturday night. A pox take him; he stops all my business. I'll beg leave to come back when I have got over this; and hope to fee MD in Ireland foon after Christmas .- I'm weary of courts, and want my journies to Laracor; they did me more good than all the ministries these twenty years. I dined to-day in the city, but did no bufiness as I defigned. Lady Mountjoy tells me, that Dilly is got to Ireland, and that the archbishop of Dublin was the cause of his returning so soon. The parliament was prorogued two days ago for a fortnight, which, with the queen's abfence, makes the town very dull, and empty. They tell me the duke of Ormand brings all the world away with him from Ireland. London has nothing fo bad in it in Winter,, as your knots of Irish folks; but I go to no Coffee-house, and to I feldom see them. This letter shall go on Saturday; and then I am even with the world again. I have lent money, and cannot get it, and am forced to borrow for myfelf.

16. My man made a blunder this morning, and let up a viliter, when I had ordered to fee no body, fo I was forced to hurry a hang-dog instrument of mine into my bed-chamber, and keep him cooling his heels there above an hour. - I am going on fairly in the common forms of a great cold; I believe it will last me about ten days in all .- I should have told you that in those two verses sent to lord treasurer, the G-d stands for Guiscard; that is easy; but we differed about F-n; I thought it was for Frenchman, because he hates them, and they him: and so it would VOL. II. be,

be, that although Guiscard's knife mis'd its design, the knife of a Frenchman might yet do it. My lord thinks it stands for Felton, the name of him that stabbed the first duke of Buckingham.—Sir Andrew Fountain and I dined with the Vans to-day, and my cold made me loiter all the evening. Stay, young women, don't you begin to owe me a letter? just a month to-day since I had your N. 22. I'll stay a week longer, and then I'll expect like agog; till then you may play at ombre, and so forth, as you please. The Whigs are still crying down our Peace, but we will have it, I hope, in spite of them: the emperor comes now with his two eggs a penny, and promises wonders to continue the war; but it is too late; only I hope the fear of it will serve to spur on the French to be easy and sincere. Night,

firrahs; I'll go early to bed.

17. Morning. This goes to-night; I will put it myself in the post-office. I had just now a long letter from the archbishop of Dublin, giving me an account of the ending your fessions, how it ended in a storm; which storm, by the time it arrives here, will be only half nature. I can't help it, I won't hide. I often advised the dissolution of that parliament, although I did not think the scoundrels had so much courage; but they have it only in the wrong, like a bully that will fight for a whore, and run away in an army. I believe, by feveral things the archbishop says, he is not very well either with the government or clergy.—See how luckily my paper ends with a fortnight.—God Almighty bless and preserve dearest little MD. - I suppose your lord-lieutenant is now fetting out for England. I wonder the bishop of Clogher does not write to me; or let me know of his statues, and how he likes them: I will write to him again, as foon as I have leifure. Farewel, dearest MD, and love Presto, who loves MD infinitely above all earthly things, and who will.-My fervice to Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. I'm fitting in my bed; but will rife to feal this. Morrow, dear rogues. Farewel again, dearest MD, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

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London, Nov. 17, 1711.

TPUT my last this evening in the post-office. I dined with Dr. Cockburn. This being queen Elizabeth's birth day, we have the D- and all to do among us. just heard of the stir as my letter was sealed this morning; and was fo cross I would not open it to tell you. I have been visiting lady Oglethorp and lady Worsley; the latter is lately come to town for the Winter, and with child, and what care you? This is queen Elizabeth's birth-day, usually kept in this town by 'prentices, &c. but the Whigs defigned a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the Pope, Devil, Cardinals, Sacheverell, &c. and carry them with torches about, and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas, Dr. Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were feized last night, by order from the secretary: you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the streets already. They had some very foolish and mischievous defigns; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon affaulting my lord treasurer's house, and the fecretary's; and other violences. The Militia was raifed to prevent it, and now, I suppose, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the fecretary's office at White-ball. I delign to see them if I can.

18. I was this morning with Mr. secretary, who just came from Hampton-Court. He was telling me more particulars about this business of burning the Pope. It cost a great deal of money, and had it gone on, would have cost three times as much: but the town is full of it, and half a dozen Grub-street papers already. The secretary and I dined at brigadier Britton's, but I lest them at six, upon an appointment with some sober company of men and ladies, to drink punch at Sir Andrew Fountain's. We were not very merry; and I don't love rack punch, I love it better with brandy; are you of my opinion? Why then; twelve penny weather; sirrahs, why don't you play at shuttle-cock? I have thought of it a hundred times; faith Presto will

come over after Christmas, and will play with Stella before the cold weather is gone. Do you read the Spectators? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no Coffee houses. They say abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in small volumes; I'll bring them over with me. I shall be out of my hurry in a week, and if Leigh be not gone over, I will send you by him what I am now sinishing. I don't know where Leigh is; I have not seen him this good while, though he promised to call: I shall send to him. The queen comes to town on Thursday for good and all.

19. I was this morning at lord Dartmouth's office, and fent out for him from the committee of council, about some business. I was asking him more concerning this buffle about the figures in wax-work, of the Pope, and Devil, &c. He was not at leisure, or he would have feen them. I hear the owners are fo impudent, that they design to replevin them by law. I am affured that the figure of the Devil is made as like lord treasurer as they could. Why; I dined with a friend in St. James's street. Lord treasurer, I am told, was abroad to-day; I will know to-morrow how he does after it. The duke of Marlborough is come, and was yesterday at Hampton-court with the queen; no, it was t'other day; no it was yesterday; for to-day I remember Mr. fecretary was going to fee him, when I was there, not at the duke of Marlborough's, but at the fecretary's; the duke is not so fond of me. What care I? I won feven shillings to-night at picquet: I play twice a year or fo.

20. I have been so teazed with Whiggish discourse by Mrs. Barton and lady Betty Germain, never saw the like. They turn all this affair of the pope-burning into ridicule; and indeed they have made too great a clutter about it, if they had no real reason to apprehend some tumults. I dined with lady Betty. I hear Prior's commission is passed to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary for the Peace; my lord privy-seal, who you know is bishop of Bristol, is the other; and lord Strassord, already ambassador at the Hague, the third: I am forced to tell you ignorant sluts who is

who. I was punning scurvily with Sir Andrew Fountain and lord Pembroke this evening; do you ever pun now? Sometimes with the dean, or Tom Leigh. Prior puns very well. Od so, I must go see his excellency, it is a noble advancement: but they could do no less, after sending him to France. Lord Strafford is as proud as hell, and how he will bear one of Prior's mean birth on an equal character with him, I know not. And so I go to my business, and bid you good

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21. I was this morning busy with my printer; I gave him the fifth sheet, and then I went and dined with him in the city, to correct fomething, and alter, &c. and I walked home in the dusk, and the rain overtook me : and I found a letter here from Mr. Lewis ; well. and fo I opened it; and he fays, The Peace is past danger, &c. Well, and so there was another letter inclosed in his; well; and so I looked on the outside of this t'other letter. Well; and so who do you think this t'other letter was from? Well; and fo I'll tell you, it was from little MD, N. 23, 23, 23, 23. I tell you it is no more, I have told you so before *: but I just looked again to satisfy you. Hie, Stella, you write like an emperor, a great deal together; a very good hand, and but four false spellings in all. Shall I fend them to you? I am glad you did not take my correction ill. Well; but I will not answer your letter now, firrah faucy boxes, no, no; not yet; just a month and three days from the last, which is just five weeks; you see it comes just when I begin to grumble.

22. Morning. Tooke has just brought me Dingley's money. I will give you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half a crown for entering the letter of attorney: but I swore to stop that. I'll spend your money bravely here. Morrow, dear sirrahs,——At night. I dined to day with Sir Thomas Hanmer; his wise, the duchess of Graston, dined with us: she wears a great high head-dress, such as was in fashion sisteen years ago, and looks like a mad-woman in it; yet she

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^{*} Nothing was ever more in Swift's style and manner of conversation, than these repetitions and the words following.

has great remains of beauty. I was this evening to fee lord Harley, and thought to have fat with lord treafurer; but he was taken up with the Dutch envoy and fuch folks; and I would not stay. One particular in life here different from what I have in Dublin, is, that whenever I come home I expect to find some letter for me, and feldom miss; and never any worth a farthing, but often to vex me. The queen does not come to town till Saturday. Prior is not yet declared; but these ministers being at Hampton-Court I know nothing; and if I write news from common hands, it is always lies. You will think it affectation; but nothing has vexed me more for some months past, than people I never faw, pretending to be acquainted with me, and yet speak ill of me too; at least some of them. An old crooked Scotch countels, whom I never heard of in my life, told the duchess of Hamilton t'other day, that I often visited her. People of worth never do that; so that a man only gets the scandal of having scurvy acquaintance. Three ladies were railing against me some time ago, and faid they were very well acquainted with me; two of which I had never heard of; and the third had only feen twice where I happened to vifit. A man who has once feen me in a Coffee-boufe will alk me how I do, when he fees me talking at Court with a minister of state; who is sure to ask me, how I came acquainted with that scoundrel. But come, sirrahs, this is all stuff to you, so I'll say no more on this side the paper, but turn over.

23. My printer invited Mr. Lewis and me to dine at a tavern to-day, which I have not done five times fince I came to England; I never will call it Britain, pray don't call it Britain. My week is not out, and one fide of this paper is out, and I have a letter to answer of of MD's into the bargain: must I write on the third side? faith that will give you an ill habit. I saw Leigh last night: he gives a terrible account of Sterne; he reckons he is seduced by some wencher; he is over head and ears in debt, and has pawned several things. Leigh says he goes on Monday next for Ireland, but believes Sterne will not go with him; Sterne has kept him these three months. Leigh has got the apron and

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things, and promises to call for the box at Chester; but I despair of it. Good night, sirrahs; I have been late abroad.

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24. I have finished my pamphlet to-day, which has cost me so much time and trouble; it will be published in three or four days, when the parliament begins fitting I suppose the queen is come to town, but know nothing, having been in the city finishing and correcting with the printer. When I came home I found letters on my table as usual, and one from your mother, to tell me, that you defire your writings and a picture should be fent to me, to be sent over to you. I have just answered her letter, and promised to take care of . them if they be fent to me. She is at Farnham: it is too late to fend them by Leigh; belides, I will wait your orders, madam Stella. I am going to finish a letter to lord treasurer about reforming our language; but first I must put an end to a ballad; and go you to your cards, firrahs, this is card feafon.

29. I was early with the fecretary to-day, but he was gone to his devotions, and to receive the facrament; feveral rakes did the same; it was not for piety, but employments; according to act of parliament. dined with lady Mary Dudley; and past my time since infipidly, only I was at Court at noon, and faw fifty acquaintace I had not met this long time: that is the advantage of a Court, and I fancy I am better known than any man that goes there. Sir John Walters' quarrel with me has entertained the town ever fince; and yet we never had a word, only he railed at me behind my back. The parliament is again to be prorogued for eight or nine days; for the Whigs are too strong in the house of lords: other reasons are pretended, but that is the truth. The prorogation is not yet known, but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a friend of his, and unexpectedly there dined with us an Irish knight, one Sir John St. Leger, who follows the law here, but at a great distance: he was so pert, I was forced to take him down more than once. I saw to-day the Pope, and Devil, and the other figures of Cardinals, &c. fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I have put an

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under-strapper upon writing a two-penny pamphlet to give an account of the whole design. My large pamplet will be published to-morrow, copies are sent to the great men this night. Domville is come home from his travels; I am vexed at it; I have not seen him yet; I design to present him to all the

great men.

27. Domville came to me this morning, and we dined at Fontack's, and were all day together, till fix this evening; he is perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know; he fet me down at lord treasurer's, with whom I staid about an hour, till Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him about business. My lord treasurer is pretty well; but stiff in the hips with the remains of the rheumatism. I am to bring Domville to my lord Harley in a day or two. It was the dirtiest rainy day that ever I saw. The pamphlet * is published; lord treasurer had it by him on the table, and was asking me about the mottos in the title page; he gave me one of them himself. I must send you the pamphlet if I

28. Mrs. Van fent to me to dine with her to-day, because some ladies of my acquaintance were to be there; and there I dined. I was this morning to return Domville his visit, and went to visit Mis. Masham, who was not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady: it feems her husband and son are coming home; but I have taken another lodging hard by, in Leicester-Fields. I presented Mr. Domville to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Prior this morning. Prior and I are called the two Sofias in a Whig news-paper. Sofias, can you read it? The pamphlet begins to make a noise: I was asked by several whether I had seen it, and they advised me to read it, for it was something very extraordinary. I shall be suspected; and it will have several paultry answers. It must take its fate, as Savage faid of his fermon that he preached at Farnham on Sir William Temple's death. Domville faw Savage in Italy, and fays he is a coxcomb, and half mad: he goes in red, and with yellow wailt-coats, and was at ceremony

^{*} This pamphlet was The Conduct of the Allies.

kneeling to the Pope on a Palm-Sunday, which is much more than kiffing his toe; and I believe it will ruin him here when 'tis told. I'll answer your letter in my new lodgings: I have hardly room; I must borrow from the other fide.

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29. New lodgings. My printer came this morning to tell me he must immediately print a second edition, and lord treasurer made one or two small additions: they must work day and night to have it out on Saturday; they fold a thousand in two days. Our society met to-day, nine of us were present, we dined at our brother Bathurst's: we made several regulations, and have chosen three new members, lord Orrery, Jack Hill, who is Mrs. Masham's brother, he that lately miscarried in the expedition to Quebec, and one colonel Disney. We have taken a room in a house near St. James's to meet in. I left them early about correcting the pamplet, &c. and am now got home, &c.

30. This morning I carried Domville to fee my. lord Harley, and I did some business with lord treafurer, and have been all this afternoon with the printer, adding fomething to the second edition. I dined with the printer; the pamphlet makes a world of noise, and will do a great deal of good: it tells abundance of most important facts which were not at all known. fwer your letter to-morrow morning; or suppose I anfwer it just now, though it it is pretty late. Come then-You fay you are busy with parliaments, &c. that's more than ever I will be when I come back; but you will have none these two years. Lord Santry, &c. *.

^{*} Lord Santry was as violent a Whig as Dick Tighe [Vid. Letter 59 in Dodfley's Collection, dated Feb. 10, 1711], and Dr. Higgins, who is in this place hinted at by the &c. much such another as Sacheverell; consequently my lord was an outrageous enemy and persecutor of Higgins. However, it happened one day that lord Santry was looking out of the great window at Lucas's Coffee-house when Higgins was passing by; How do you do, Doctor? said my lord, in a fneering contemptuous manner. Very well, I thank you, little master, said Higgins. Let me out, let me out to him, cried Santry in a rage, pretending to leap out of the window, which was not far from the ground. Aye, do, faid Higgins, let him out, I'll loon pitch him into you again.

yes, I have had enough on't. I am glad Dilly is mended; does not he thank me for shewing him the Court and the great people's faces? He had his glafs out at the queen and the reft. 'Tis right what Dilly fays: I depend upon nothing from my friends; but to go back as I came. Never fear Laracor, 'twill mend with a Peace; or furely they'll give me the Dublin parish. Stella is in the right; the bishop of Offery is the filliest, best-natured wretch breathing, of as little consequence as an egg-shell.-Well, the spelling I have mentioned before; only the next time fay at least, and not at lest. Pox on your Newbury: what can I do for him? I'll give his case (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know; that's all I can do. Lord treasurer's lameness goes off daily. Pray God preserve poor good Mrs. Stoyte, the would be a great loss to us all; pray give her my fervice, and tell her she has my heartiest prayers. I pity poor Mrs. Manley; but I think the child is happy to die, confidering how little provision it would have had. Poh, every pamphlet abuses me, and for things that I never writ. Jee should have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he got it by my means; and I must thank the duke of Ormond, who I dare swear will say he did it on my account. Are they golden pippins, those feven apples? We have had much rain every day as well as you: 71. 17 s. 8 d. old blunderer, not 18 h. I have reckoned it 18 times. Hawksbaw's eight pounds is not reckoned; and if it be fecure, it may lie where it is, unless they defire to pay it: so Parvisol may let it drop till further orders; for I have put Mrs. Wesley's money into the bank, and will pay her with Hawkshaw's. - I mean that Hawkshaw's money goes for an addition to MD, you know; but be good housewives. Bernage never comes now to see me; he has no more to ask. but I hear he has been ill. -A pox on Mrs. South's affair; I can do nothing in it. but by way of affifting any body elfe that folicits it, by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell Walls I do no more for any body with my lord treafurer, especially a thing of this kind. Tell him I have spent all my discretion, and have no more to use. And so I have answered your letter fully and plainly

—And so I have got to the third side of my paper, which is more than belongs to you, young women. It goes to-morrow, To nobody's sorrow. You are silly, not I; I'm a poet. If I had but, &c.—Who's silly now? rogues and lasses, tinderboxes and buzzards. O Lord, I am in a high vein of silliness; methought I was speaking to dearest little MD face to face. There; so lads, enough for to-night; to cards with the blackguards.

Good night, my delight, &c.

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Dec. 1. Pish, sirrahs, put a date always at the bottom of the letter as well as the top, that I may know when you fend it; your last is of Nov. 3, yet I had others at the same time written a fortnight after. Whenever you would have any money, fend me word three weeks before, and in that time you will certainly have an answer, with a bill on Parvisol: pray do this; for my head is full, and it will ease my memory. Why, I think I quoted to you some of --- 's letter, so you may imagine how witty the rest was; for it was all of a bunch, as goodman Peefley fays. Pray let us have no more Bussiness, but Busyness: the Deuse take me if I know how to spell it, your wrong spelling, madam Stella, has put me out: it does not look right; let me fee, Bussiness, Busyness, Business, Bisyness, Bifness, Byfness; faith, I know not which is right, I think the second; I believe I never writ the word in my life before; yes, sure I must though; Bufiness, Busyness Bisyness. I have perplexed myself, and can't do it. Prithee alk Walls. Bufiness, I fancy that's right. Yes it is; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. Oh, now I see it as plain as can be; so yours is only an s too much. The parliament will certainly meet on Friday next; the Whigs will have a great majority in the house of lords; no care is taken to prevent it; there is too much neglect; they are warned of it, and that fignifies nothing: it was feared there would be some peevish address from the lords against a Peace. 'Tis said about the town, that several of the allies begin now to be content that a Peace should be treated. This is all the news I have. The queen is pretty well; and fo

now I bid poor dearest MD farewel till to-night, then I

will talk with them again.

The fifteen images that I saw were not worth forty pounds, so I stretched a little when I said a thousand. The Grub-street account of that tumult is published. The Devil is not like lord treasurer; they were all in your odd antick masks, bought in common shops. I fear Prior will not be one of the plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over some of this letter, and find I make many mistakes of leaving out words; so 'tis impossible to find my meaning, unless you be conjurers. I will take more care for the future, and read over every day just what I have written that day; which will take

up no time to speak of.

LETTER XXXVI.

London, December 1, 1711.

Y last was put in this evening. I intended to dine with Mr. Masham to-day, and called at White's Chocolate house to see if he was there. Lord Wharton saw me at the door, and I saw him, but took no notice, and was going away; but he came through the crowd, called after me, and asked me how I did, &c. This was pretty; and I believe he wished every word he spoke was a halter to hang me. Masham did not dine at home, so I ate with a friend in the neighbourhood. The printer has not sent me the second edition; I know not the reason, for it certainly came out to-day; perhaps they are glutted with it already. I found a letter from lord Harley on my table, to tell me that his father desires I would make two small alterations. I am going to be busy, &c.

2. Morning. See the blunder; I was making it the 37th day of the month from the number above. Well, but I am staying here for old Frowde, who appointed to call this morning: I am ready dressed to go to church; I suppose he dare not stir out but on Sundays. The printer called early this morning, told me the second edition went off yesterday in five hours, and he must have a third ready to-morrow, for they might have

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fold half another: his men are all at work with it, though it be Sunday. This old fool will not come, and I shall miss church.—Morrow, sirrahs.—At night. I was at Court to-day; the queen is well, and walked through part of the rooms. I dined with the secretary, and dispatched some business. He tells me, the Dutch envoy designs to complain of that pamphlet. The noise it makes is extraordinary. It is sit it should answer the pains I have been at about it. I suppose it will be printed in Ireland. Some lay it to Prior, others to Mr. secretary St. John, but I am always the first they lay every thing to. I'll go sleep, &c.

3. I have ordered Patrick not to let any odd fellow come up to me; and to-day a fellow would needs speak with me from Sir George Prettyman. I had never heard of him, and would not see the messenger; but at last it proved that this Sir George has fold his estate, and is a beggar. Smithers, the Farnham carrier, brought me this morning a letter from your mother, with three papers inclosed of lady Giffard's writing; one owning some exchequer business of 100l. to be Stella's another for 100 l. that she has of yours, which I made over to you for Mariston; and a third for 300 l.; the last is on stampt paper. I think they had better lie in England in some good hand till lady Giffard dies; and I will think of fome fuch hand before I come over. I was asking Smithers about all the people of Farnham. Mrs. White has left off dreffing, is troubled with lameness and fwelled legs, and feldom stirs out; but her old hangdog husband as hearty as ever. I was this morning with lord treasurer about something he would have altered in the pamphlet; but it can't be till the fourth edition, which I believe will be foon; for I dined with the printer, and he tells me they have fold off half the third. Mrs. Percival and her daughter have been in town thefe three weeks, which I never heard till to-day; and Mrs. Wesley is come to town too, to consult Dr. Radcliffe. The Whigs are resolved to bring that pamphlet into the house of lords to have it condemned, so I hear. But the printer will stand to it, and not own the author, he must say, he had it from the penny-post. Some people talk as if the house of lords would do some peevish

thing; for the Whigs are now a great majority in it; our ministers are too negligent of such things: I have never slipt giving them warning; some of them are fensible of it; but lord treasurer stands too much upon his own legs. I fancy his good fortune will bear him out in every thing; but in reason I should think this ministry to stand very unsteady: if they can carry a Peace,

they may hold; I believe not else.

4. Mr. fecretary fent to me to-day to dine with him alone; but we had two more with us, which hindered me doing some business. I was this morning with young Harcourt, secretary to our society, to take a room for our weekly meetings; and the fellow asked us five guineas a week only to have leave to dine once a week; was not that pretty? fo we broke off with him, and are to dine next Thursday at Harcourt's (he is lord keeper's (on). They have fold off above half the third edition, and answers are coming out: the Dutch envoy refused dining with Dr. D'avenant, because he was suspected to write it: I have made some alterations in every edition, and it has cost me more trouble, for the time, fince the printing than before. 'Tis fent over to Ireland, and I suppose you will have it reprinted.

5. They are now printing the fourth edition, which is reckoned very extraordinary, confidering 'tis a dear twelvepenny book, and not bought up in numbers by the party to give away, as the Whigs do, but purely upon its own strength. I have got an under spur-leather to write an examiner again, and the fecretary and I will now and then fend hints; but we would have it a little upon the Grubstreet, to be a match for their writers. I dined with lord treasurer to-day at five : he dined by himself after his family, and drinks no claret yet, for fear of his rheumatism, of which he is almost well. He was very pleasant, as he is always; yet I fancied he was a little touched with the present posture of The elector of Hanover's minister here has given in a violent memorial against the Peace, and caufed it to be printed. The Whig lords are doing their utmost for a majority against Friday, and design, if they can, to address the queen against the Peace. Lord

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Nottingham, a famous Tory and speech-maker, is gone over to the Whig side: they toast him daily, and lord Wharton says, It is Dismal (so they call him from his looks) will save England at last. Lord treasurer was hinting as if he wished a ballad was made on him, and I will get up one against him to-morrow. He gave me a scurrilous printed paper of bad verses on himself, under the name of the English Cataline, and made me read them to the company. It was his birth-day, which he would not tell us, but lord Harley whispered it to me.

6. I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees above Grubstreet; at noon I paid a visit to Mrs. Malbam, and then went to dine with our fociety. Poor lord keeper dined below stairs, I suppose on a bit of We chose two members; we were eleven met, the greatest meeting we ever had: I am next week to introduce lord Orrery. The printer came before we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them laugh very heartily a dozen times. He is going to print the pamphlet in small, a fifth edition, to be taken off by friends and fent into the country. A fixpenny answer is come out, good fornothing, but gueffing me among others for the author. To-morrow is the fatal day for the parliament meeting, and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a majority of ten on our fide in the house of lords; yet I observed Mrs. Masham a little uneasy; the assures me the queen is flout. The duke of Marlborough has not seen the queen for some days past; Mrs. Masham is glad of it, because she says, he tells a hundred lies to his friends of what the fays to him: he is one day humble and the next on the high ropes. The duke of Ormond, they fay, will be in town to-night by twelve.

7. This being the day the parliament was to meet, and the great question to be determined, I went with Dr. Friend to dine in the city, on purpose to be out of the way, and we sent our printer to see what was cur sate; but he gave us a most melancholy account of things. The earl of Nottingham began, and spoke against a Peace, and desired that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the queen not to make

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a peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried by the Wbigs by about fix voices: and this has happened entirely by my lord treasurer's neglect, who did not take timely care to make up all his strength, although every one of us gave him caution enough. Nottingham has certainly been bribed. The question is yet only carried in the committee of the whole house, and we hope when it is reported to the house tomorrow, we shall have a majority by some Scotch lords coming to town. However, it is a mighty blow and loss of reputation to lord treasurer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing only as the printer brought it, who was at the debate; but how the ministry take it, or what their hopes and fears are, I cannot tell until I fee them. I shall be early with the fecretary to-morrow, and then I will tell you more, and shall write a full account to the bishop of Clogher to-morrow, and to the archbishop of Dublin, if I have time. I am horribly down at prefent. I long to know how lord treasurer bears this and what remedy he has. The duke of Ormand came this day to town and was there.

8. I was early this morning with the fecretary, and talkt over this matter. He hoped that when it was reported this day in the house of lords, they would disagree with their committee, and fo the matter would go off, only with a little lots of reputation to lord treasurer. I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and after a Scotch member came in, and told us that the clause was carried against the Court in the house of lords almost two to one; I went immediately to Mrs. Masham, and meeting Dr. Arbuthnott (the queen's favourite phyfician) we went together. She was just come from waiting at the queen's dinner, and going to her own. She had hard nothing of the thing being gone against us. It feems lord treasurer had been so negligent, that he was with the queen while the question was put in the house: I immediately told Mrs. Masbam, that either she and lord treasurer had joined with the queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the queen: the protested solemnly it was not the former, and I believe her; but she gave me some lights to suspect the queen is changed. For, yesterday when the

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queen was going from the house, where she sat to hear the debate, the duke of Shrewbury lord chamberlain asked her, whether he or the great chamberlain Lindsay ought to lead her out; she answered short, Neither of you, and gave her hand to the duke of Somerfet, who was louder than any in the house for the clause against Peace. She gave me one or two more instances of this fort, which convince me that the queen is false, or at least very much weavering. Mr. Masham begged us to flay, because lord treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and defired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him, If he would secure it me a week, I would set all right: he asked, How? I faid, I would immediately turn lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of Somerfet, and lord Cholmondely out of all their employments; and I belive he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbutbnott asked, how he came not to secure a majority? He could answer nothing, but that he could not help it, if people would lie and forfwear. A poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scripture expression, that the bearts of kings are unsearchable. I told him, It was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what we had to trust to; he stuck a little; but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit where he was, but he would go home, it was past fix: he made me go home with him. There we found his brother and Mr. fecretary. He made his fon take a lift of all in the house of commons who had places, and yet voted against the Court, in such a manner as if they should lose their places: I doubt he is not able to compais it. Lord keeper came in an hour, and they were going upon business. So I lest him, and returned to Mrs. Masham; but she had company with her, and I would not kay.—This is a long journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The Whigs are all in triumph; they fore-told how all this would be, but we thought it boasting Nay, they said the parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may: this is all your d——d duches of Somerfet's doings. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since: the secretary always dreaded it. I told ford treasurer, I should have the advantage of him; for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry

my body entire to the grave.

9. I was this morning with Mr. fecretary; we are both of opinion that the queen is false. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumstances. I then went to my friend Lewis, who had fent to see me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his estate in Wales. He gave me reasons to believe the whole matter is fettled between the queen and the Whigs; he hears that lord Somers is to be treasurer, and believes, that sooner than turn out the duchess of Somerfet, the will desolve the parliament, and get a Whiggift one, which may be done by managing electi-Things are now in the crifis, and a day or two will determine. I have defired him to engage lord treafurer, that as foon as he finds the change is refolved on, he will fend me abroad as queen's fecretary fomewhere or other, where I may remain till the new minilters recal me; and then I will be fick for five or fix months till the form has spent itself. I hope he will grant me this; for I should hardly trust myself to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is fresh. I dined to-day with the fecretary, who affects mirth, and feems to hope all will yet be well. I took him afide after dinner, told him how I had terved them, and had asked no reward, but thought I might ask security; and then defired the same thing of him, to fend me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and swore he would take the same care of me as himself, &c. but hid me have courage, for that in two days my lord treasurer's wisdom would appear greater than ever; that he suffered all that had happened on purpose, and had taken measures to turn it to advantage. I said, God fend it; but I do not believe a syllable; and as far

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fer as I can judge, the game is lost. I shall know more soon, and my letters will at least be a good history to

shew you the steps of this change.

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to. I was this morning with Lewis, who thinks they will let the parliament fit till they have given the money, and then dissolve them in Spring, and break the ministry. He spoke to lord treasurer about what I desired him. My lord desired him with great earnest-ness to assure me, that all would be well, and that I should fear nothing. I dined in the city with a friend. This day the commons went to the queen with their address, and all the lords who were for the Peace went with them, to shew their zeal. I have now some further conviction that the queen is false, and it begins to be known.

11. I went between two and three to fee Mrs. Masham; while I was there she went to her bedchamber to try a petticoat. Lord treasurer came in to fee her, and feeing me in the outer room fell a rallying me; fays he, You had better keep company with me, than with such a fellow as Lerois, who has not the soul of a chicken, nor the heart of a mite. Then he went into Mrs. Masham, and as he came back defired her leave to let me go home with him to dinner. He asked, whether I was not afraid to be feen with him? I faid, I never valued my lord treasurer in my life, and therefore should have always the same esteem for Mr. Harley and lord Oxford. He seemed to talk conindently, as if he reckoned that all this would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting, that he was not fure of the queen; and that those scoundrel, starving lords would never have dared to vote against the Court, if Somerfet had not affured them, that it would please the queen. He said, That was true, and Somerset did so. I staid till six; then de Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him, and I left him. Prior was with us a while after dinner. I see him and all of them cast down; though they make the best of it.

12. Ford is come to town; I saw him last night; he is in no sear, but sanguine, although I have told him the state of things. This change so resembles the last, that I wonder they do not observe it. The secre-

tary fent for me yesterday to dine with him, but I was abroad; I hope he had fomething to fay to me. This is morning, and I write in bed. I am going to the duke of Ormand, whom I have not yet feen. Morrow, firrahs. At night. I was to fee the duke of Ormand this morning: he asked me two or three questions after his civil way, and they related to Ireland: at last I told him, that from the time I had feen him I never once thought of Irish affairs. He whifpered me, that he hoped I had done forne good things here; I said, If every body else had done half as much, we should not be as we are: then we went aside and talked over affairs. I told him how all things stood, and advised him what was to be done. I then went and fat an hour with the duchefs; then as long with lady Oglethorp, who is so cunning a devil, that I believed the could yet find a remedy, if they would take her advice. I dined with a friend at court.

13. I was this morning with the fecretary; he will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well; Will you believe it, said he, if you see these people turned out? I said, Yes, if I saw the duke and duchess of Somerfet out: he swore, if they were not, he would give up his place. Our Society dined to-day at Sir William Wyndham's; we were thirteen present. Lord Orrery, and two other members were introduced; I left them at feven. I forgot to tell you, that the printer told me yesterday, that Morphew, the publisher, was sent for by that lord chief justice, who was a manager against Sacheverell: he shewed him two or three papers and pamphlets; among the rest mine of the Conduct of the Allies, threatened him, asked who was the author, and has bound him over to appear next term. He would not have the impudence to do this, if he did not fore-

fee what was coming at court.

14. Lord Shelburn was with me this morning, to be informed of the state of assairs, and desired I would answer all his objections against a Peace, which was soon done, for he would not give me room to put in a word. He is a man of good sense enough; but argues so violently, that he will some day or other put himself into a consumption. He desires that he may not be denied

when he comes to fee me, which I promifed, but will not perform. Leigh and Sterne set out for Ireland on Monday sennight: I suppose they will be with you long before this. - I was to-night drinking very good wine in scurvy company, at least some of them; I was drawn in, but will be more cautious for the future:

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15. Morning. They say the Occasional bill is brought to-day into the house of lords; but I know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it in to the post-house myself. This will be a memorable letter, and I shall figh to see it some years hence. Here are the hilt iteps towards the ruin of an excellent ministry; for I look upon them as certainly ruined; and God knows what may be the confequences.——I now bid my dearest MD farewel; for company is coming, and I must be at lord Dartmouth's office by noon. Farewel, dearest MD; I wish you a merry Christmas; I believe you will have this about that time. Love Presto, who loves MD above all things a thousand times. Farewell again, dearest MD, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

London, Dec. 15, 1711.

PUT in my letter this evening myself. I was today enquiring at the secretary's office of Mr. Leavis, how things went : I there met Prior, who told me, he gave all for gone, &c. and was of opinion the whole ministry would give up their places next week; Lewis thinks they will not till Spring, when the fession is over; both of them entirely despair. I went to see Mrs. Masham, who invited me to dinner; but I was engaged to Lewis. At four I went to Masham's. He came and whispered me, that he had it from a very good hand, that all would be well, and I found them both very chearful. The company was going to the Opera, but defired I would come and sup with them. I did so at ten, and lord treasurer was there, and fat with us till past twelve, and was more chearful than I have seen him these ten days. Mis. Masham told me, he was mightily

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mightily cast down some days ago, and he could not indeed hide it from me. Arbuthnott is in good hopes, that the queen has not betrayed us; but only has been frightened, and flattered, &c. But I cannot yet be of his opinion, whether my reasons are better, or that my sears are greater. I do resolve, if they give up, or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already: but I will take methods for hearing from MD, and writing to them. But I would be out of the way upon the first of the ferment; for they lay all things on me, even some I have never read.

16. I took courage to-day, and went to Court with a very chearful countenance. It was mightily crowded; both parties coming to observe each other's faces. I avoided lord Hallifax's bow till he forced it on me; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than fourfcore bows, of which about twenty might be to The duke of Somer set is gone to Petworth, and, I hear, the duchess too, of which I shall be very glad. Prince Eugene, who was expected here fome days ago, we are now told, will not come at all. The Whigs defigned to have met him with forty thousand horse. Lord treasurer told me some days ago of his discourse with the emperor's relident, that puppy Hoffman, about prince Eugene's coming; by which I found my lord would hinder it, if he could; and we shall be all glad if he does not come, and think it a good point gained. Sir Andrew Fountain, Ford and I dined to-day with Mrs. Van, by invitation.

17: I have mistaken the day of the month, and been forced to mend it thrice. I dined to-day with Mr. Ma-sham and his lady, by invitation. Lord treasurer was to be there, but came not. It was to entertain Buys, the Dutch envoy, who speaks English well enough: he was plaguy politick, telling a thousand lies, of which none passed upon any of us. We are still in the condition of suspense, and, I think, have little hopes. The duchess of Somerset is not gone to Petworth; only the duke; and that is a poor facrifice. I believe the queen certainly designs to change the ministry; but perhaps

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may put it off till the session is over: and I think they had better give up now, if she will not deal openly; and then they need not answer for the consequences of a Peace, when it is in other hands, and may yet be broken. They say, my lord privy-seal sets out for

Holland this week: so the Peace goes on.

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18. It has rained hard from morning till night, and cost me three shillings in coach-hire. We have had abundance of wet weather. I dined in the city, and was with the printer, who has now a fifth edition of the Conduct, &c. it is in small, and fold for fix-pence; they have printed as many as three editions, because they are to be fent in numbers into the country by great men, &c. who subscribe for hundreds. It has been sent a fortnight ago to Ireland; I suppose you will print it there. The Tory lords and commons in parliament argue all from it: and all agree, that never any thing of that kind was of so great consequence, or made fo many converts. By the time I have fent this letter, I expect to hear from little MD: it will be a month two days hence fince I had your last, and I will allow ten days for accidents. I cannot get rid of the leavings of a cold I got a month ago; or else it is a new one. I have been writing letters all this evening till I am weary, and I am fending out another little thing, which I hope to finish this week, and design to send to the There was printed printer in an unknown hand. a Grubstreet speech of lord Nottingham; and he was fuch an owl to complain of it in the house of lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at Court, that Walpole (a great Whig member) faid, that I and my whimfical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it. He will find he lies; and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him. He is to be fecretary of state, if the ministry changes: but he has lately had a bribe proved against him in parliament, while he was fecretary at war. He is one of the Whigs chief speakers.

19. Sad dismal weather. I went to the secretary's office, and Lewis made me dine with him. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer. I have not seen the secretary this week. Things do not mend at all.

Lord

Lord Dartmouth despairs, and is forgiving up; Lewis is of the same mind; but lord treasurer only says, Poh, poh, all will be well. I am come home early to finish something I am doing; but I find I want heart and humour; and would read any idle book that came in my way. I have just sent away a penny paper to make a little mischief. Patrick is gone to the burial of an Irish sootman, who was Dr. King's servant; he died of a consumption, a sit death for a poor starving wit's footman. The Irish servants always club to bury a countryman.

20. I was with the fecretary this morning, and for aught I can fee we shall have a languishing death: I can know nothing, nor themselves neither. I dined, you know, with our Society, and that odious secretary would make me president next week, so I must entertain them this day sennight at the Thatched house Tavern, where we dined to-day; it will cost me five or six pounds; yet the secretary says, he will give me wine. I found a letter when I came home from the

bithop of Clogher.

21. This is the first time I ever got a new cold before the old one was going: it came yesterday, and appeared in all due forms, eyes and note running, &c. and is now very bad, and I cannot tell how I got it. Sir Andrew Fourtain and I were invited to dine with Mrs. Van-I was this morning with the duke of Ormond; and neither he nor I can think of any thing to comfort us in present affairs. We must certainly fall, if the duchess of Somerset be not turned out; and no body believes the queen will ever part with her. The duke and I were fettling when Mr. fecretary and I should dine with him, and he fixt upon Tuesday; and when I came away I remembered it was Christmas day. I was to see lady --, who is just up after lying-in; and the ugliest fight I have seen, pale, dead, old and yellow, for want of her paint. She has turned my stomach. But the will foon be painted, and a beauty again.

22. I find myself disordered with a pain all round the small of my back, which I imputed to Champagne I had drunk; but find it to have been only my new cold. It was a fine frosty day, and I resolved to walk into

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the city. I called at lord treasurer's at eleven, and staid some time with him. He shewed me a letter from a great presbyterian parson * to him, complaining how their friends had betrayed them by passing this Conformity Bill; and he shewed me the answer he had written; which his friends would not let him send; but was a very good one. He is very chearful; but gives one no hopes, nor has any to give. I went into the ci-

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friend that was to see me, advised me not to stir out; so I shall keep at home to-day, and only eat some broth, if I can get it. It is a terrible cold frost, and snow fell yesterday, which still remains, look, there you may see it from the pent-houses. The lords made yesterday two or three votes about Peace, and Hanover, of a very angry kind, to vex the ministry, and they will meet sooner by a fortnight than the commons; and they say, are preparing some knocking addresses. Morrow, sirrahs. I'll sit at home, and when I go to bed, I will tell you how I am. — I have sat at home all day, and eaten only a mess of broth and a roll. I have written a Prophecy, which I design to print; I did it to-day, and some other verses.

24. I went into the city to-day in a coach, and dined there. My cold is going. It is now bitter hard frost, and has been so these three or four days. My Prophecy is printed, and will be published after Christmas day; I like it mightily; I don't know how it will pass. You will never understand it at your distance, without help. I believe every body will guess it to be mine, because it is somewhat in the same manner with that of Merlin in the Miscellanies. My lord privy-scal set out this day for Holland: he'll have a cold journey. I gave Patrick half a crown for his Christimas-box, on condition he would be good, and he came home drunk at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it; because I never defign to give him a groat more. 'Tis cruel cold.

25. I wish dearest MD a merry Christmas, and many

^{*} This preshyterian teacher was Mr Shower. Vide his letter to the lord high treasure Oxford, and my lord treasurer's answer, in the Collection of Letters printed by Johnson, 1765, No. 6 and 7.

[†] The Windfor Prophecy. Vide his Works.
Vol. II. F aone,

a one; but mine is melancholy: I durst not go to church to-day, finding myself a little out of order, and it snowing prodigiously, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs. Van, who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day: and there I received the news, that poor Mrs. Long died at Lynn in Norfolk on Saturday last, at four in the morning; she was sick but four hours. We suppose it was the asthma, which she was subject to as well as the dropfy, as she sent me word in her last letter, written about five weeks ago; but then faid she was recovered. I never was afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to Lynn two years ago, to live cheap, and pay her debts. In her last letter she told me she hoped to be easy by Christmas; and she kept her word, although the meant it otherwise. She had all forts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones, but the indifcretion of two much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thousand pounds left her by an old grandmother, with which she intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of one hundred pounds a year, and Newburgh-house, which would be about fixty pounds more. That odious grandmother living for long, forced her to retire; for the two thousand pounds was fettled on her after the old woman's death, yet her brute of a brother, Sir James Long, would not advance it for her; else she might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived still: I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the Post-boy, giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her; which is all I can do to serve her memory: but one reason was spite; for, her brother would fain have her death a fecret, to fave the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this, for the fake of a poor creature I had so much friendship for.

26. I went to Mr. fecretary this morning, and he would have me dine with him. I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let the Prophecy be published, for fear of angering the queen about the duches of Somerset; so I writ to the printer to stop them. They have been printed and given about, but not sold. I saw lord treasurer there, who had been

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two hours with the queen; and Mrs. Masham is in hopes things will do well again. I went at night again, and supped at Mr. Masham's, and lord treasurer sat with

us till one o'clock. So 'tis late, &c.

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27. I entertained our Society at the Thatched-house Tavern to-day at dinner; but brother Bathurst lent for wine, the house affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and so he brought us dozens a piece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it. The frost still continues violently cold. Mrs. Maskam invited me to come to-night and play at cards; but our Society did not part till nine. But I supped with Mrs. Hill, her fifter, and there was Mrs. Masham and lord treaturer, and we stayed till twelve. He is endeavouring to get a majority against next Wednesday, when the house of lords is to meet, and the Whigs intend to make some violent addresses against a Peace, if not prevented. God knows what will become of us. --- It is still prodigiously cold; but so I told you already. We have eggs on the spit, I wish they may not be addle. When I came home to night I found, forfooth, a letter from MD, N. 24, 24, 24, 24; there, do you know the number now? and at the same time one from foe, full of thanks: let him know I have received it, and am glad of his fuccess, but won't put him to the charge of I had a letter fome time ago from Mr. Warburton *, and I beg one of you will copy out what I shall tell you, and send it by some opportunity to War-'Tis as follows; The Dr. has received Mr. Warburton's letter, and desires he will let the Dr. know, where that accident he mentions is like foon to happen, and he will do what he can in it.——And pray, madam, let them know, that I do this to fave myfelf the trouble, and them the expence, of a letter.——And I think this is enough for one that comes home at twelve from a lord treasurer and Mrs. Masham. Oh, I could tell you ten thousand things of our mad politicks, upon what small circumstances great affairs have turned. But I will go rest my busy head.

28. I was this morning with brother Bathurst to see

^{* &#}x27;The Dr.'s curate at Laracor.

the duke of Ormand. We have given his grace fome hopes to be one of our Society. The fecretary and I and Bathurst are to dine with him on Sunday next. The duke is not in much hopes, but has been very buty in endeavouring to bring over fome lords against next Wednesday. The duchess catched me as I was going out; she is fadly in fear about things, and blames me for not mending them by my credit with lord treafurer; and I blame her. She met me in the street at noon, and engaged me to dine with her, which I did; and we talked an hour after dinner in her closet. If we miscarry on Wednesday, I believe it will be by some strange fort of neglect. They talk of making eight new lords, by calling up some peers eldest sons; but they delay strangely. I saw judge Coote to-day at the duke of Ormand's: he defires to come and fee me, to justify his principles.

29. Morning. This goes to day. I will not answer your's, your 24th, till my next, which shall begin tonight, as usual. Lord Shelburn has fent to invite me to dinner, but I am engaged with Lewis at Ned Southwell's. Lord Northampton and lord Aylesbury's sons are both made peers; but we shall want more. I write this post to your dean. I owe the archbishop a letter this long time. All people that come from Ireland complain of him, and foold me from protecting him. Pray, madam Dingley, let me know what Presto has received for this year, or whether any thing is due to him for last: I cannot look over your former letters now. As for Dingley's own account of her exchequer money, I will give it on t'other side. Farewel, my own dearest MD, and love Presto; and God ever bless dearest MD, &c. &c. I wish you many happy Christmasses and New-Years.

I have owned to the dean a letter I just had from you; but that I had not one this great while before.

Dingley's account.

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Saturday night. I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the bargain; to let you know, that we are all safe; the queen has made no less than twelve lords to have a majority; nine new ones, the other three peers sons; and has turned out the duke of Somerset. She is awakened at last, and so is lord treasurer: I want nothing now but to see the duchess out. But we shall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, sirrahs. This is written in a Coffee-bouse. Three of the new lords are of our Society.

LETTER XXXVIII.

London, Dec. 29, 1711.

PUT my letter in this evening, after coming from dinner at Ned Southwell's where I drank very good Irish wine, and we are in great joy at this happy turn of affairs. The queen has been at last persuaded to her own interest and security, and I freely think she must have made both herfelf and kingdom very unhappy, if the had done otherwise. It is still a mighty secret that Masham is to be one of the new lords; they say he does not yet know it himself; but the queen is to surprise him with it. Mr. fecretary will be a lord at the end of the fession; but they want him still in parliament. After all, it is a strange unhappy necessity of making so many peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herfelf, by her confounded trimming and moderation. as I told you, are of our Society.

30. I writ the dean and you a lie yesterday; for the duke of Somerset is not yet turned out. I was to-day at Court, and resolved to be very civil to the Whigs; but saw few there. When I was in the bed-chamber talking to lord Rochester, he went up to lady Burling-

F 3

ton, who asked him, who I was; and lady Sunderland and the whispered about me: I defired lord Rochester to tell lady Sunderland, I doubted the was not as much in love with me as I was with her; but he would not deliver my message. The duchess of Shrewsbury came running up to me, and clapt her fan up to hide us from the company, and we gave one another joy of this change; but fighed, when we reflected on the Somerfet family not being out. The secretary and I, and brother Bathurst, and lord Windsor, dined with the duke of Ormand. Bathurst and Windsor are to be two of the new lords. I defired lord Radnor's brother, at Court to-day, to let my lord know I would call on him at fix, which I did and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us, and I spoke so closely, that I believe he will be tractable; but he is a scoundrel, and though I faid I only talked for my love to him, I told a lie; for I did not care if he were hanged: but every one gained over is of consequence. duke of Marlborough was at Court to-day, and no body hardly took notice of him. Masham's being a lord begins to take wind: nothing at Court can be kept a fecret. Wednesday will be a great day: you shall know

31. Our frost is broken since yesterday, and it is very slabbery; yet I walked to the city and dined, and ordered some things with the printer. I have settled Dr. King in the Gazette; it will be worth two hundred pounds a year to him. Our new lords patents are passed: I don't like the expedient, if we could have sound any other. I see I have said this before. I hear the duke of Marlborough is turned out of all his employments: I shall know to-morrow, when I am to carry Dr. King to dine with the secretary.—These are strong remedies; pray God the patient is able to bear them. The last ministry people are utterly desperate.

Jan. 1. Now I wish my dearest little MD many happy New-years; yes, both Dingley and Stella, aye and Presto too, many happy new-years. I dined with the secretary, and it is true that the duke of Marlborough is turned out of all. The duke of Ormond has got his regiment of Foot-guards, I know not who has the

rest. If the ministry be not sure of a Peace, I shall wonder at this itep, and do not approve it at belt. The queen and lord treasurer mortally hate the duke of Marlborough, and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults; unless he has been tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any particulars: however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confess my belief, that he has not one good quality in the world besides that of a general, and even that I have heard denied by feveral great foldiers. But we have had constant success in arms while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter in war, and I doubt but the French think it impossible to conquer an army that he leads, and our foldiers think the same; and how far even this step may encourage the French to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to fee personal

resentment mix with publick affairs.

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2. This being the day the lords meet, and the new peers to be introduced, I went to Westminister to see the fight; but the crowd was too great in the house. So I only went into the robing-room, to give my four brothers joy, and Sir Thomas Mansel, and lord Windsor; the other fix I am not acquainted with. It was apprehended the Whigs would have raised some difficulties, but nothing happened. I went to see lady Masham at noon, and wish her joy of her new honour, and a happy New-year. I found her very well pleased; for peerage will be some fort of protection to her upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at night, and fup with her and lord treasurer; I went at nine, and she was not at home, so I would not stay. No, no, I won't answer your letter yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood. I fee nothing here like Christmas, except brawn or mince-pies in places where I dine, and giving away my halfgrowns like farthings to great mens porters and butlers. Yesterday I paid seven good guineas to the fellow at the tavern where I treated the Society. I have a great mind to fend you the bill. I think I told you some articles. I have not heard whether any thing was done in the house of lords after introducing the new ones F 4

Ford has been fitting with me till peeast tweeleve a clock.

3. This was our Society day, lord Dupplin was prefident; we chule every week; the last president treats and chuses his successor. I believe our dinner cost fifteen pounds besides wine. The secretary grew brisk, and would not let me go, nor lord Landsdown, who would fain have gone home to his lady, being newly married to lady Mary Thynne. It was near one when we parted; fo you must think I can't write much tonight. The adjourning of the house of lords yesterday, as the queen defired, was just carried by the twelve new lords, and one more. Lord Radner was not there; I hope I have cured him. Did I tell you, that I have brought Dr. King in to be Gazetteer? It will be worth above two hundred pounds a year to him. I believe I told you so before, but I am forgetful, Go, get you gone to ombre, and claret, and toasted oranges. I'll go fleep.

4. I cannot get rid of the leavings of my cold. I was in the city to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad made by several hands. I know not whom. I believe lord treasurer had a finger in it; I added three stanzas; I suppose Dr. Arbuthnott had the greatest share. I have been overseeing some other little prints, and a pamphlet made by one of my understrappers. Somerset is not out yet. I doubt not but you will have the Prophecy in Ireland, although it is not published here, only printed copies given to friends. Tell me, do you understand it? No, faith, not without help. Tell me what you flick at, and I'll explain. We turned out a member of our Society yesterday for gross neglect and non-attendance. I writ to him by order to give him notice of it. It is Tom. Harley, secretary to the treasurer, and cousin-german to lord treasurer. He is going to Hanover from the queen. I am to give the duke of Ormand notice of his election as foon as I can fee him.

5. I went this morning with a parishioner of mine, one Nuttal, who came over here for a legacy of one hundred pounds, and a roguish lawyer had refused to pay him, and would not believe he was the man. I writ

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to the lawyer a sharp letter, that I had taken Nuttal into my protection, and was refolved to stand by him; and the next news was, that the lawyer defired I would meet him, a. I attest he was the man, which I did, and his money was paid upon the spot. I then visited lord treasurer, who is now right again, and all well, only that the Somerset, family is not out yet. I hate that; I don't like it, as the man said by, &c. Then I went and visited poor Will. Congreve, who had a French fellow tampering with one of his eyes; he is almost blind of both. I dined with some merchants in the city, but could not see Stratford, with whom I had business. Presto, leave off your impertinence, and answer our letter, fayeth MD. Yes, yes, one of these days, when I have nothing else to do. Oh, faith, this letter is a week written, and not one fide done yet .- Thefe ugly spots are not tobacco, but this is the last gilt sheet I have of large paper, therefore hold your tongue. Nuttal was furprised, when they gave him bits of paper instead of money; but I made Ben. Tooke put him in his geers: he could not reckon ten pounds, but was puzzled with the Irish way. Ben. Tooke and my printer have defired me to make them stationers to the ordnance, of which lord Rivers is mafter instead of the duke of Marlborough. It will be a hundred pounds a year a-piece to them, if I can get it. I will try tomorrow.

6. I went this morning to earl Rivers, gave him joy of his new employment, and defired him to prefer my printer and bookfeller to be stationers to his office. He immediately granted it me; but like an old courtier told me it was wholly on my account, but that he heard I had intended to engage Mr. secretary to speak to him, and defired I would engage him to do so; but that however he did it only for my sake. This is a court trick, to oblige as many as you can at once. I read prayers to poor Mrs. Wesley (who is very much out of order) instead of going to church; and then I went to Court, which I found very full, in expectation of seeing prince Eugene, who landed last night, and lies at Leicester-House; but he was not to see the queen till fix this evening. I hope and believe he comes too late

to do the Whigs any good. I refused dining with the fecretary, and was like to lofe my dinner, which was at a private acquaintance's. I went at fix to fee the prince at Court; but he was gone in to the queen; and when he came out, Mr. fecretary, who introduced him, walked so near him, that he quite screened him from me with his great periwig. I'll tell you a good passage: As prince Eugene was going with Mr. secretary to Court, he told the secretary, that Hoffman, the emperor's relident, faid to his highness, that it was not proper to go to Court without a long wig, and his was a tyed-up one: Now, fays the prince. I knew not what to do; for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have fent to all my valets and footmen to fee whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it; but none of them has any.-Was not this spoken very greatly with some fort of contempt? But the secretary faid, It was a thing of no consequence, and only obferved by gentlemen-ushers. I supped with lord Ma-Com, where lord treasurer and Mr. secretary supped with us: the first left us at twelve, but the rest did not part till two; yet I have written all this, because it is fresh: and now I'll go sleep, if I can; that is, I believe I shall, because I have drank a little.

7. I was this morning to give the duke of Ormand notice of the honour done him to make him one of our Society, and to invite him on Thursday next to the Thatched house: he has accepted it with the gratitude and humility fuch a preferment deferves; but cannot come till the next meeting, because prince Eugene is to dine with him that day; which I allowed for a good excuse, and will report accordingly. I dined with lord Malbam, and fat there till eight this evening; and came home, because I was not very well, but a little griped : but now I am well again, I will not go, at least but very seldom, to lord Maskam's suppers. Lord treasurer is generally there, and that tempts me; but late fitting up does not agree with me; there's the short and the long, and I won't do it; so take your answer, dear little young women; and I have no more to fay to you to-night, because of the archbishop; for I am going to

write a long letter to him; but not fo politickly as for-

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8. Well; then come, let us fee this letter; if I must answer it, I must. What's here now? Yes faith, I lamented my birth-day * two days after, and that's all; and you rhyme, madam Stella; were those verses made upon my birth-day? Faith, when I read them, I had them running in my head all the day, and faid them over a thousand times; they drank your health in all their glasses, and wished, &c. I could not get them out of my head. What : no. I believe it was not; what do I fay upon the eighth of December? Compare, and fee whether I say so. I am glad of Mrs. Stoyte's recovery, heartily glad: your Dally Munley's and bishop of Cloyne's child I have no concern about: I am forry in a civil way, that's all. Yes, yes, Sir George St. George dead. Go, cry, madam Dingley; I have written to the dean. Raymond will be rich, for he has the building itch. I wish all he has got may put him out of debt. Poh, I have fires like light'ning; they cost me twelvepence a week, besides small-coal. I have got four new caps, madam, very fine and convenient, with ftriped cambrick, instead of muslin; so Patrick need not mend them, but take the old ones. Stella fnatched Dingley's words out of her pen; Presto a cold? why all the world here is dead with them: I never had any thing like it in my life; 'tis not gone in five weeks. I hope Leigh is with you before this, and has brought your box: how do you like the ivory rasp? Stella is angry; but I'll have a finer thing for her. Is not the apron as good? I'm fure I shall never be paid it: so all's well again. What the quarrel with Sir John Walters? Why, we had not one word of quarrel; only he railed at me when I was gone. And lord keeper and treasurer teazed me for a week; it was nuts to them: a ferious thing with a vengeance. The Wbigs may fell their estates then, or hang themselves, as they are disposed; for a Peace there will be. Lord treasurer told me, that Canolly was going to Hanover. Your provost is a cox-

Dr. Swift, upon his hirth-day, used always to read the third chapter of Job.

comb. Stella is a good girl for not being angry when I tell her of spelling; I see none wrong in this. God Almighty be praised that your disorders lessen, it encreases my hopes mightily that they will go off. And have you been plagued with the fear of the plague? Never mind those reports; I have heard them five Replevi? Replevin, simpleton, 'tis hundred times. Dingley I mean; but it is a hard word, and fo I'll excuse it. I stated Dingley's accounts in my last. I forgot Catherine's fevenpenny dinner. I hope it was beeffleaks; I'll call and eat them in Spring: but goody Stoyte must give me coffee or green tea, for I drink no bohea. Well, aye, the pamphlet; but there are some additions to the fourth edition: the fifth edition was of four thousand, in a smaller print, fold for sixpence. Yes, I had the twenty pound bill from Parvifol; and what then? Pray now eat the Laracor apples; I beg you not to keep them, but tell me what they are. You have had Tooke's bill in my last. And so there now, your whole letter is answered. I tell you what I do; I lay your letter before me, and take it in order, and answer what is necessary; and so, and so. Well; when I expected we were all undone, I defigned to retire for fix months, and then steal over to Laracor; and I had in my mouth a thousand times two lines of Shake-Spear, where cardinal Wolfey fays;

" A weak old man battered with storms of state, " Is come to lay his weary bones among you."

I beg your pardon, I have cheated you all this margin; I did not perceive it; and I went on wider and wider like Stella; aukward fluts, she writes so so, there: * that's as like as two eggs a penny.—A weak old man, now am I saying it, and shall till to-morrow.——The duke of Marlborough says, There is nothing he now desires so much as to contrive some way how to soften Dr. Swift. He is mistaken; for those things that have been hardest him against were not written by me. Mr.

^{*} These words in the manuscript imitate Stella's writing, and are sloped the wrong way.

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fecretary told me this from a friend of the duke's; and I'm sure now he is down, I shall not trample on him; although I love him not, I dislike his being out.—

Bernage was to see me this morning, and gave some very indifferent excuses for not calling here so long. I care not two-pence. Prince Eugene did not dine with the duke of Marlborough on Sunday, but was last night at lady Betty Germain's atsemblée, and a vast number of ladies to see him. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a private friend. I was this morning to see the duke of Ormond, who appointed me to meet him at the Cockpit at one, but never came. I sat too some time with the duches. We don't like things very well yet. I am come home early, and going to be busy. I'll go write.

9. I could not go sleep last night till past two, and was waked before three by a noise of people endeavouring to break open my window; for a while I would not stir, thinking it might be my imagination; but hearing the noise continued, I rise and went to the window, and then it ceased: I went to bed again, and, and heard it repeated more violently; then I rife, and called up the house, and got a candle: the rogues had lifted up the fash a yard; there are great sheds before my windows, although my lodgings be a story high; and if they get upon the sheds, they are almost even with my window. We observed their track, and panes of glass fresh broken. The watchmen told us to-day, they faw them, but could not catch them: they attacked others in the neighbourhood, about the same time, and actually robbed a house in Suffolk-Street, which is the next street but one to us. It is faid, they are seamen discharged from service. I went up to call my man, and found his bed empty; it feems he often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of the robbers. He is a sad dog; and the minute I come to Ireland I will discard him. I have this day got double iron bars to every window in my dining-room and bed-chamber; and I hide my purse in my thread stocking between the bed's head and the wainfcot. Lewis and I dined with an old Scotch friend, who brought the duke of Douglas, and three or four

more Scots upon us.

duke of Ormond could not be with us, because he dined with prince Eugene. It cost me a guinea contribution to a poet, who had made a copy of verses upon monkies, applying the story to the duke of Marlborreugh; the rest gave two guineas, except the two physicians, who followed my example. I don't like this custom; the next time I will give nothing. I sat this evening at lord Masham's with lord treasurer: I don't like his countenance; nor I don't like the posture of things well. We cannot be stout, Till Somerset's out;

as the old faying is.

11. Mr. Lewis and I dined with the chancellor of the exchequer, who eats the most elegantly of any man I know in town: I walkt luftily in the Park by moon-shine till eight, to shake off my dinner and wine; and then went to sup at Mr. Domville's with Ford, and staid till twelve. It is told me to-day as a great secret, that the duke of Somer fet will be out foon; that the thing is fixt; but what shall we do with the duches? They fay, the duke will make her leave the queen out of spight, if he be out. It has fluck upon that Fear a good while already. Well, but Lewis gave me a letter from MD, N. 25. O Lord, I did not expect one this fortnight, faith. You are mighty good, that's certain; but I won't answer it, because this goes to-morrow, only what you say of the printer being taken up; I value it not; all's fafe there; nor do I fear any thing, unless the ministry be changed; I hope that danger is over. However, I shall be in Ireland before such a change; which could not be, I think, till the end of the fession, if the Whigs defigns had gone on. Have not you an apron by Leigh, madam Stella? have you all I mentioned in a former letter?

of going into the city; but of that at night. 'Tis fine moderate weather these two or three days last.

Farewel, Gc. Gc.

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LETTER XXXIX.

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London, Jan. 12, 1711-12.

WHEN I fealed up my letter this morning, I lookt upon myself to be not worth a groat in Last night, after Mr. Ford and I left Domwille, Ford defired me to go with him for a minute upon earnest business, and then told me that both he and I were ruined: for he had trusted Stratford with five hundred pounds for tickets for the lottery, and he had been with Stratford, who confessed he had lost fifteen thousand pounds by Sir Stephen Evans, who broke last week; that he concluded Stratford must break too; that he could not get his tickets, but Stratford made him feveral excuses, which seemed very blind ones, &c. And Stratford had near four hundred pounds of mine, to buy me five hundred pounds in the South Sea company. I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but MD. I called all my philosophy and religion up; and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my usual time above a quarter of an hour. This morning I fent for Tooke, whom I had employed to buy the flock of Stratford, and fettle things with him. He told me, I was secure; for Stratford had transferred it to me in form in the South-Sea house, and he had accepted it for me, and all was done on tampt parchment. However, he would be further informed; and, at night, sent me a note to confirm me. However, I am not yet secure; and, belides, am in pain for Ford, whom I first brought acquainted with Stratford. I dined in the city.

pointment: the lord Mansel told me at court to-day, that I was engaged to him: but Stratford had promised Ford to meet him and me to night at Ford's lodgings. He did so; said he had hopes to save himself in his affair with Evans. Ford asked him for his tickets: he said he would send them to-morrow; but looking in his pocket-book, said he believed he had some of them about him, and gave him as many as came to two hundred

pounds,

pounds, which rejoiced us much; besides, he talked so frankly, that we think there is no danger. I asked him, was there any more to be settled between us in my affair? he said, No; and answered my questions just as Tooke had got them from others; so I hope I am safe. This has been a scurvy affair. I believe Stella would have half laughed at me, to see a suspicious sellow, like me, over-reached. I saw prince Eugene today at Court: I don't think him an ugly saced fellow,

but well enough, and a good shape.

14. The parliament was to fit to-day; and met; but were adjourned by the queen's directions till Thursday. She defigns to make some important speech then. She pretended illness: but I believe they were not ready, and they expect fome opposition; and the Scotch lords are angry, and must be pacified. I was this morning to invite the duke of Ormand to our Society on Thursday, where he is then to be introduced. He has appointed me at twelve to-morrow about some business: I would fain have his help to impeach a certain lord; but I doubt we shall make nothing of it. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer, but I was told he would be busy; fo I dined with Mrs. Van; and at night I fat with lord Masham till one. Lord treasurer was there, and chid me for not dining with him: he was in very good humour: I brought home two flasks of Burgundy in my chair: I wish MD had them. You see it is very late; fo I'll go to bed, and bid MD good night.

15. This morning I presented my printer and book-feller to lord Rivers, to be stationers to the Ordnance; Stationers, that's the word; I did not write it plain at first. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a year between them. This is the third employment I have got for them. Rivers told them, the Doctor commanded him, and he durst not refuse it. I would have dined with lord treasurer to-day again, but lord Mansel would not let me, and forced me home with him. I was very deep with the duke of Ormand to-day at the Cockpit, where we met to be private; but I doubt I cannot do the mischief I intended. My friend Penn came there, Will. Penn the quaker, at the head of his brethren, to thank the duke for his kindness to their

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people in Ireland. To fee a dozen foundrels with their hats on, and the duke complimenting with his off, was a good fight enough. I fat this evening with Sir William Robinson, who has mighty often invited me to

a bottle of wine, and it is past twelve.

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the city to dine late, like good fasters. My printer and bookseller want me to hook in another employment for them in the Tower, because it was enjoyed before by a stationer, although it be to serve the Ordnance with oil, tallow, &c. and is worth four hundred pounds per annum more: I will try what I can do. They are resolved to ask several other employments of the same nature to other offices; and I will then grease fat sows, and see whether it be possible to satisfy them. Why am not I a stationer? The parliament sits to-morrow, and Walpool, late secretary at war, is to be swinged for bribery, and the queen is to communicate something of great importance to the two houses, at least they say so. But I must think of answering your letter in a day or two.

17. I went this morning to the duke of Ormond about fome business; and he told me he could not dine with us to-day, being to dine with prince Eugene. Those of our Society of the house of commons could not be with us, the house sitting late on Walpool. I left them at nine, and they were not come. We kept some dinner for them. I hope Walpool will be fent to the Tower, and expelled the house: but, this afternoon the members I spoke with in the court of requests talked dubiously about it. It will be a leading card to maul the duke of Marlborough for the same crime, or at least to censure him. The queen's message was only to give them notice of the Peace she is treating, and to desire they will make some law to prevent libels against the government; so farewel to Grub-street.

18. I heard to-day that the commoners of our Society did not leave the parliament till eleven at night, then went to those I lest, and stay'd till three in the morning. Walpool is expelled, and sent to the Tower. I was this morning again with lord Rivers, and have

made

made him give the other employment to my printer and bookfeller; 'tis worth a great deal. I dined with my friehd Lewis privately, to talk over affairs. We want to have this duke of Somerfet out, and he apprehends it will not be; but I hope better. They are going now at last to change the commissioners of the customs: my friend Sir Mathew Dudley will be out, and three more, and Prior will be in. I have made Ford copy out a small pamphlet, and send it to the press, that I might not be known for author; 'tis A Letter to the October Club, if ever you heard of such a thing. Methinks this letter goes on but slowly for almost a week; I want some little conversation with MD, and to know what they are doing just now. I am sick of politicks. I have not dined with lord treasurer these three weeks; he

chides me, but I don't care; I don't.

19. I dined to-day with lord treasurer; this is his day of choice company; where they fometimes admit me, but pretend to grumble. And to-day they met on some extraordinary business; the keeper, steward, both secretaries, lord Rivers, and lord Anglesey; I left them at feven, and came away, and have been writing to the bishop of Clogher. I forgot to know where to direct to him fince Sir George St. George's death; but I have directed to the same house: you must tell me better; for the letter is fent by the bell-man. Don't write to me again till this is gone, I charge you; for I won't answer two letters together. The duke of Somerfet is out, and was with his yellow liveries at parliament to-day. You know he had the same with the queen, when he was master of the horse: we hope the duchess will follow, or that he will take her away in spite. Lord treasurer, I hope, has now faved his head. Has the dean received my letter? ask him at cards to-night.

20. There was a world of people to-day at Court to fee prince Eugene, but all bit, for he did not come. I faw the duchefs of Somerfet talking with the duke of Buckingham; she looked a little down, but was extreamly courteous. The queen has the gout, but is not in much pain. Must I fill this line too? * well then, so

^{*} It is the last of the page, and written close to the edge of the Page.

tet it be. The duke of Beaufort has a mighty mind to come into our Society; shall we let him? I spoke to the duke of Ormond about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or no. They say the duke of Somerfet is advised by his friends to let his wise stay with the queen; I am forry for it. I dined with the secretary to-day, with mixt company; I don't love it. Our Society does not meet till Friday, because Thursday will be a busy day in the house of commons; for then the duke of Marlborough's bribery is to be examined into about the pension pay'd him by those that furnished bread

to the army.

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21. I have been five times with the duke of Ormand about a perfect trifle, and he forgets it: I used him like a dog this morning for it. I was asked to-day by several in the court of requests, Whether it was true that the author of the Examiner * was taken up in an action of twenty thousand pounds by the duke of Marlborough? I dined in the city, where my printer shewed me a pamphlet called Advice to the October Club, which he faid was fent him by an unknown hand; I commended it mightily; he never suspected me; 'tis a twopenny pamphlet, I came home and got timely to bed; but about eleven one of the secretary's servants came to me, to let me know that lord treasurer would immediately speak with me at lord Masham's upon earnest bufiness; and that if I was abed, I should rise and come. I did so; lord treasurer was above with the queen; and when he came down he laughed, and faid it was not he that fent for me; the business was of no great importance, only to give me a paper, which might have been done to-morrow. I stay'd with them till past one, and then got to bed again. Pize take their frolicks. thought to have answered your letter.

22. Doctor Gastrel was to see me this morning; he is an eminent divine, one of the canons of Christ-church,

^{*} Upon the 10th and 17th of this month the Examiner was very fevere upon the duke of Marlborough, and in confequence of this report pursued him with greater virulence in the following course of his papers, But Swift was not the writer of the Examiner at that period.

and one I love very well: he faid, he was glad to find I was not with James Broad. I asked what he meant; Why, fays he, have you not feen the Grub Areet paper, that fays Dr. Swift was taken up as author of the Examiner on an action of twenty thousand pounds, and was now at James Broad's (who, I suppose, is some bailist) I knew nothing of this; but at the court of requests twenty people told me they heard I had been taken up. Lord Lansdown observed to the secretary and me, that the Whigs spread three lies yesterday *; that about me; and another, that Macartney, who was turned out last Summer, is again restored to his places in the army; and the third, that Jack Hill's commission for lieutenant of the Tower is stopt, and that Cadogan is to continue. Lanfdown thinks they have some defign by these reports; I cannot guess it. Did I tell you that Sacheverell has defired mightily to come and fee me; but I have put it off: he has heard that I have spoken to the secretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and who defires an employment. T'other day at the court of requests Dr. Yalden saluted me by name; Sacheverell, who was just by, came up to me, and made me many acknowledgments and compliments. Last night I defired lord treasurer to do something for that brother of Sacheverell's: he said he never knew he had a brother; but thanked me for telling him, and immediately put his name in his table-book. I will let Sacheverell know this, that he may take his measures accordingly; but he shall be none of my acquaintance. I dined to-day privately with the fecretary, left him at fix, paid a visit or two, and came home.

23. I dined again to-day with the secretary; but could not dispatch some business I had with him, he has so much besides upon his hands at this juncture; and preparing against the great business to-morrow, which we are all top full of. The minister's design is, that the duke of Marlborough shall be censured as gently as possible, provided his friends will not make head to de-

^{*} These lies are all particularly mentioned by the Examiner, N. 10, dated Feb. 7, 1711-12.

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fend him; but if they do, it may end in some severer votes. A gentleman who was just now with him, tells me he is much cast down, and fallen away; but he is politive, if he has but ten friends in the house, that they shall defend him to the utmost, and endeavour to prevent the least censure upon him; which I think cannot be, fince the bribery is manifest: Sir Solomon Medina paid him fix thousand pounds a year to have the employment of providing bread for the army, and the duke owns it in his letter to the commissioners of accounts. I was to-night at lord Masham's; lord Dupplin took out my new little pamphlet, and the fecretary read a great deal of it to lord treasurer; they all commended it to the skies, and so did I, and they began a health to the But I doubt ford treasurer suspected: for he faid, This is Dr. Davenant's style; which is his cant when he suspects me. But I carried the matter very well. Lord treasurer put the pamphlet in his pocket to read at I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

24. The secretary made me promise to dine with him to-day after the parliament was up; I said I would come; but I dined at my usual time; knowing the house would fit late on this great affair. I dined at a tavern with Mr. Domwille and another gentleman; I have not done so before these many months. At ten this evening I went to the secretary, but he was not come home; I sat with his lady till twelve, then came away; and he just came as I was gone, and he sent to my lodgings, but I would not go back; and so I know not how things have passed; but hope all is well; and I will tell you

to-morrow day. It is late, &c.

25. The secretary sent to me this morning to know whether we should dine together; I went to him, and there I learnt, that the question went against the duke of Marlborough by a majority of a hundred; so the ministry is mighty well satisfied, and the duke will now be able to do no hurt. The secretary and I and lord Masham, &c. dined with lieutenant-general Withers, who is just going to look after the army in Flanders: the secretary and I lest them a little after seven, and I am come home, and will now answer your letter, because this goes to-morrow: let me see.—The box at Chester;

oh, burn that box, and hang that Sterne; I have defired one to enquire for it who went towards Ireland last Monday, but am in utter despair of it.-No, I was not splenetick; you see what plunges the Court has been at to fet all right again. And that duchess is not out yet, and may one day cause more mischief. Somerset shews all about a letter from the queen, defiring him to let his wife continue with her. Is not that rate! I find Dingley smelt a rat; because the Whigs are upish; but if ever I hear that word again, I'll uppist you. I am glad you got your rasp safe and sound; does Stella like her apron? Your criticks about guarantees of succesfion are puppies; that's an answer to the objection. The answerers here made the same objection, but is wholly wrong. I am of your opinion, that lord Marlborough is used too hardly: I have often scratched out passages from papers and pamphlets sent me before they were printed; because I thought them too severe. But, he is certainly a vile man, and has no fort of merit befide the military. The Examiners are good for little: I would fain have hindered the feverity of the two or three last, but could not. I will either bring your papers over, or leave them with Tooke, for whose honesty I will engage. And I think it is best not to venture them with me at fea. Stella is a prophet, by foretelling fo very positively that all would be well. Duke of Ormond speak against Peace? No, simpleton: he is one of the stanchest we have for the ministry. Neither trouble yourself about the printer: he appeared the first day of term, and is to appear when fummoned again; but nothing else will come of it. Lord Chief Justice is cooled fince this new fettlement. No; I will not split my journals in half; I will write but once a fortnight: but you may do as you will; which is, read only half at once, and t'other half next week. So now your letter is answered (Pox on these blots!) What must I say more? I will let out in March, if there be a fit of fine weather; unless the ministry desire me to stay till the end of the fession, which may be a month longer; but I believe they will not : for I suppose the Peace will be made, and they will have no further service for me. I must make my canal fine this Summer, as fine as I can. Iam

I am afraid I shall see great neglects among my quicksets. I hope the cherry-trees on the river-walk are fine

things now. But no more of this.

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26. I forgot to finish this letter this morning, and am come home so late I must give it to the bell-man; but I would have it go to-night, lest you should think there is any thing in the story of my being arrested in an action of twenty thousand pounds by lord Marlborough, which I hear is in Dyer's letter, and consequently, I suppose, gone to Ireland. Farewel, dearest MD, &c. &c.

LETTER XL:

London, Jan. 26, 1711-12.

THAVE no gilt paper left of this fize, so you must be content with plain. Our Society dined together to-day, for it was put off, as I told you, upon lord Marlborough's bufinels on Thursday. The duke of Ormond dined with us to-day, the first time; we were thirteen at table; and lord Lanfdown came in after dinner, fo that we wanted but three. The fecretary propoled the duke of Beaufort, who delires to be one of our Society; but I stopt it, because the duke of Ormond doubts a little about it; and he was gone before it was proposed. I left them at seven, and sat this evening with poor Mrs. Wesley, who has been mighty ill today with a fainting fit: the has often convultions too; the takes a mixture with affa fatida, which I have now in my nose; and every thing smells of it. I never smelt it before, 'tis abominable. We have eight qacquets, they fay, due from Ireland.

27. I could not fee prince Eugene at Court to day, the crowd was so great. The Whigs contrive to have a crowd always about him, and employ the rabble to give the word, when he sets out from any place. When the duchess of Hamilton came from the queen after church, she whispered me that she was going to pay me a visit: I went to lady Ogletborp's, the place appointed; for ladies always visit me in third places, and she kept me till near four: she talks too much, is a plaguy detractor, and I believe I shall not much like her. I was engaged to dine with lord Masham; they staid as long

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as they could, yet had almost dined, and were going in anger to pull down the brass peg for my hat, but lady Masham saved it. At eight I went again to lord Masham's; lord treasurer is generally there at night: we sat up till almost two. Lord treasurer has engaged me to contrive some way to keep the archbishop of York from being seduced by lord Nottingham. I will do what I can in it to-morrow. 'Tis very late, so I must

go fleep.

28. Poor Mrs. Manley the author is very ill of a dropfy and fore leg; the printer tells me he is afraid the cannot live long. I am heartily forry for her; the has very generous principles for one of her fort; and a great deal of good sense and invention: she is about forty, very homely and very fat. Mrs Van made me dine with her to-day. I was this morning with the duke of Ormand, and the prolocutor, about what lord treasurer spoke to me yesterday; I know not what will be the iffue. There is but a flender majority in the house of lords; and we want more. We are fadly mortified at the news of the French taking the town in Brafil from the Portuguese. The fixth edition of three thoufand of the Conduct of the Allies is fold, and the printer talks of a feventh: eleven thousand of them have been fold; which is a most prodigious run. The little twopenny Letter of Advice to the October Club does not fell; I know not the reason; for it is finely written, I affure you; and, like a true author, I grow fond of it, because it does not fell: you know that is usual to writers, to condemn the judgment of the world: if I had hinted it to be mine, every body would have bought it, but it is a great fecret.

29. I borrowed one or two idle books of Contes de Fees*, and have been reading them these two days, although I have much business upon my hands. I loitered till one at home; then went to Mr. Lewis at his office; and the vice-chamberlain told me, that lady Ryalton had yesterday resigned her employment of lady of the bed-chamber, and that lady Jane Hyde, lord Rochester's daughter, a mighty pretty girl, is to succeed; he said too, that lady Sunderland would resign in a day or two. I dined with Lewis, and then went to see Mrs.

Wesley, who is better to-day. But you must know, that Mr. Lewis gave me two letters, one from the bishop of Cloyne, with an inclosed from lord Inchequin to lord treasurer; which he desires I would deliver and recommend. I am told, that lord was much in with lord Wharton, and I remember he was to have been one of the lords justices by his recommendation; yet the bishop recommends him as a great friend to the church, &c. I'll do what I think proper. T'other letter was from little saucy MD, N. 26. O Lord, never saw the like, under a cover too, and by way of journal; we shall never have done. Sirrahs? how durst you write so soon,

firrahs? I won't answer it yet.

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30. I was this morning with the fecretary, who was fick, and out of humour: he would needs drink Champagne some days ago, on purpose to spite me, because I advised him against it, and now he pays for it; Stella used to do such tricks formerly; he put me in mind of her. Lady Sunderland has refigned her place too. It is lady Catherine Hyde that succeeds lady Ryalton; and not lady June Lady Catherine is the late earl of Rochefter's daughter. I dined with the fecretary, then vifited his lady; and fat this evening with lady Masham; the fecretary came to us; but lord treasurer did not; he dined with the matter of the rolls, and staid late with him. Our Society does not meet till to-morrow fennight, because we think the parliament will be very busy to-morrow upon the state of the war; and the secretary, who is to treat as prefident, must be in the house. I fancy my talking of persons and things here, must be very tedious to you, because you know nothing of them; and I talk as if you did. You know Kevin'sfreet, and Werburgh-freet, and (what do you call the street where Mrs. Walls lives?) and Ingoldsby, and Higgins, and lord Santry; but what care you for lady Catherine Hyde? Why do you say nothing of your health, firrah? I hope it is well.

31. Trimnel, bishop of Norwich, who was with this lord Sunderland at Moor-park in their travels, preached yesterday before the house of lords; and to-day the question was put to thank him, and print his sermon; but passed against him; for it was a terrible Whig ser-Vol. II.

The Bill to repeal the Ad for naturalizing protestant foreig sers, passed the house of lords to-day by a majority of twenty, though the Scotch lords-went out, and would vote neither way, in discontent about duke Hamilton's patent, if you know any thing of it. A poem is come out to-day inscribed to me, by way of a flirt; for it is a Whiggish poem, and good for nothing. They plagued me with it in the court of requests. I dined with lord treasurer at five alone, only with one Dutch man. Prior is now a commissioner of the customs. I told you so before, I suppose. When I came home tonight, I found a letter from Dr. Sacheverell*, thanking me for recommending his brother to lord treasurer and Mr. secretary for a place. Lord treasurer sent to him about it: fo good a folicitor was I, although I once hardly thought I should be a solicitor for Sacheverell.

Feb. 1. Has not your dean of St. Patrick's received my letter? You fay nothing of it, although I writ above a month ago. My printer has got the gout, and I was forced to go to him to-day, and there I dined. It was a most delicious day; why don't you observe whether the fame days be fine with you? To-night at fix Dr. Atterbury, and Prior, and I, and Dr. Freind, met at Dr. Robert Freind's house at Westminster, who is master of the school: there we sat till one, and were good enough company. I here take leave to tell politick Dingley, that the passage in the Conduct of the Allies is fo far from being blameable, that the fecretary deligns to infift upon it in the house of commons, when the Treaty of Barrier is debated there, as it now shortly will, for they have ordered it to be laid before them. The pamphlet of Advice to the October Club begins now to fell; but I believe it's fame will hardly reach Ireland: 'tis finely written, I affure you. I long to answer your letter; but won't yet; you know 'tis late, &c.

2. This day ends Christmas; and what care I? I have neither seen, nor felt, nor heard any Christmas this year. I passed a lazy dull day: I was this morning with lord treasurer, to get some papers from him, which he will

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^{*} This Letter is to be found in the late Collection by Dodfley, &c. No. 58.

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remember as much as a cat, although it be his own befiness. It threatened rain, but did not much; and Prior and I walked an hour in the Park, which quite put me out of my measures. I dined with a friend hard by; and in the evening fat with lord Masham till twelve. Lord treasurer did not come; this is an idle dining day usually with him. We want to hear from Holland how our Peace goes on; for we are afraid of those scoundrels the Dutch, left they should play us tricks. Lord Marr; a Scotch earl, was with us at lord Masham's; I was arguing with him about the stubbornness and folly of his. countrymen; they are so angry about the affair of duke Hamilton, whom the queen has made a duke of England, and the house of lords will not admit him; he swears he would vote for us, but dare not; because all Scotland would detest him if he did; he should never be chosen again, nor be able to live there.

3. I was at Court to-day to look for a dinner; but did not like any that were offered me; and I dined with The queen has the gout in her knee, lord Mountjay. and was not at chapel. I hear we have a Dutch mail, but I know not what news, although I was with the fectetary this morning. He shewed me a letter from the Hanower envoy, Mr. Bothmar, complaining that the Barrier Treaty is laid before the house of commons: and defiring that no infringement may be made in the Guarantee of the Succession; but the secretary has written him a peppering answer. I fancy you understand all this, and are able states-girls, since you have read. the Conduct of the Allies. We are all preparing against the birth-day, I think it is Wednesday next. If the queen's gout encreases, it will spoil sport. Prince Eugene has two fine suits made against it; and the queen is to give him a fword worth four thousand pounds, the diamonds let transparent.

4. I was this morning soliciting at the house of commons door for Mr. Vesey, a son of the archbishop of Tuam, who has petitioned for a Bill to relieve him in some difficulty about his estate; I secured him about sifty members. I dined with lady Masham. We have no pacquet from Holland, as I was told yesterday; and this wind will hinder many people from appearing at

the birth-day, who expected cloaths from Holland. I appointed to meet a gentleman at the fecretary's tonight, and they both failed. The house of commons have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our allies. Those who spoke, drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ; the Court had a majority of a hundred and fifty: all agree, that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions; I long to see them in print. My head has not been as well as I could wish it for some days past, but I have not had any giddy sit, and I hope it will go over.

5. The fecretary turned me out of his room this morning, and shewed me fifty guineas rolled up, which he was going to give to some French spy. I dined with four Irishmen at a tavern to-day; I thought I had resolved against it before, but I broke it. I played at cards this evening at lady Masham's, but I only played for her while she was writing; and I won her a pool; and supt there. Lord treasurer was with us, but went away before twelve. The ladies and lords have all their cloaths ready against to morrow: I saw several mighty sine, and I hope there will be a great appearance, in spite of that spiteful French sashion of the Whiggish ladies not to come, which they have all resolved to a woman; and I hope it will more spirit the queen

against them for ever.

6. I went to dine at lord Masham's at three, and met all the company just coming out of Court; a mighty crowd; they staid long for their coaches: I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their sineries. Lady Ashburnham looked the best in my eyes. They say, the Court was never suller nor siner. Lord treasurer, his lady, and two daughters, and Mrs. Hill dined with lord and lady Masham; the sive ladies were monstrous sine. The queen gave prince Eugene the diamond sword to-day; but no body was by when she gave it, except my lord chamberlain. There was an entertainment of Opera songs at night, and the queen was at all the entertainment, and is very well after it. I saw lady Wharton, as ugly as the Devil, coming out in the crowd all in an undress; she

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had been with the Marlborough daughters and lady Bridgwater in St. James's, looking out of the window all undressed, to see the sight. I do not hear that one Whig lady was there, except those of the bed chamber. Nothing has made so great a noise as one Kelson's chariot, that cost nine hundred and thirty pounds, the hnest was ever seen. The rabble huzzaed him as much as they did prince Eugene. This is birth day chat.

7. Our Society met to day, the duke of Ormond was not with us; we have lessened our dinners, which were grown so extravagant, that lord treasurer and every body else cried shame. I lest them at seven, visited for an hour, and then came home, like a good boy. The queen is much better after yesterday's exercise: her friends wish she would use a little more. I opposed lord fersey's election into our Society, and he is refused; I likewise opposed the duke of Beaufort; but I believe he will be chosen in spite of me: I don't much care; I shall not be with them above two months; for I resolve to set out for Ireland the beginning of April next (be-

fore I treat them again) and see my willows.

8. I dined to-day in the city; this morning a scoundrel dog, one of the queen's mulick, a German, whom I had never feen, got access to me in my chamber by Patrick's folly, and gravely defired me to get an employment in the cultoms for a friend of his, who would be very grateful; and likewise to forward a project of his own, for raising ten thousand pounds a year upon Operas: I used him civiller than he deserved; but it vexed me to the pluck. He was told, I had a mighty interest with lord treasurer, and one word of mine, &c. -Well; I got home early on purpose to answer MD's letter, N. 26; for this goes to-morrow— Well; I never saw such a letter in all my life; so saucy, so journalish, so sanguine, so pretending, so every thing. -- I fatisfied all your fears in my last; All is gone well, as you say; yet you are an impudent flut to be so politive; you will swagger so upon your sagacity that we shall never have done. Pray don't mislay your reply; I would certainly print it, if I had it here: how long is it? I suppose, half a sheet: was the Answer written;

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in Ireland? Yes, yes, you shall have a letter when you come from Baligall. I need not tell you again who's out and who's in we can never get out the duchels of Somerfet .- So, they fay Presto writ the Conduct, &c. do they like it? I don't care whether they do or no; but the Resolutions printed t'other day in the Votes, are almost quotations from it; and would never have passed, if that book had not been written. I will not meddle with the Spedator, let him fair-fex it to the world's end. My disorder is over, but blood was not from the p-les. -- Well, madam Dingley, the frost; why we had a great frost, but I forget how long ago; it lasted above a week or ten days: I believe about fix weeks ago; but it did not break fo foon with us I think as December 29; yet I think it was about that time, on fecond thoughts. MD can have no letter from Prefto, fays you, and yet four days before you own you had my thirty-seventh, unreasonable sluts! The bishop of Gloucester is not dead, and I am as likely to succeed the duke of Marlborough as him if he were; there's enough for that now. It is not, unlikely that the duke of Shrewftury will be your governour; at least I believe the duke of Ormand will not return. - Well, Stella again: why really three editions of the Conduct, &c. is very much for dreland; it is a fign you have fome honest among you. -- Well; I will do Mr. Manley all the service I can: but he will ruin himself. What bufiness had he to engage at all about the city? can't he wish his cause well, and be quiet, when he finds that firring will do it no good, and himself a great deal of hurt? I cannot imagine who should open my letter; it must be done at your side -- If I hear of any thoughts of turning out Mr. Manley, I will endeavour to prevent it. I have already had all the gentlemen of Ireland here upon my back often, for defending him. So now I have answered your faucy letter. My humble service to goody Stoyte and Catherine; I will come foon for my dinner.

9. Morning. My cold goes off at last; but I think I have got a small new one. I have no news fince last. They say we hear by the way of Calais, that Peace is

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very near concluding. I hope it may be true. I'll go and seal up my letter, and give it myself to-night into the post-office; and so I bid my dearest MD farewel till to-night. I heartily wish myself with them, as hope saved. My willows, and quicksets, and trees will be sinely improved, I hope, this year. It has been fine hard frosty weather, yesterday and to day. Farewel, &c. &c. &c. **.

* N. B. In the late Collection of Swift's Correspondence, published by Dodsley and others, the course of these journals is continued from this present date, Feb. 9, 1711-12, until the Summer of the year 1713, when the Dr. was made Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. The first of these journals in that Collection is the fifty-94 eighth Letter.

Dr. S W I F T's

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CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JANE SWIFT *.

1696.

RECEIVED your kind letter from Robert by word of mouth, and think it a vast condescension in you to think of us in all your greatness: now shall we hear nothing from you for five months but We Courtiers. Loory is well, and presents his humble duty to my lady, and love to his fellow-servant: but he is the miserablest creature in the world; eternally in his melancholy note, whatever I can do; and if his finger does but ake, I am in such a fright you would wonder at it. I pray return my service to Mrs. Kilby, in payment of hers by Robert.

Nothing grows better by your absence but my lady's chamber-floor, and Tumble-down Dick. Here are three letters for you, and Molly will not send one of them; she says you ordered her to the contrary. Mr. Mose and I desire you will remember our love to the

king, and let us know how he looks.

^{*} The Doctor's fifter.

Robert says the Czar is there, and is fallen in love with you, and designs to carry you to Muscowy; pray provide yourself with muss and sable tippets, &c.

Æolus has made a strange revolution in the rooks nests; but I say no more, for it is dangerous to med-

dle with things above us.

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I desire your absence heartily; for now I live in great state, and the cook comes in to know what I please to have for dinner: I ask very gravely what is in the house, and accordingly give orders for a dish of pigeons, or &c. You shall have no more ale here, unless you send us a letter. Here is a great bundle and a letter for you; both came together from London. We all keep home like so many cats.

LETTER II.

Mrs. LONG * to Dr. SWIFT.

November 18, 1711.

IF you will again allow me the pleasure of hearing from you, without murmuring I will let you enjoy that of laughing at me for any foolish word I misapply; for I know you are too reasonable to expect me to be nicely right in the matter; but then when you take a fancy to be angry, pray let me know it quietly, that I may clear my meanings, which are always far from offending my friends, however unhappy I may be in my expressions. Could I expect you to remember any part of my letters fo long ago, I would alk you, that you should know where to find me when you had a mind to it; but I suppose you were in a romantick strain, and defigned to have surprized me talking to myself in a wood, or by the sea. Forgive the dulness of my apprehension, and if telling you that I am at Linn will not do, I will print it, however inconvenient it may yet be to me; for I am not the better for the old lady's death, but am put in hopes of being easy at Christmas; however, I shall still continue to be Mrs. Smyth, near St. Nicholas's Church in the town aforesaid; so much for

^{*} Thus indorsed by the Doctor; Poor Mrs. Long's last letter, written five weeks before she died.

my affairs. - Now as to my health, that was much out of order last Summer; my distemper was a dropfy or afthma (you know what I mean, but I cannot spell it right) or both, lazy distempers, which I was too lazy to molest whilst they would let me fit in quiet; but when they grew fo unreasonable as not to let me do that, I applied myfelf to doctor Inglis, by whose advice I am now well enough. To give you the best account I can of this place, the ladies will make any returns, if one may believe what they fay of one another: the men I know little of, for I am here what you have often upbraided me with, a Prude in every thing but centuring my neighbours; a couple of divines, two aldermen, and a custom-house officer, are all my men acquaintance; the gay part of the town I know nothing of, and although for the honour of the place I will suppose there are good poets, yet that I never enquired after. I have a shelf pretty well filled at home, but want a Miscellany Mr. Steele put out last year ; mis Helly promised it me, but has forgot it: I fancy you have interest enough with him to get it for me. I wish too at your leifure you would make a pedigree for me; the people here want fadly to know what I am; I pretend to no more than being of George Symth's family of Nitly, but do not talk much of it, for fear of betraying myself; so they fancy some mystery to be in the matter, and would give their rivals place to be satisfied. At first they thought I came hither to make my fortune, by catching up some of their young fellows; but having avoided that fort of company, I am still a riddle they know not what to make of. Many of them feem to love me well enough; for I hear all they fay of one another without making mischief among them, and give them tea and coffee when I have it, which are the greatest chaims I can boast of: the fine lady I have left to Moll (who I suppose was at the Bath) or any other that will take it up; for I aw grown a good housewife; I can pot and pickle, fir, and handle a needle very prettily; see miss Heffy's scarf, I think that is improving mightily. If miles Heffy keeps company with the eldest Hatton, and is still a politician, the is not the

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by this time. I hope (181) latisfied you, that it is girl I took her for; but to me the feems melancholy. Sure Mr. St. John is not so altered but he will make returns; but how can I pretend to judge of any thing, when my poor cousin is taken for an hermaphrodite; a thing I as little suspected her for as railing at any body tod know to little cause for it, that I must be filent I hear but little of what is done in the world, but should be glad the ministry did themselves the justice to diftinguish men of merit: may I with you joy of any preferment? I shall do it heartily: but if you have got nothing, I am bufy to as much purpose as you, although my employments are next to picking straws. Oh, but you are acquainted with my lord Fitzbarding; for which I rejoice with you, and am your most obedient fervant, ben and and interespoil flo

ANNE LONG.

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Tudest en LETTER III.

and kinggott one that has been dead to this chang Judge NUTLEY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R, Dublin, Nov. 21. 1713: I CAN'T help telling you that I think you do me great wrong in charging me with being too civil, and with want of plainness in my letters to you. If you will be abundant in your favours to me, how can I forbear thanking you? and if you will call that by z wrong name, that is your fault, and not mine. I hope I shall be able to convince you of your mistake, by putting you in the place of the party obliged; and then I will thew you, that I can be as ready (as you are) in doing good offices for a friend, and when I have done them, can treat you as you do me, as if you were the benefactor, and I had received the favour: I am forry I did not keep the copy of my letter to you, that I might compare it with that which I shall have from you, whenever I shall be so happy as to receive one from you upon that subject; for I am thoroughly perfuaded, you will then as much outdo me in civility of expression, as you do now in the power of conferring favours.

By this time, I hope, I have satisfied you, that it is fit for me (and I am resolved) to express the sense I have of your friendship in as high a manner as I can, until I have an opportunity of making a better return: but to shew you, that it is as uneasy to me to write civil things, as it can be to you to read them, I will as often as I can, do you services, that I may not be at the trouble or bear the reproach of being complaisant.

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I am so much a philosopher as to know that to be great, is to be, but not to be thought, miserable; and I am of the opinion of those among them, who allow retaliation; and therefore since you have declared your intention of loading me with cares, I will, as far as I can, make you sensible of the hurt you do me by lay-

ing a like burthen upon you.

I thank you most fincerely for the clear and full information you have given me of your grand church affair. It entirely agrees with my judgment; for I do think that what you propose will be the best service that has been done to this church and kingdom fince the restoration, and the doing it soon will be of great advantage to the queen's affairs at this juncture. For, it has been given out among the party, that the miniftry have an eye towards the Whigs, and that, if they now exert themselves, they will soon have an open declaration in their favour: we have a remarkable proof of this; for Mr. Brodrick has engaged a confiderable number of the parliament-inen (many of them not of his party) to promise him their votes for speaker, by telling them he has the approbation of the ministry and lord lieutenant; and fince his grace has made known her majesty's pleasure, a new word is given out, that the liberties of the people are in the last danger, and that the crown is attempting the nomination of a speaker. I own I am no politician; but I think I understand the posture of affairs here, and I am assured that the church party is so strong, that if any thing be done on your lide to excite their zeal, and discourage their adversaries, there will be but a short struggle here. But if the Whigs are permitted to hope, or what is as bad, to boatt of their expectations, and nothing is done, to enable others to confute them, they will, 'tis probable,

ble, be able to give trouble to the government; and what is now easy to be effected, will become difficult by delay; and I fear, the want of doing this in time will occasion some uneasiness to the duke of Shrewsbury; for to this is owing the doubtful dispute, who shall

be speaker.

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I have shewed your letter to the gentleman chiefly concerned in it: this I did, because I knew it would produce a full expression of his sentiments; and I can assure you, whatever occasion may have been given you to think what you say in your letter, he has a true sense of your friendship to him. I will be guarantee that according to the power it has, he will be ready to serve you, and that in kind.

My lord chancellor will fend you his own thanks.

I am, most truly and fincerely,

Yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

CHARLES FORD, Efq; to Dr. SWIFT *.

London, July 15, 1714.

what

OU fee I was in the right; but I could wish the booby † had not convinced me by naming my lord Bollingbroke, and then I should have dealt well enough with him. Since it has happened so, the best remedy I could think of, was to write him a very civil answer; in which, however, I have desired to see the alterations: this is mentioned with great respect to my lord. Though he is promised to have it again to mortow, it is probable he may be disappointed, and there may be time enough for me to receive your directions what I shall do, when I get it into my hands. If the alterations are material, shall I send it to some other printer as it was first written? ‡ Reslect upon every thing you think likely to happen, and tell me beforehand

† Barber.

^{*} Dr. Swift was at this time in Berksbire.

[†] This was a pamphlet entituled, Thoughts on the Present State of Affairs. The queen's death prevented the publication of it in those times. It never appeared until the year 1741.

what is proper to be done, that no more time may be loft. I hate the dog for making his court in such a manner.

I am very forry you have had occasion to remove your premier minister. We are told now, we shall have no change in ours, and that the duke of Shrewfury will perfectly reconcile all matters. I am fure you will not believe this any more than I do; but the Dragon * has been more chearful than usual for three or four days; and therefore people conclude the breaches are healed. I rather incline to the opinion of those who fay he is to be made a duke, and to have a pension. Another reason given why there is to be no change is, because the Parliament was not adjourned to iffue new writs in the room of those who were to come in upon the new scheme, that they might sit in the house at the next meeting. But I can't fee why an adjournment may not do as well at the beginning as at the end of a fession; and certainly it will displease less in January or February, than it would have done in July. The Whigs give out the duke of Marlborough is coming over, and his house is actually now fitting up at St. fames's. We have had more variety of lies of late than ever I remember. The history we were formerly talking of, would swell to a prodigious size, if it was carried on. There was a fire last night on Tower-Hill, that burnt down forty or fifty houses. You say nothing of coming to town. I hope you don't mean to steal away to Ireland without seeing us.

LETTER V.

CHARLES FORD, Efq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 17, 1714.

A SECOND to-morrow is almost past, and nothing has been yet lest at St. Dunstan's. B. + will lose by his prodigious cunning; but that is nothing to the punishment he deserves. Had it been only his fear, he would have chosen somebody else to consult with;

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but the rogue found out it was well written, and faw the passages that galled. I am heartily vext at the other person *, from whom one might have expected a more honourable proceeding. There is fomething very mean in his defiring to make alterations, when I am fure he has no reason to complain, and is at least as fairly dealt with as his competitor +. Besides, a great part of it is as much for his fervice as if he had given directions himself to have it done. What relates to the Pretender is of the utmost use to him; and therefore I am as much surprized at this delay, as at his ungenerous manner of treating an unknown author, to whom he is so much obliged. But perhaps I may wrong him, and he won't defire to turn the whole to his own advantage. If it had come to me yesterday or to-day, I was refolved to have fent it to some other printer without any amendment; but now I shall wait till I have your directions. I wish you had employed somebody else at first; but what signifies withing now? After what B. I writ in his last, I can hardly think he will be such a -as not to let me have it: and in my answer I have given him all manner of encouragement to do it. He has as much affurance as he can well defire, that the alterations shall be complied with, and a politive promile that it shall be returned to him the same day he leaves it at St. Dunstan's.

I can't imagine why we have no mischief yet. Sure we are not to be disappointed at last, after the bustle that has been made. It is impossible they & can ever agree, and I want something to make my letters still entertaining. I doubt you will hardly thank me for them, now the parliament is up; but as soon as any thing

happens you shall know it.

The queen has not yet appointed the time for removing to Windfor. My lord chief baron Ward is dead, and we have already named feven fuccessors, among whom is our lord chancellor Phips. Frank Annesley was to have his place under my lord Anglesey, so that it is well for him we have provided him with another for life.

^{*} Lord Bolingbroke. † Lord Oxford.

‡ Barber. § Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke.

LETTER VI.

Lady BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

London, May 5, 1716. Mr. DEAN. TOUR letter came in very good time to me, when I was full of vexation and trouble, which all va. nishes, finding that you were so good to remember me under my afflictions which have been not greater than you can think, but much greater than I can express. I am now in town; bufiness called me hither; and when that is finished I shall retire with more comfort than I came. Do not forsake an old friend, nor believe reports which are scandalous and false. You are pleafed to enquire after my health; I can give you no good account of it at present; but that country, whither I shall go next week, will, I hope, fet me up. As to my temper, if it is possible, I am more insipid and dull than ever, except in some places, and there I am a little fury, especially if they dare mention my dear lord without respect, which sometimes happens; for good manners and relationship are laid aside in this town; it is not hard for you to guess whom I mean. I have not yet feen her grace t, but design it in a day or two: we have kept a correspondence ever since our missortunes, and her grace is pleased to call me sister. There is no body in the world has a truer respect and value for her than myself. I fend this to my friend John, and beg you, when you do me the favour of an answer, to fend it to him, who will take care to convey it to me in the country; for your letter lay a long while, before it came to my hands. I beg you to look with a friendly eye upon all my faults and blots in this letter, and that you will believe me what I really am, your most faithful humble servant,

F. B.

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LETTER VII.

PETER LUDLOW, Efq; to Dr. SWIFT.

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September 10, 1718.

SEND you the inclosed pamphlet by a private hand, nor daring to venture it by the common post; for it is a melancholy circumstance we are now in, that friends are afraid to carry on even a bare correspondence, much more to write news, or fend papers of confequence (18 I take the inclosed to be) that way. But I suppose I need make no apology for not lending it by post, for you must know, and own too, that my tears are by no means groundless. For, your friend Mr. Manley + has been guilty of opening letters that were not directed to him, nor his wife, nor really to one of his acquaintance. Indeed, I own, it so happened, that they were of no consequence, but secrets of state, secrets of families, and other fecrets (that one would by no means let Mr. Manley know) might have been difcovered; besides a thousand, nay, for ought I know, more than a thousand calamities might have ensued; I need not (I believe) enumerate them to you; but, to be plain with you, no man nor woman would (with their eyes open) be obliged to shew all they had to Mr. These I think sufficient reasons for sending it in the manner I do; but submit them and myself to your candour and centure.

The paper, I believe, you'll find very artfully written, and a great deal couched under the appearance (I own at first) of blunders, and a silly Tale. For who, with half an eye, may not perceive, that, by the old woman's being drowned at Ratcliff highway, and not dead yet, is meant the Church, which may be sunk or drowned, but in all probability will rise again. Then the man who was followed, and overtaken, is easily guessed at. He could not tell (the ingenuous author lays) whether she was dead: true! but may be he will

[†] Post master general of Ireland, whom Dr. Swift had greatly befriended in queen Anne's time.

tell foon. But then the author goes on (who must be supposed a high-church-man) and enquires of a man riding a horseback upon a mare. That's preposterous, and must allude to a great man who has been guilty (or he is foully belied) of very prepotterous actions; when the author comes up to him, the man takes him for a Robber, or Tory, and ran from him, but you find he perfued him furiously. Mark that: and The Horse .-This is indeed carrying a figure farther than Homer does: he makes the shield or its device an epithet sometimes to his warrior, but never, as I remember, puts it in place of the person; but there is a figure for this in rhetorick, which I own I don't remember; by which we often fay, He is a good fiddle, or rather, as by the Gown is often meant particular Parsons. Well then, you find the Horse, seeing himself dead, or undone, ran away as fast as he could, and left the preposterous fellow to go afoot. During this their misfortune, the candid author (whom I cannot mention without a profound respect) calls them friends, and means to do them no harm; only enquires after the welfare of the church. -Ah! Dear Sir, this is the true character of the Tories. And here I cannot but compare the generosity and good-nature of the one, with the fullen ingratitude of the other; we find the horse gone, and they footing it give a furly answer; while the other (though a conqueror) offers his friendship, and asks the question with a Pray inform me.

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I have gone, my dear friend, thus far with the paper, to shew you how excellent a piece I take it to be, and must beg the savour of you to give me your opinion of it, and send me your animadversions upon the whole; which I am considert you won't refuse me, when you consider of how great an advantage they will be to the whole earth, who, may be, to this day, have read over these sheets with too superficial an understanding; and especially since it is the request of, learned Sir, your most dutiful and obedient humble ser-

vant.

Sir POLITICK WOULD-BE.

I submit it to your better judgment (when you make a more

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a more curious enquiry into the arcana of this piece) to consider whether, by Sir John Vangs (who you find lives by the water-fide) must not be meant the Dutch; fince you find too, that he eats bag pudding freezing hot; this may feem a paradox, but I have been affured by a curious friend of mine of great veracity, who had lived many Winters in Holland, that nothing is more common than for hot pudding to freeze in that cold country: but then what convinces me that by Sir John, the Dutch must be meant, is, that you find he creeps out of a stopper-hole, which alludes to their mean origin. I must observe too, that gammer Vangs had an old woman to her fon. That's a bob for Giorious *. But I am under great concern to find so hard a sentence past upon poor Swift, because he's little. think him better than any of them, and hope to fee him reater.

LETTER VIII.

Dr. SWIFT to [STELLA] Mrs. JOHNSON +.

TACK GRATTAN faid nothing to me of it till last night; 'tis none of my fault: how did I know but you were to dine abroad? You should have fent your messenger sooner; yes, I think the dinner you provided for yourselves may do well enough here, but pray fend it foon. I with you would give a body more early warning; but you must blame yourselves. ny fays he will come in the evening; and for aught I know Sheridan may be here at dinner: which of you was it this undertook this frolick? Your letter hardly explained your meaning, but at last I found it. Pray don't serve me these tricks often. You may be sure, if there be a good bottle you shall have it. I am sure I never refused you, and therefore that reflection might have been spared. Pray be more possitive in your anfwer to this.

Deanry-house, Sunday morning, April 30, 1721.

The Indorfed by Mrs. John on; An answer to no letter.

Margoofe,

^{*} The common appellation in Ireland for king William III.

Margooje, and not Mergoofe, it is spelt with an a,

funpleton.

No, I am pretty well after my walk. I am glad the archdeacon ‡ got home fafe, and I hope you took care of him. It was his own fault; how could I know where he was? and he could have easily overtaken me; for I walked foftly on purpose, I told Delany I would.

LETTER IX.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD Mr. DEAN, Wimpole, Nov. 2, 1724. HERE has nothing of late given me fo much real trouble and uneafiness, as my having so long deferred writing to you, to make my acknowledgments for your most kind letter, and to assure you that I took every part of your obliging letter in the manner you would wish me to do: I must say, that amidst my grief and concern, it gave me a fecret pleasure to find that I was thought of by you; and what was a great addition that you still retained the same thoughts and sentiments of my dear father, and that you had not laid afide the delign you once entertained of transmitting his name and story to posterity. I did delay writing some time, because I was in great hopes I should have been able to have given you a much more fatisfactory account than l am now able to give, notwithstanding the search I have made in answer to your question, " If he had left any " Memoirs behind him;" I suppose you mean in relation to himself. I have not yet been able to find any among his papers in town. This, with some other affairs, drew the time into the length it is; but I affure you, if I have the satisfaction to hear from you again (as I hope I shall) I will be more punctual in my returns; for I will allow no body to value and esteem you more than I do.

There is certainly a very great number of materials for a history, a vast collection of letters and other papers, a great deal may be supplied elsewhere; but give

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me leave to fay, That if you do not come into England, nothing can be done; it will not be possible to do any thing to purpose. Without this view, there would be no body more welcome to me than your self, you should live in your own way, and do just what was most agreeable to you: I have houses enough, you shall take your choice: I must with earnestness repeat it to you again, That I beg you will think of this matter seriously.

As to what you mention of the picture, I have often heard my father say, That he did design to sit for you, but did not: I shall certainly take care that you shall have a picture, and a good one: pray let me know what size you would have it of: if you design it should sit any particular place, you must send me the exact

measure of the place.

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Your fister *, as you used to call her, is much your servant; she has been at the Bath for some time; she is better than when she went. I suppose you hear sometimes from our friend Mr. Pope: he has taken another voyage into Homer land †, as Gay calls it; I wish he may make an advantageous voyage of it.

I doubt you will fay, that fince I was to long before I began to write, that now I have begun, I do not know when to end; I will therefore tell you what I am with great truth, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD.

I defire your acceptance of a ring, a small remembrance of my father. How shall I send it you?

LETTER X.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

MR. Clayton going to Ireland, I take the opportunity of writing to you, in the first place to tell you, that I am ready to make good my promite which I made of sending you a picture of my father. The painter has done his part, so that the picture is now ready,

^{*} Lady Oxford.

† Translation of the Odyssey...

but I do not know how to fend it to you safe: you did tell me a gentleman should call, where he lives, or who he is, I know not. I am very desirous you should have it, because it has been so long coming; and I am very ambitious of doing any thing that may in the least be agreeable to you. You had heard of this sooner, but I have been for three months out of town; I made a long progress, even beyond Edinburgh sifty miles.

I enquire of you fometimes of dean Berkely †: I was forry to hear that you were troubled with that melancholy distemper, the want of hearing, although in some cases it is good; but one would have it in one's power to hear or not hear, as it suited best with one's

inclinations.

I am also forry that there is no mention made of any design of your coming into England. I long much for it, and do flatter myself with the thoughts of seeing you under my roof, where you shall execute more authority than I will allow to belong to any bishops made since—Do not lay aside all thoughts of coming over; change of air may do you good as well as the voyage. I thank God your sister is very well, considering the way she is in; I hope in two months, or thereabouts, she will be much better: she presents her humble service to you. Peggy is very well.

Pope is well I suppose; he is rambling about the country. I have the pleasure of seeing a picture which is very like you every day, and is as good a picture as ever farvis painted. I am, Sir, your most

obedient humble servant and brother,

OXFORD.

+ Dr. Berkely was then Dean of perry.

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LETTER XI.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dover-street, Aug. 30, 1725.

RECEIVED the favour of your letter; I am vexed. I that the trisle of the ring should not have reached you; I found where the fault lay; I hope you will soon receive both the picture and the ring safe: I have ordered them to the care of Erasmus Lewis, Esq; our old friend, and he is a punctual man, and is well acquainted with Mr. Ford, and my lord Arran's chaplain, Mr. Charleton; so I hope this method will not fail that I have now taken. I would not be wanting in the least trisle, by which I might shew the value and esteem I have and always must and will have for you.

The picture I have of you is the same which Mr. Jarvis drew of you in Ireland, and it is very like you, and is a very good picture; though Mr. Jarvis is honoured with the place of his majesty's painter, he cannot paint a picture I shall so much value as I do that of the dean of St. Patrick's.

My old fellow collegiate has done so right a thing as to prefer one of your recommendation. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD.

My wife fends her compliments to you; she is as well as can be expected.

LETTER XII.

GEORGE ROCHFORD, Efq; toDr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

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IFIND myself stand in need of the advice I bestowed on you t'other night, and therefore if you have not got rid of your cold, I would prescribe a small jaunt.

^{*} Dr. Grattan's about five miles from Dublin.

to Belcamp this morning. If you find yourself thus diff posed, I will wait for you here in my boots: the weather may perhaps look gloomy at the Deanery; but I can affure you it is a fine day in this parish +, where we set up for as good tastes as our neighbours: to convince you of mine, I send you this invitation. I am, dear Sir, your much obliged and obedient servant, GEORGE ROCHFORT.

Wednesday morning, Sept. 9, 1725.

LETTER XIII.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

THOPE you will excuse these tew lines for once, when I tell you that yesterday morning, I thank God, my wife was safely delivered of a son, and both mother and child are as well as can be expected. I sancy this will not be disagreeable news to the dean of St. Patrick's, except he be very much altered, which I believe not. I will not trouble you with any more, but to sell you that I am with great respect, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD.

+ St. Mary's parish, about a mile from the Deanery.

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LETTER XIV.

From the Prince of LILLIPUT.

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In European characters and English thus;
The high and mighty prince Egroego, born to the most puissant empire of the East,
Unto Stella, the most resplendant glory of the Western hemisphere, sendeth health and happiness.

BRIGHTEST PRINCESS, 1727

fortunately arriving at our coast some years ago, delivered us from ruin by conquering the sleets and armies of our enemies, and gave us hopes of a durable peace and happiness. But now the martial people of Blefusca, encouraged from his absence, have renewed the war, to revenge upon us the loss and disgrace they suffered by our valiant champion.

The fame of your superexcellent person and virtue, and the huge esteem which that great general has for you, urged us in this our second distress to sue for your savour. In order to which, we have sent our able and trusty Nardack Koorbuilob, requesting, That if our general does yet tread upon the terrestrial globe, you in compassion to us, would prevail upon him to take another voyage for our deliverance.

And, left any apprehensions of famine amongst us, should render Nardac MOUNTAIN averse to the undertaking, we signify to you, that we have stored our folds, our coops, our granaries and cellars with plenty of provision for a long supply of the wastes to be made by his capacious stomach.

And furthermore, because as we hear you are not so well as we could wish, we beg you would compleat our happiness by venturing your most valuable person

^{*} Here we have a parcel of characters formed at random, by way of the address in the Liliputian tongue.

Vol. II. along

along with him into our country; where, by the falu: brity of our finer air and diet, you will foon recover

your health and stomach,

In full affurance of your complying goodness, have fent you some provition for your voyage, and we shall with impatience wait for your safe arrival to our kingdom. Most illustrious lady, farewel.

Prince E G R O E G O

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Dated the 11th day of the 6th Moon, in the 2001 year of the Lilipatian æra.

LETTER XV.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR. Dover-street, Oct. 12, 1727.

WAS very much concerned to hear you were for much out of order when I went to the North; and upon my return, which was but lately, I was in hopes to have found you here, and that you would not have gone to your deanery till the Spring. I should be glad to hear that you are well, and have got rid of that troublesome distemper, your deafness.

I have feen Pope but once, and that was but for a few minutes; he was very much out of order, but I hope it only proceeded from being two days in town, and staying out a whole opera. He would not fee the coronation, although he might have feen it with little

trouble.

I came last night well home, after attending and paying my duty in my rank at the coronation. I hope there will not be another till I can have the laudable excuse of Old Age not to attend; which is no ill wish to their present majesties, since Nottingham at sourscore could bear the fatigue very well. I will not trouble you with an account of the ceremony; I do not doubt but you will have a full and true account from much ren, as we could will, we be

I have been put in hopes that we shall see you again early in the Spring, which will be a very great pleasure TOTAL P

to me.

There

There is a gentleman that is now upon putting out a new edition of the Oxford Marmora: I should take it for a great favour if you would be so kind to lend me your copy of that book. I think there are some corrections: if you think fit to do this, Mr. Clayton, who is in Ireland, will take care to bring it safe to me, and I will with great care return it to you again.

I must not conclude this without making my wife's compliments to you. I am, with true respect, Sir,

your most humble servant,

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OXFORD.

You forgot to fend me the ballad.

Mr. Clayton will call upon you before he comes to

England; I have written to him to that purpole.

LETTER XVI.

Mrs. MARTHA BLOUNT to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R, May 7, 1728.

I AM very much pleased with your letter, but I should have thought myself much more obliged, had you been less sincere, and not told me, I did not owe the savour entirely to your inclinations, but to an information that I had a mind to hear from you: and I mistrust you think even that as much as I deserve. If so, you really are not deserving of my repeated inquiries after you, and my constant good wishes and concern for your welfare; which merits some remembrance without the help of another. I can't say I have a great inclination to write to you, for I have no great vanity that way, at least not enough to support me above the sear of writing ill: but I would sain have you know how truly well I wish you.

I am forry to hear no good account of your health: mine has been, fince Christmas (at which time I had my fever and rash) neither well, nor ill enough to be taken notice of: but within these three weeks I have been sick in forms, and kept my bed for a week,

and my chamber to this day.

H 2

This

This confinement, together with the mourning, has enabled me to be very easy in my chair-hire: for a dyed black gown, and a scoured white one, have done my business very well; and they are now just fit for Petersbam, where we talk of going in three weeks; and I am not without hopes I shall have the same squire. I had last year. I am very unwilling to change; and moreover I begin to fear I have no great prospect of getting any new danglers; and therefore, in order to make a tolerable figure, I shall endeavour to behave myself mighty well, that I may keep my old ones.

As a proof that I continue to be well received at Court, I will tell you where the royal family defign to pass their Summer: two months at Richmond-Lodge, the same time at Hampton Court, and six weeks at Windfor. Mrs. Howard is well, and happier than ever you saw her; for her whole affair with her husband is ended

to her fatisfaction.

Dr. Arbuthnot I am very angry with: he neglects me for those he thinks finer ladies. Mr. Gay's fame continues, but his riches are in a fair way of diminishing: he is gone to the Bath: I wish you were ordered there, for I believe that would carry Mr Pope, who is always inclined to do more for his friends than himself. He is much out of order, and is told nothing is so likely to do him good.

My illness has prevented my writing to you sooner. If I was a favourite at Court, I would soon convince you that I am very sincerely your faithful friend and

very humble fervant,

M. B.

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LETTER XVII.

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN, Efq; to Dr.
SWIFT.

Y OUR time is precious, your curiofity not very fmall, my efteem of you very great; therefore come not within the walls of the four courts in hopes

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of hearing a matrimonial decree in this reign; for on Monday, (viz.) that is to fay, the 10th of this instant March 1728, his excellency Thomas Windham, Efq; lord high-chancellor of Ireland pronounced, after your back was turned, and not with the affiltance of the two chiefs, his decree in the case of Stewart v. Stewart, on A. Powel to this effect: He said there was a full confent till fuch time as the draught of the fettlement was sent down to Mrs. Stewart, to be considered by her and her friends; and after she had considered it, she shall not be at liberty to make any objections; for all restrictions of marriage are odious in the civil law, and not favoured by the common law, efpecially after the age of one and twenty; therefore marry they may, and let Mr. Nutley + be a lawyer for Mrs. Rebecca Stewart, the plaintiff, to take care of the settlement for her advantage, and let Powel chuse another lawyer for himself; though by the bye, Mr. Nutley would ferve for both; and it is not necessary to inquire what Powel makes by his practice, although he affured the mother it amounted to one thousand four hundred pounds per annum.

Ovid, 'tis true, successfully imparts
The rules to steal deluded virgins hearts;
But oh! ye fair ones, pious Nutley's skill
Instructs you to elude, by magick bill,
The laws of God, and gratify your will.

You will, I hope, excuse this liberty in one, who, to resent the indignity offered to you by Ram's coachman 1, made him drunk soon after at Gorey, which so incensed the aforesaid Ram, that he discharged him his service, and he is now so reduced, that he has no other way of getting his bread but by crying in this city, Ha' you any dirt to carry out? I am, Sir, your sincete friend and humble servant,

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN.

[†] Mr. Nutley had been a judge in queen Anne's time. 1 Vid. Intelligencer, No. 2.

LETTER XVIII.

FLOWER, Efq; + to Dr. SWIFT.

5 I R.

Ashbrook, March 18, 1728-9.

As I have been honoured with some of your letters, and as you are my old acquaintance, though to my forrow not intimately so, I trust you will pardon this presumption. Perhaps you may be at a loss to guess what title I have to an old acquaintance with you; but as several little accidents make indellible impressions upon the minds of school-boys, near thirty years ago, when I was one, I remember I was committed to your care from Sheene to Landon: we took water at Morelake the commander of the little skiff was very drunk and insolent, put us ashore at Hammersmith, yet insisted, with very abusive language, on his fare, which you courageously refused; the mob gathered; I expected to see your gown stript off, and for want of a blanket to take a flight with you in it, but

Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant: Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet.

Ving. Æn. I. 155.

By your powerful eloquence you faved your bacon and money, and we happily proceeded on our journey. But it is not an inclination purely to tell you this old flory, which perfuades me to write. A friend from Dublin lately obliged me with a very entertaining paper, entitled The Intelligencer, it is numbered 20, a possible mous work of Nester Ironside; a correspondent mentioning these papers in a letter raised my curiosity, with the specimen I had of them, to read the rest. For my part, I have buried myself in the country, and know little of the world, but what I learn from news-papers; you, who live so much in it, and from other more convincing proofs, I am satisfied are acquainted

with the Intelligencer. I wish his zeal could promote the welfare of his poor country, but I fear his labour is in vain.

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The miseries of the North, as represented, demand the utmost compassion, and must soften the malice of the most bitter enemy; I hope they, whose interest it is, if they rightly considered it, to relieve those miserable wretches, will redress so publick a calamity; to which, if, as I have heard, some of the clergy, by exacting of tithes, have contributed; they deserve as great censure, as a certain dean, who lends several sums without interest to his poor parishioners, has gained credit and honour by his charitable beneficence. Bad men, to be sure, have crept in, and are of that facred and learned order; the blackest of crimes, forgery, treason and blasphemy recently prove this: such should be spued out of it with the utmost contempt, and punished according to their demerit with fevere justice. If this allegation be true, I hope to see them censured by the Intelligencer, and recommend to him the words of Jeremiah to expatiate upon, c. x. v. 21. c. xii. v. 10, 11. I imagine the poor widow, his printei*, is in danger of punishment; the suffered very cruelly for the Drapier's works; I hope several contributed to ease her missortunes on that occasion; I confess I am forry I did not, but if you will give her a piece of gold, not in my name I beg, being unwilling to vaunt of charity, but as from a friend of yours, I shall by the first fafe hand send one; in return I expect the Drapier's Works entire,

I am forry, that for the benefit of the ladies, the author has not given us the English of

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos Matura Virgo.

Not having Creech's Horace, a gentleman prevailed on me to attempt translating of it in a couple of distichs; the science, which the compound English and Greek word fignifies little concerns a widower; but I should

be glad to fee it improved by good proficients in the lonick jigg. I own, in my little reading, I never met with this word, which puts me in mind of a passage on the Thames. My younger uncle, the grave Mr. Flower, his wife and mine, and parson Dingle, one day made the tour of the city: we saw Bedlam, the lions, and what not? and finished with a view of that noble engine under London Bridge: then we took water for Wbiteball; rowed very filently to opposite the glasshouse, where a dyer, his boat at an anchor, was angling; poor Jack unfortunately asked, addressing himfelf to our waterman, What that man was fishing for? The wag answered very brisk, For-, Master, will you buy any? You are a man of too much humour not to be pleased with the reply. I never can think of it without a laugh; and am fure need not describe the scene to you. He is since called in our family by the name of fack Fisher.

LETTER XIX.

Lady JOHNSTON . to Dr. SWIFT.

[March 30, 1729.]
To The Revd. The Dean of St. PaTricks.

HONDSR

I AM a Huckster and Lives in Strand Street & has dealings with Several familys, a faturday Night a Case of Instruments + was sent me in pawn by a Certain person in Marys Street, for two Rowls a print of Butter sour Herrings and three Nagins of strong Watters, My foster brother who ply's about that End of the town tells Me, he want saw it in your hand, fearing Hawkins's † whip I send it to you, and will take an Other Course to gett My Money, so I Remain your Hon'rs Humble Sarve to Command

ye 30 MARTHA SHARP.

I Hawkins was keeper of Newgate.

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^{*} Thus endorsed by Dr. Swift; "The best letter I ever read."
† It is not unlikely this was a present of a case of instruments from lady Johnston to the Dr.

LETTER XX.

The EARL of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

Dover-ftreet, March 4, 1729-30.

GOOD MASTER DEAN,

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TT is now above a whole year and fix months fince I have had the favour and pleasure of a line from your own felf; and I have not troubled you with one from myself; the answer that you would naturally make is very obvious, Why do you then trouble me now? I reply, it is to join with my friend Mr. Pope in recommending the person concerned in the inclosed proposal to your favour and protection, and to entreat that you would be fo good as to promote his interest. I have not fent you any of his receipts; but will when you will please to let me know what number you can dispose of: I believe that your bishops have more learning, at least would be thought to have more, than our bench here can pretend to; fo I hope they will all subscribe. The person concerned is a worthy honest man; and, by this work of his, he is in hopes to get free of the load which has hung upon him some years: this debt of his is not owing to any folly or extravagance of his, but to the calamity of his house being twice burnt, which he was obliged to rebuild; and having but small preferment in the church, and a large family of children, he has not been able to extricate himself out of the difficulties these accidents have brought upon him: Three fons he has bred up well at Westminfer, and they are excellent scholars: the eldest has been one of the ushers in Westminster school since the year 1714.

He is a man in years, yet hearty and able to study many hours in a day. This, in thort, is the case of an honest, poor, worthy clergyman; and I hope you will take him under your protection. I cannot pretend that my recommendation should have any weight with you, but as it is joined to and under the wing of Mr.

Pope.

I took hold of this opportunity to write to you, to let you know you had such an humble servant in being, that often remembers you, and wishes to see you in this island. My family, I thank God, is well: my daughter had, last summer, the small pox really, and in the natural way, and she is not marked at all. My wise and daughter desire that you will accept of their humble services, and say that they want much to see you.

I obeyed your commands, and did Mr. Whalley all the little services I was capable of: it was little enough that was in my power, God knows. He comes again before us soon after Easter: he seems to be in great

hopes, I wish they may be well founded.

I think it is now time to release you, which I will not do until I have told you, I may say repeat to you, that I have a house for you, or house-room, come when you please, provided you come soon. I am, with true respect and esseem, your most obliged and most humble servant.

OXFORD.

Your lord lieutenant would do well to encourage this poor man; he deserves it better than Bulke-lex.

LETTER XXI.

The EARL of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dover-street, July 15, 1730.

R. Clayton telling me he was going for Ireland, I could not jorbear lending you a few lines by him, although I may punish you; yet it is so great a pleasure to me to think of you, and to converse with you even in this manner, that I must expect you will be so good as to forgive the trouble this gives you.

I do not know what notions you entertain of us here; I fear and believe you are in a very bad way: this is my thought, that devoured we certainly shall be; but only this will be the difference, we shall have that great favour and instance of mercy, that we shall have the honour to follow you, and be the last devoured; and though

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though this is so plain, and that demonstrable, yet we have so many unthinking, unaccountable puppies among us, that to them every thing seems to go well as it should do; and are so pleased with this thought, or rather do not think at all, that it is in vain to say any thing to them. This is a very disagreeable subject, and I will therefore leave it.

My wife is, I thank God, pretty well: her stomach is rather better than it was; Peggy is very well: both desire you will accept of their humble service. You mention your law affairs: I know so much of that sort of people called lawyers, that I pity most heartily any one that is obliged to be concerned with them: if you are not already, I hope you will be soon safe out of their hands.

I suppose Master Whalley is, by this time got safe to his living, and enjoying the fruit of his victory, peace and quietness. I believe he has enough of law, of lawyers, and of lords both spiritual and temporal. I hope he is well: if you see him, my service to him.

I wish you would come over here, that we might have the pleasure of seeing you. Why should you not pass the winter here? I should think it would be more agreeable to you than where you are.

Lord Bathurst has had a fever; but he is now well again. Pope I saw yesterday: he is pretty well. I am, with true respect and esteem, Sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

OXFORD.

LETTER XXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

Dec. 28th, 1730.

You might give a better reason for restoring my book, that it was not worth keeping. I thought by the superscription that your letter was written by a man; for you have neither the scrawl nor the spelling of your sex. You live so far off, and I believe are so seldom at home, and I am so ill a visitor, that it is no wonder

wonder we meet so seldom: but if you knew what I say of you to others, you would believe it was not want of inclination: I mean what I say of you as I knew you formerly; for as to what you are now, I know but little. I give you the good wishes of the season; and am, with true esteem and affection, yours, &c.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lady ACHESON.

An April-fool Letter.

1732.

A Gentleman called here last night upon some bufiness, who took Mr. — 's house yesterday at
dinner, in his return from Wicklow. He tells me that
Mrs. — was brought to-bed yesterday morning at
five o'clock of half a child, just as if it were divided in
two equal parts. It had one eye, half a nose and mouth,
one leg, and so from top to bottom. They could see
it was a boy, or rather half a boy: it was dead born,
but she is very well. It was thought that this was the
cause of all her cholics. Mrs. Brent tells me she has
known the like more than once. I am glad the poor
woman had her mother and sister with her.

Are you not undone for want of Monky? How are you? Does your milk agree with you? We shall see you no more at church until Monky returns. Adieu,

Uc.

I mend a little.

Saturday morning.

THE R XXIV.

Lady ACHESON's Answer to Dr. SWIFT.

1732.

I AM greatly surprized at the account you give me of poor Mrs. ____; but since it was so, I am heartily

heartily glad she has got rid of it. Mrs. Morris's gout seized her all over on Thursday, so that she keeps her bed. None of them know any thing of this matter: they sent a boy yesterday to Delginney (I will not mention this thing to them till he returns) to let them know she was not able to go to the country. I am forry that you mend but a little: this bad weather has increased my cough; the milk agrees ve y well with me. I will be at your church to morrow. I am, yours, &c.

Saturday morning.

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LETTER XXV.

Alderman BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

I WISH Dr. Delany had complied with your request fooner, in acquainting me with your intentions in favour of Mr. Pilkington. I could have been glad also, that he had acquainted you, as I desired him, with the particulars how I stood circumstantiated in relation to the chaplain; for I statter myself that your usual goodnature would have induced you to comply with my request, in writing a letter to me, in an authoritative way, in your recommendation of Mr. Pilkington; which would have given me a good excuse for my refusing a gentleman, whom my deputy and common council-menhad recommended to me above fix months ago.

Another accident happened in this affair, by the doctor's not receiving a letter I fent him, which, by miftake, came not to his hands (though at home) until many hours after my man had left it at his lodgings; which letter had he feen in time, would have prevented fome litle difficulties I lie under in this affair, and which

I must get over as well as I can.

For, Sir, when I reflect on the many obligations I have to you, which I shall ever acknowledge, I am glad of any occasion to shew my gratitude; and do hereby, at your request, make Mr. Pilkington my chaplain, when mayor. I wish it may answer his expectations; for the profits are not above one hundred

hundred and twenty pounds, if so much, as I am told. He constantly dines with the mayor; but I am afraid can't lie in the Hall, the rooms being all of state. For your sake I will shew him all the civilities I can. You will recommend him to Jo. (Dr. I mean) Trapp. The mayor's day is the 30th of Odober; so that he may take his own time.

It would add very much to my felicity, if your health would permit you to come over in the spring, and see a pageant of your own making. Had you been here now, I am persuaded you would have put me to an additional expence, by having a raree shew (or pageant) as of old, on the lord-mayor's day. Mr. Pope and I were thinking to have a large machine carried through the city, with a printing-press, author, publishers, hawkers, devils, &c. and a satirical poem printed and thrown from the press to the mob, in publick view; but not to give offence; but your absence spoils that design.

Pray God preserve you long, very long, for the good of your country, and the joy and satisfaction of your friends; among whom I take the liberty to subscribe myself with great sincerity, Sir, your most obedient and

most humble servant,

J. BARBER.

LETTER XXVI.

CHARLES FORD, Efq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Dec. 23, 1732.

Y ESTERDAY I received your letter of the 9th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the constant concern you shew for me. I am ashamed to trouble you so much, and so often, in my own affairs; and your great kindness makes me almost ashamed to ask passdon for it.

I am very glad to hear the character you give of lord Orrery. He was extreamly applauded for a speech he made against the Army Bill. There is no danger of repealing

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repealing the Test. The Court has taken the usual method of gaining the fanatick leaders, much against the grain of the body. It is faid, the bithop of Salisbury is the chief encourager of them; that the queen spoke to him, and that he answered, He had promifed, and would not fail them. He can be befineared, although they would not fuffer him to go the dirty road to Durham. That was the excuse they made him upon the last vacancy of that see. I am extreamly proud that lady Achefon does me the honour to remember her humble servant. I heartily wish she could be persuaded to keep good hours, having observed, by many of my acquaintance, that nothing impairs health so much as fitting up late. I often hear from my fifter : she writes in quite another strain than she talked, with chearfulness and good nature. I fancy Arfalla * has cured the lady of her spleen.

I heartily wish you many new years, with health and

happiness; and am, most entirely, &c.

I am told poor Gay's play is now in rehearfal, and will please. It was that brought him to town a little before he died; though, without his fever, he could not probably have held out long any where.

LETTER XXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

MADAM, Deanery-house, Jan. 1, 1732-3.

SEND you your bit of a news-paper with the verfes +, than which I never saw better in their kind.

I have

* The feat of Peter Ludlow, Efq; father to the prefent lord Ludlow.

† Mrs. Pilkington, when she was about sixteen, having been teazed by her brother to write some verse as a school exercise for nim, asked him what she should write upon: Why, said he pertly, what should you write upon but the paper? So taking it for her subject, she writ the following lines; which, four years after, were printed in one of the London news-papers. Vide Pilkington's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 88.

O spotless paper, fair and white! On whom, by sorce, constrain'd I write, I have the same opinion of those you were pleased to write upon me †, as have also some particular friends of genius and taste, to whom I ventured to communicate them, who universally agree with me. But as I cannot with decency shew them, except to a very sew, I hope for both our sakes, others will do it for me. I can only assure you I value your present, as much as either of the others, only you must permit it to be turned into a pen; which office I will perform with my own hand,

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How cruel am I to destroy
Thy purity, to please a boy?
Ungrate ul I, thus to abuse
The fairest servant of the Muse.
Dear friend, to whom I oft impart
The choicest secrets of my heart;
Ah, what atonement can be made
For spotless innocence betray'd?
How sair, how lovely didst thou show,
Like silly'd banks, or falling snow!
But now, alas! become my prey,
No sloods can wash thy stains away;
Yet this small comfort I can give,
That which destroy'd, shall make thee live:

† Mrs. Pilkington having heard that Dr. Swift had received a paper book, richly bound and gilt, from the earl of Orrery, and a filver standish from Dr. Delany, sent him an eagle quill with the following verses upon his birth day, Nov. 30, 1732.

Shall then my kindred all my glory claim, And boldly rob me of eternal fame? To ev'ry art my gen'rous aid I lend, To Music, Painting, Poetry, a Friend. 'Tis I celestial harmony inspire, When fix'd to ftrike the sweetly warbling wire. I to the faithful canvas have confign'd Each bright idea of the painter's mind; Behold from Raphael's sky-dipt pencils rife Such heavenly fcenes as charm the gazers eyes. O let me now aspire to higher praise! Ambitious to transcribe your deathless lays: Nor thou, immortal Bard, my aid refuse, Accept me as the servant of your Muse; Then shall the world my wond rous worth declare, And all mankind, your matchless Pen revere.

and never permit any other to use it. I heartily wish you many happy new years; and am with true esteem, Madam, your most obliged friend and servant.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXVIII.

Dr SWIFT to the Earl of ORRERY.

MY LORD, January, 1732-3. T is some time since Mrs. Ball gave me, inclosed and directed to me; your loudship's verses, in your own hand, with the alterations you were pleafed to make, for which I have long deferred my acknowledgements; and if I were to follow the course of my own nature, the delay should be longer: because, although I believe no man hath a more grateful sense of a real honour done them than myfelf, yet no man is in more confusion how to express it. Although I had not the least hand in publishing those verses (which would have ill become me) yet I will not be so affected as to conceal the pride I have in feeing them abroad, whatever enmity they may procure against your lordship, for publickly favouring one so obnoxious to present powers, and turning their hatred into envy; which last, as it is more tormenting to the owners, will better gratify my And of this advantage I shall make the prorevenge per use, leaving your lordship to shift for yourself, without the least grain of pity for what you may suffer.

In the mean time, I beg you to accept my most humble thanks for the honour done me by so excellent a performance on so barren a subject; by which words I wisely anticipate the censure of all those who love me not: in spight of whom it will be said, in suture eges, That one of lord Orrery's first essays in poetry were those verses on Dr. Swist. That your lordship may go on to be the great example, restorer, and patron, of virtue, learning and wit, in a most corrupt, stupid, and ignorant age and nation, shall be the constant wish, hope, and prayer, of, My Lord, your most

obedient, obliged, and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT. LET-

LETTER XXIX.

Mils KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Jarvis-street, six o'clock, Friday evening, Feb. 2, 1732-3.

DANCED so long last night, that I have not been able till this moment to thank you for the goodness you shewed me this morning. Be assured the favours you bestow on me are received with the greatest pleasure, and I only am forry that it is not in my power to convince you that no body can set a higher value on

your friendship than I do.

Indeed I have an implicit faith in your medicine; for if only despising the poets can hinder its proving esfectual, I must certainly receive from it all the benefit I desire; for really I am quite of the other side, and am a sincere admirer of all the good poets; but am more particularly attached to the best. What I shall do to convince you of the truth of this I cannot determine: but surely the care I shall always take to mend upon your reproofs, will, in time, let you know that nobody can desire more sincerely to please you than, Sir, your most obliged and most saithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

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I am half afleep, so don't be angry at these blots. Being out of cash at present, I send you my note,

which I hope will fatisfy you.

I acknowledge to be indebted to the Reverend Doctor Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, the sum of 01. 1s. 1½d. per value received, this 2d day of Feb. 1732-3.

FRANCES ARABELLA KELLY*.

This promissary note is printed to the letter. Is certainly is an answer to some whim or other of the Doctor's.

LETTER XXX.

J. B A R B E R, Lord-Mayor of London, to Dr. S W I F T.

London, Feb. 6, 1732-3.

Queen Anne's Birth-day: The bells all ringing.

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DELIEVE me, Sir, and it is with great truth I D speak it, that there is not a person in the world I would fooner oblige than yourfelf; and I should be glad to have it in my power to ferve Mrs. Barber in the way you mention; but it is odds it may not be in my power, for many things may fall, that her spoule is not fit for; as, all places relating to the law, he can have no pretentions to. There are a dozen persons in my house, called Lord-mayor's Officers, who wear black gowns, and give from eight to nine hundred pounds for their places, which at first they make about fixty pounds per annum of, and rife in time to three or four hundred pounds; but they are generally young These places, I suppose, should any one fall, would not be thought good enough. There are many other places in my gift. We have had mayors gone through the office who have not got one hundred pounds, and others have got ten thousand pounds: it is all chance. I have gone through the fourth part of my year, and have got only about two hundred guineas, by the death of one of the city-mulick, and a porter to Guild-ball.

But suppose a place should fall worth fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds, that he may be fit for, one third of the purchase goes to the city, and must be paid before his admission; the other two-thirds are mine: but I cannot put a less price than was paid before, because the last price is entered in the city books.

I know you love particulars, and thus you have the

case as it stands.

You will give me leave to add a word or two, which I do in confidence, That I have been, for many years, plagued

plagued with a let of ungrateful monsters, called Coufins, that I tremble at the name; and though I give yearly pensions to some, and monthly and weekly to others, all won't do, and I am insulted and abused by

them; and can't help myfelf.

Now, as Mrs. Barber and her family design to settle here, and she has done me the honour in most places to call me Cousin, I hope it will not be expected I should have the care of them. I have very ill health; and any additional care that way would hurt me very much; but for doing her and her family any good offices, I

shall never be wanting.

I must now beg leave to return you my thanks for your affectionate and kind wishes. The honour, I own, is very great I am in possession of, and I am sensible I am placed aloft, and that all my words and actions are scanned; but I will not be discouraged, and hope I shall get through with honour. One motive for making me think so, is the great pleasure and satisfaction I have in the hopes of seeing you here, where your advice and example will be of great use; and therefore I hope you will lose no time, but come away, and I will sit up an apartment for you in Queen's square, and another at Sheen (which I hope you will accept) places that I shall hardly be able to see this year.

Mr. Pilkington gains daily upon us, and comes out a facetious agreeable fellow. I carried him t'other day to see her grace of Bucks in the Park. Her grace seeing him, asked Who he was? I answered, He was a prefent from you from Dublin. She smilingly reply'd, He

is no fool then, I am fure.

I shall conclude a long dull letter, with my sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and that you would not delay one hour coming to bless your friends here with your company; which by none is more defired than, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant.

J. BARBER.

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LETTER XXXI.

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Countess of KERRY to Dr. SWIFT.

Lixnaw, March 4, 1732-3.

HE kind concern and friendly remembrance of the most esteemed dean of St. Patrick's, has raised in me a satisfaction and pleasure that I had almost given up, having been resolved a good while humbly to content myself in a state of indolence and indifference; and, if I could avoid the pains of body and mind, not to feek further after those points in life, I so long and vainly pursued: but you have invaded my tranquillity in a manner I must not only forgive, but pay my acknowledgments for, fince at the same time that you make a melancholy representation of my misfortunes, you strike a light for me from another quarter from whence to raise hope. I most heartily rejoice in what you tell me of Mr Fitzmaurice, who has indeed given me an undeniable mark of talte, by the sense he has of the honour you do him in letting him into your fociety, from whence it is impossible to come without some good influence. For my part, I grieve at the interval that necessity seems to call for, to interrupt such advantage, and it is my study to find an occasion indispensable that he may return *; and, as I think, to be a member of our fenate house is the best way to lead a young man into the world. I have been watching a good while for some gap in that body, that he might step into. There feems now to offer one on the death of Sir Ralph Gore, that may not be impracticable, fince it is a very small borough intirely belonging, as I am informed, to the bishop of Clogber, who, I dare say, is above dilpoling of it for Court favour only, or to the highest bidder; practices much in fashion of late. Might I not then presume upon your friendship with the bishop, to recommend this young man as an honest one at present, and whom he might devote to his fervice by so great

^{*} It is prefumed, from his travels.

and seasonable an obligation, besides paying an acknowledgment that, in gratitude, is due, although the perfon were never to well qualified: thus much fure I may fay without censure. If I have taken too great liberty in recommending this matter to you, forgive me, and impute it to my zeal in endeavouring to take all opportunities to turn this lad into the world, that I may fee what figure he will be likely to make hereafter. if I don't succeed in this, or any other attempt, I thank Providence fincerely, I can now boast I have attained philosophy enough to take every thing with patience as it comes, by no means thinking myfelf too good to be the sport of higher powers; and my christian duty will not permit me to look for reasons. As little wisdom as I have bought, I wish I had had it sooner; now it is too late, La farce est joué, and my curtain almost drawn; fo that if I could, I would no more traffic with the world upon my own account: friendship only is what I still must always value; yours, surely, is more than comes to my share.

You are very good to enquire after my eyes: they are, indeed, well beyond my expectation; but are to me like the miser's gold, hoarded up as imaginary treasure that one wants, at the same time that one possesses; for so much as this letter I have not taxed them a long time. I shall, with attention, observe all you recommend to me in the way of passing my time; and do daily see reason to respect la bagatelle; yet are there some places where that is too insipid to be made any use of. I have an excellent chaplain, that I employ in reading, and my domestick. Handicrasts and gardening do the rest. As for quadrille, it is a part of entertainment only for strangers. What shall I say for taking up so much of your time? Forgive, dear Dean,

your most real and faithful humble servant,

A. KERRY.

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LETTER XXXII.

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CHARLES FORD, Efq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, April 14, 1733.

AM extreamly concerned to hear the bad state of your health. I have often wished that you would be more moderate in your walks; for though riding has always been allowed to be good for a giddy head, I never heard walking prescribed for a strain, or any ailment in the leg; and the violent sweats you put yourfelf into, are apt to give colds, and, I doubt, occasion much of your other disorder. I am confident you would find yourfelf better here; and even the journey would be of great use to you. I was vastly pleased to hear my lord-mayor talk of the delight he should have in seeing you this year, that he might shew you a creature of your own making. He has behaved himself so well in his publick capacity, that, whether it be his humility, or his pride, he deserves to be gratified. I could heartily with your other complaints were as much without foundation, as that of having loft half your memory, and all your invention. I will venture to pronounce you have more left of the first than most men, and of the last than any man now alive. While the Exciles were depending, you were expected every day; for it was faid, Why should not he shew as much regard for the Liberty of England, as he did for the Money of Ireland? I with you had been here, though the affair, in my opinion, is happily ended. Many people are offended that the bills were dropt, and not rejected, and the authors of the scheme left unpunished. It was absolutely impossible to have carried it otherwife. You have heard Sir Robert Walpole, and one or two more coming out of the house, were insulted. A few of that rabble have been feized, with the ringleader, who proves to be a Norfolk man; no enemy to Exciles, but an entire dependant upon the outraged person. Though the rejoicings were as great, and as univerfal as ever were known, there was no violence,

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I have great hopes this fine mild weather will fet you right, and long to hear you are preparing for your journey. I am most entirely, your grateful, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

Mifs KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

Jarvis-street, May, 4, 1733. 3 1 R. AM sure if you knew what I have suffered for having offended you, your anger would be changed into pity; for indeed, Sir, my uneafiness cannot be expressed. Of all the misfortunes I ever met with, this has given me the greatest concern; for your friendship is an honour that the whole world are ambitious of; but I received from it more than ordinary fatisfaction. Judge then, Sir, how unhappy I now am; and for God's sake, forgive what is past, and be assured my future conduct shall be such, that you never again shall have cause of complaint against me.—I own you have reason to condemn my impertinence; but as I had not the least intention to offend, I hope it will, in some measure, lessen the fault. Indeed, Sir, if you will be fo good to pardon me, I will make any atonement in my power; and it will much add to the other obligations you have already conferred upon me. My health is fo much impaired, that it is but too probable that I shall not live very long; and methinks, it would be very hard to have the short time that is allotted for me made more miserable than continual fickness can make it. This must be the case, if you do not, once more, receive

ceive me into your favour: nothing I desire half so much; and do assure you I spent so bad a night from the thoughts of my missfortune, that could you have had an idea of it, you would have been forry for me. You might have seen how depressed I was at supper; but not my indisposition but your cold behaviour was the real occasion of it.—What shall I say, or do, to instruce you to pardon me? If true repentance for my crime and a firm resolution to be upon my guard for the future against any inadvertent expressions, that can give offence, will plead any thing in my favour, you will be so good to pardon me; for I can affirm, that I will never offend you again. Try me then, good Sir; and, if it is possible, both forget and forgive the errors I have been guilty of.

If you are not determined to continue my unhappines, I must beg the favour of you, to send me a line to affure me of my being pardoned; for my uneasiness cannot be removed without it. I hope too, Sir, that I shall have the honour of seeing you before I go, that I may in person acknowledge how much I owe you, and with what satisfaction I receive your forgiveness; and, for God's sake, Sir, look upon me as you were wont to

do, for I cannot bear your coldness.

I propose, when I go to Bristol, to follow your advice, and should be much obliged to you, if you would recommend me to those books that you think most proper for me: and if it please God that I recover, you shall find, that by the honour you have done me in advising me to improve my mind, the deficiencies of my education will be made up, and I shall be more worthy of your esteem.

I should beg pardon for the length of this, but that I still could write on to ask your forgiveness; who am, Sir, with true respect and regard, your most obliged

and most humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

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LETTER XXXIV.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, May 29, 1733. TOU will find, to your cost, that a woman's pen, when encouraged, is as bad as a woman's tongue: blame yourself, not me: had I never known the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, I should not have persecuted you now. I think (a little to justify this bold attack) that I am obliged, by all the rules of civility, to give you an account of the letter you charged me with: I delivered it into my lord Bathurs's hands; he read it before me: I looked filly upon his asking me, What you meant by the Fosset affair? and was obliged to explain it to him in my own defence, which gave him the diversion I believe you defigned it should. We then talked of your vineyard: he feemed pleased with every subject that related to you, and I was very ready to indulge him that way. I did not forget to brag of your favours to me; if you intended I should keep them a secret, I have spoiled all: for I have not an acquaintance of any worth that I have not told, how happy I have been in your company. Every body loves to be envied, and this is the only way I have of raising people's envy. I hope, Sir, you will forgive me, and let me know if I have * bebaved myself right: I think I can hardly do wrong as long as I am, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient fervant,

M. PENDARVES.

Mrs. Donnellan is much your humble fervant, and as vain of your favours as I am.

^{*} Dr. Swift never could endure to hear any one fay, such a one behaved well, Er. Behaved? Behaved what? he used to ask with some kind of emotion. I remember his giving me an account, How he rebuked my lord Corteret for this, and that my lord promised him not to be guilty of the like for the future. The italick mark under these words in the original, proves that Mrs. Pendarver refers to some rebuke of this kind.

LETTER XXXV.

Mifs KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

Bristol Hot-well, June 2, 1733.

I HEAR my agreeable fellow-traveller has been beforehand with me in paying her compliments to you; but I cannot be surprized at that, for she was formed to get the better of me in every thing, but respecting and esteeming you. That, indeed, nobody can do; for both gratitude and taste conspire to make me

truly your friend and fervant.

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I have been, fince I came here, very low spirited; the companions I had some part of my journey lessened my illness, or at least I felt not with them the same weight that I did upon their leaving me: and I have often wished myself again in Ireland to enjoy conversation; for I really believe it is one excellent cure for This is the dullest place that ever was most disorders. known: there is not above half a dozen families, and those are cits with great fortunes, or Irish impertinents; the former despises one because their cloaths are finer than yours; and the latter has no view in keeping you company but to report your faults. This makes me avoid all communication with them, and only in the morning I go to the wells: and, I thank God, I can spend my time far better; for either writing to my friends, reading, walking, and riding, find me full employment, and leave me not a wish for fuch company as the place affords. Doctor Lane (who, by character is a second Asculapius, and can raise people from the dead) is my phylician, and gives me great hopes of a speedy amendment: and, as I take his medicines regularly, and am up at fix in the morning, breakfast at eight, dine at one, and sup at seven, I hope I may in time find fome benefit: nor does either the ass's milk or waters disagree with me; and I think my appetite is rather better. I wish to Heaven it was agreeable to your affairs to come here; for I am fure you would like the fituation of the house that I lodge in: it has the command of such a prospect, that I 12

Thould do it injustice to attempt to describe it; but the variety of the scene is such, that one discovers new beauties in it every day. I hope you will continue your former goodness to me, and let me have the honour of hearing from you fometimes; for, in reality, nobody is more fincerely your well-wisher than, your most obliged and most faithful humble fervant,

F. A. KELLY.

Your expedition to Tallow * makes a very fine figure in print; but, fince you have made this difcovery, I think you ought to fly to us; for, if Dublin be in danger, the deanry house cannot be a fafe retreat for you. I wish any thing would fend Barber here; for I was at the Bath to fee some of my friends, and was forced to fwear that only the want of health kept her book from being published. I am fure you will be glad to hear, that a lady of very good understanding, that is a particular friend of mine, comes to me next week to stay while I do: her name is Rooke, admiral Rooke's fon's lady.

LETTER XXXVI.

Miss KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

Briftol, July 8, 1733. DEAR SIR,

T CANNOT express how much pleasure your letter gave me; to say that it surpessed in filence gave me, is all the description I am able to make. Indeed I had a thousand fears about you; your health was my first care, and yet I thought, that the Gods must take care of Cato; but I too fearfully apprehended that the whole Club had quite forgotten the most unworthy member that ever entered into their Society. For, though you writ to others, your hands were useless to me; and of all our little set none remained unblessed but myself; but as your letter has

^{*} The country feat of the archbishop of Dublin.

made me full amends for every thing belide; I must be

lavish in my thanks.

I am apt to believe that I really died on the road, as it was reported; for I am certainly not the same creature I once was; for I am grown fonder of reading than of any other amusement, and, except when health calls me on horseback, I find my only joys at home; but my life indeed has received great addition in its pleasures, by Mrs. Rooke's being so good to come down to me; the has all the qualities that can make an agreeable companion and friend: we live together without form, but have all the complacence for each other that true friendship inspires. You are sensible that two people cannot always like the fame thing: this we make easy, by following our inclinations; for if the likes to walk, the walks, and I do whatever I like better. Would to God you were with us to compleat our happiness. I had a letter from Mrs. Cleland to enquire about you; she fays, she hears you are coming to England: furely if you were you would tell me io; for few things in life could give me more true delight

than the light of you.

You are extreamly good to enter into my affairs: all marks you give me of your friendship, increases my effeem for you, and makes me bear the common rubs of life with patience. I have really been often tempted to let you into all my secrets; but the thought that you only could receive uneafiness from them, and that even your advice could not remove the least painful of them, hindered me from it; for to those I best love I still remain upon these heads reserved. Indeed the cause of my complaints is of such a nature, that it cannot well be told. The unhappy life of a near relation must give one a pain in the very repeating of it, that cannot be described. For surely to be the daughter of a colonel Chartres must to a rational being give the greatest anxiety; for who would have a father at seventy publickly tried for an attempt of a rape? Such a Dulcinea del Toboso is shocking, I think. For if a man must do wrong, he should aim a little higher than the enjoyment of a kitchen-maid, that he finds obtinately virtuous. In short, dear sir, I have been fool 13 enough

enough to let fuch things make an impression on mer which spight of a good constitution, much spirits, and uling a great deal of exercise, has brought me to what I am. Were I without a mother (I mean, had I loft her in my infancy, and not known her goodness) I could still better have borne the steps that were taken; but whilft I faw how lavish be was upon his dirty wenches, I had frequent accounts that my mother was half starved abroad. She brought him fixteen thousand pounds fortune, and having borne severe usage for near twenty years, had resolution enough to part with him, and chose to take two hundred and fifty pounds per annum separate maintenance rather than bear any longer: and, as she could not live here upon such an income, the has banished herself, and lives retired in a country town in France. His late letters to me have been kind, and hitherto he has supplied me well; but in his latt he tells me he shall not see me till September.

What you say is perfectly right, and I propose returning to the Club as soon as my health will permit me: but how long this may prove I know not; for I

must still pursue this cruel God * that slies me.

I shall go from hence, I believe, in a week; for Lane only pours down medicines for the sake of the apothecary, and though he reaps the benefit of them, I receive none; and as he has not allowed me to drink the waters these three weeks, I can have no business here; so shall follow Holling's advice, and remove to Kensington or Hampstead with the utmost expedition; therefore I must beg the favour of you to enclose your letters for me to William Cleland, Esq; commissioner of taxes, in St. Stephen's Court, Westminster. I have disobeyed orders in writing so long a letter; but I will not do this again: so now be so good to excuse the rediousness of, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant, F. A. KELLY.

Write to me as often as you can, and make my compliments to all friends.

^{*} The God of Health poetically expressed.

Mrs. Pendarves is gone down with lady Weymouth, whose fortune was five thousand pounds, and has for jointure two thousand five hundred a year, and five hundred a year pin-money.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

Glocester, July 21, 1733. SIR, AY I fay, without offending you, that I was overjoyed at the honour you did me in answering my letter? and don't call me formal, when I affure you, that I think myfelf made happy by fuch a diftinction. It was stupidity in me not to let you know where to address me, but I don't repent of it; I have by that means tried your zeal, but I am afraid your good breeding more than inclination procured me that favour. I am refolved to be even with you for what you fay about my writing, and will write henceforward to you as carelessly as I can; if it is not legible, thank yourfelf. I don't wonder at the envy of the ladies, when you are pleased to speak of me with fome regard; I give them leave to exercise their malice on an occasion that does me so much honour. I protell I am not afraid of you, and would appear quite natural to you, in hopes of your rewarding my openness and incerity by correcting what you disapprove of. And fince I have not now an opportunity of receiving your favours of pinching and beating, make me amends by chiding me for every word that is false spelt, and for my bad English; you see what you are like to fuffer: if this promises you too much trouble, don't give me fo much encouragement in your next letter; for upon something in your last, I have almost perfuaded myfelf, that by your affiltance, and my own earnest defire, I may in time become worthy of your care. Vanity stands at my elbow all this while, and animates me by a thousand agreeable promises; without her encouragement I should never have presumed to correspond with the Dean of St. Patrick's. Some say,

the is a mischievous companion; I swear she is a pleafant one; you must not be angry with me for keeping her company; for I had very little acquaintance with her till I had received some marks of your favour.

I received your letter but a little while before I left London: I attended lord and lady Weymouth down to Long-Leat, and left them with a prospect of as much happiness as matrimony can give; they are pleased with one another at prefent, and I hope that will continue. My lord and lady Carteret are both satisfied with the disposal of their daughter in so advantageous a station. Common report wrongs my lord Weymouth; for which reason, as I am his friend, I must tell you his good qualities: he has honour and good nature, and does not want for fense; he loves the country, and inclines a little too much to his stable and dog-kennel; but he keeps a very hospitable good house, and is always ready to relieve those in distress: his lady Dr. Delany can give you a character of, and is what I believe you will approve of. I came from Long-Leat last Saturday, and am now at Glocester with my mother and fifter. My lord Bathurst was here about a fortnight ago; I was forry to miss of him: I have a double reaton for liking his company. He has made me promife to pay him a vifit at Oakly Wood, which I certainly will do; I shall with great refignation submit to any punishment you convey through his hands. I wish you could make your words good, and that I was a forcerefs, I should then fet all my charms to work to bring you to England, and should expect a general thanksgiving for employing my spells to so good a purpose. The Syren * has lately been at Oxford; we parted very unwillingly: the is extreamly obliged to you for remembring her fo favourably. I am glad Mr. Donnellan pleases you; I know he has a high value for you, and I agree with you in thinking him a most deferving young man. My lord Lansdown is much at your service, laments the days that are past, and we constantly drink your health in champaign, clear as your thoughts, and sparkling as your wit. Lord and lady Carteret, and my

^{*} Perhaps this was Miss Kelly.

lady Worsley, all talk kindly of you, and join their wishes to mine for your coming among us. I request it of you to make my humble service acceptable to those friends of yours that are so good as to remember me. I am, Sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Be pleased to direct for me at Mrs. Granville's, Glocester.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Lord Mayor of London * to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Goldsmiths-Hall, Aug. 6, 1733.

THANK you heartily for your kind and affectionate letter, and I beg your pardon for not an-

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I agree with you, that I had the happiness of learning honest principles early, from a set of great men, who will ever be an honour and an ornament to their country: and it is my greatest glory, that in the late affair of the Excise Bill (though I did nothing but my duty, and what every honest man in my station would have done) I acted consistent with those honest principles, and that my enemies, as well as friends, have generally approved my conduct. And believe me, sir, I speak it with geat sincerity, that when I consider how sparingly you and some other friends have ever been of your praises, your approbation affords me the greatest pleasure imaginable, as it gives me that inward peace of mind which the whole world could not purchase.

My lord Orrery's amiable qualities must make him the delight of all with you, as he is truly so with us; and when he comes over, your loss will be our gain, as

the proverb fays.

I know nothing of Mr. Pilkington's affairs or expences; what the city allows him is never paid till the end of the year: I have presented him at twice, with forty pounds, which I design to make sifty; which sum has but one precedent: generally they have but thirty of the mayor. His behaviour is very well, and he is

generally esteemed.

I shall have great regard to your recommendations in favour of Mrs. Barber, and shall not fail of doing her any service in my power. I have been thought to be a lucky man; but this year fortune has been my fee, for I have had no death happened in my year (a fidler excepted) yet, nor have made 500 l. in all. But my

friends fay it is made up in fame.

I am very forry your ill health continues; for I flattered myself with being very happy with you and some friends, on the important subject of the Cap of Maintenance, Custard, the Sword, and many other laudable things in the lord mayor's house; and I yet hope to have that felicity, for there are three months to come; and who knows what may happen in that time? Nay, I don't despair of seeing you settled with your friends here, before we are many years older. Don't start!

stranger things have happened very lately.

I was lately honoured at dinner with the lords Bolingbroke, Carteret, Winchelsea, Gower, and Mr. Pulteney; and among other things your name was mentioned, and lord Carteret instantly toasted your health; and you were the subject of conversation for an hour. I shewed them your letter. I dare not mention what passed, because I know I shall offend your modesty; only one thing I will venture to repeat, That they all swore, that if ever the wind should change, they would not long be deprived of the greatest genius of the age. The conversation turning on another subject, Lord Carteret pulled me to the window, and bade me tell you, that he loved and honoured you, and so you should find on all occasions, and that he toasted your health. This is literally true, upon the honour of a

I dined yesterday with lord Bolingbroke only; he

complains you don't write to him: he is well.

They say you are making interest for my brother of Dublin to be member of parliament; pray come over, and do the same for me, and have the credit of both.

My brother behaves himself well*, I hear; if it is pro-

per, my fervice to him.

What you tell Mr. Pilkington of my speaking disrespectfully of the Irish is salle and scandalous; I never used such an expression in my life: I appeal to all my acquaintance. I love the Irish.

Pray God restore your health; and believe me always, with gratitude, your most obedient humble

fervant,

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JOHN BARBER.

LETTER XXXIX.

Mifs KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Aug. 12, 1733.

AM truly forry, my dear Sir, that I have not heard from you so long; but am much more concerned with Rarbar's account of your being not as well as I wish you. For God's sake try the change of air, and let not any other attachment than to your health employ your thoughts. Consider how dear you are to your friends; but if that won't do, let the detestation you must feel, from giving pleasure to the unworthy, make you careful of yourfelf. Indeed I should be glad to make you fensible, that you are valued by all that have a taste for merit; and I should be -very much pleased, if you would think you owe so much to thein, that you would, for their fakes, preserve yourself. Believe me, Sir, illness is not to be trifled with: I can speak on this subject as an experienced person; and I earnestly intreat you to take remedies in time. Forgive my impertience, and be affured that none is more truly zealous for your welfare, than your

F. A. KELLY.

^{*} This was Alderman French, an iron-monger, supposed by Dr. Swift, and all others, to be the greatest magistrate that ever lived in any age or nation.

LETTER XL.

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of ORRERY.

MY LORD,

Dublin, Aug. 20, 1733.

Lately received a letter from Mrs. Barber, wherein she desires my opinion about dedicating her poems
to your lordship; and seems in pain to know how far
she may be allowed to draw your character, which is a
right claimed by all dedicators: and she thinks this the
more incumbent on her, from the surprising instances
of your generosity and favour that she hath already received, and which she hath been so unfashionable to
publish wherever she goes. This makes her apprehend,
that all she can say to your lordship's advantage, will
be interpreted as the mere effect of slattery, under the
style and title of gratitude.

I fent her word, that I could be of no fervice to her upon this article: yet I confess, my lord, that all those who are thoroughly acquainted with her, will impute her encomiums to a fincere, but overflowing spirit of thankfulness, as well as to the humble opinion she hath of herself. Although the world in general may possibly continue in its usual sentiments, and list her in the

common herd of dedicators.

Therefore, upon the most mature deliberation, I concluded that the office of setting out your sordship's character, will not come properly from her pen, for her own reasons; I mean the great favours you have already conferred on her: and, God sorbid, that your character should not have a much stronger support. You are hourly gaining the love, esteem, and respect of wise and good men: and in due time, if Mrs. Barber can have but a little patience, you will bring them all over, in both kingdoms, to a man: I confess the number is not great; but that is not your lordship's fault, and therefore, in reason, you ought to be contented.

Iguess the topicks the intends to insist on; your learning, your genius, your affability, generosity, the love you bear to your native country and your compassion for this; the goodness of your nature, your

humility,

humility, modesty, and condescention; your most agreeable conversation, suited to all tempers, conditions, and understandings; perhaps she may be so weak to add the regularity of your life; that you believe a God and Providence; that you are a firm Christian, according to the doctrine of the church established in

both kingdoms.

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These, and other topicks, I imagine Mrs. Barber deligns to infift on, in the dedication of her Poems to your lordship; but I think she will better shew her prudence by omitting them all. And yet, my lord, I cannot disapprove of her ambition, so justly placed in the choice of a patron; and at the same time declare my opinion, that the deserveth your protection on account of her wit and good fense, as well as of her humility, her gratitude, aud many other virtues. I have read most of her poems; and believe your lordship will obferve, that they generally contain something new and uleful, tending to the reproof of some vice or folly, or recommending some virtue. She never writes on a subject with general unconnected topicks, but always with a scheme and method driving to some particular end; wherein many writers in verte, and of some distinction, are so often known to fail. In short, she seemeth to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her fex, or the scene she hath acted in, as the wife of a citizen: yet I am affured, that no woman was ever more useful to her husband in the way of his business. Poetry hath only been her favourite amusement; for which she hath one qualification, that I wish all good poets possessed a share of, I mean, that she is ready to take advice, and fubmit to have her verses corrected by those who are generally allowed to be the best judges.

I have, at her intreaty, suffered her to take a copy of this letter, and given her the liberty to make it public: for which I ought to desire your lordship's pardon: but she was of opinion it might do her some service, and therefore I complied. I am, my Lord, with the truest esteem and respect, your lordship's most obedient ser-

vant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

LETTER XLI.

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Mrs. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Sept. 22, 1733. SIR, NOWING your great effeem and tenderness for miss Kelly, and that there is no one whom she has fo high an opinion of, or whose advice would sway so much with her, I can't forbear letting you know my thoughts about her at this time; that I think the wants the affiftance and counsel of her best and wifest friend. As the has been to good to diftinguish me amongst her female acquaintance, and to shew more confidence than in any other, I think I can better tell her mind: but, as the has a natural closeness, I judge chiefly by hints; for I believe the does not open herfelf entirely to any one. Her health I think in a much worse way than when she came to London: the has still a flow fever, a violent cough, great and almost continual sickness in her stomach, and, added to all these, a very great dejection of spirit; which last, I can't but think, proceeds in a good measure from discontent and uneasiness of mind; and the physicians are of the same opinion. I have endeavoured, by all the means I could think of, to find out the cause, hoping, that if it were known, it might, by the affiftance of friends, be remedied. I know when a young person shews any discontent, people are apt to imagine there can be no cause for it but a disappointment in love: I really think that is not mis Kelly's case: I have tried her to the uttermost on that subject, and I can't find the has any attachment to any particular person, but that the whole world, except a few friends, is indifferent to her: but what I take her prefent uneafiness to proceed from, is the unkindness in general of her parents, and the fear of not being fupported by her father in the way he likes, and as her present bad state of health indeed requires. She has a high spirit, and can't bear to be obliged to her friends, and the has not been much used to management. She is here in a very expensive way, with her sickness, her

fervants, and her horses; and I believe she would be

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greatly mortified, after appearing in this manner, to be obliged to fall below it; and at the same time she has reason to fear from her father's behaviour, that he thinks little of her, and will not support her in it : she has not heard from him these two months; and the letters the had from him at Bristol were warning her not to marry without his confent, enjoining her not to go to public places, and, above all, to spend little money; very odd subjects to one in her condition. Now, what I would beg of you, Sir, is to endeavour to find out what are his resolutions in relation to her, and if there be any one that has an influence over him, to get them to convince him, that his child's life is in the greatest danger; and then, perhaps, he may not think his time and money ill employed to fave it. If at the same time, Sir, you would join your good advice to her, I believe it might be of great use, either to make her bear, with less uneafiness, the ills of this life, or, if it please God to take her from us, to prepare her for another, and a better. Her humour is much changed; her spirits are low; and, upon every little disappointment, her passions rise high: you know, Sir, how best to apply to these. She is at Hampstead quite alone; and although her phylicians defire much she should come to town, she cannot be prevailed on to think of it; the defires to be alone: even Mrs. Rooke and I, whom the calls her bett friends, are troublesome to her. I believe I need not tell you, Sir, that I defire this letter may be a fecret, and especially to the person concerned. If you have any thing to tell me, that can be of use on this subject, and will honour me with your commands, direct if you please for me, under cover, To Mrs. Anne Shuttleworth, at Mr. Jourdain's, in Conduit-fireet. I should beg pardon, Sir, for troubling you with this long letter; but I hope my friendthip to miss Kelly will be my excuse. I am forry to write on fo melancholy a subject and that I am sure must give you uneafiness; but pleased with any opportunity of affuring you that I am, Sir, your very great admirer, and most obedient humble fervant, ANNE DONNELAN.

LETTER XLII.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

Glocester, Oct. 24, 1733.

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I CAN'T imagine how my lord Orrery came by my last letter to you; I believe my good genius conveyed it into his hands, to make it of more consequence to you: if it had that effect, I wish this may meet

with the same fortune.

If I were writing to a common correspondent, I should now make a fine flourish to excuse myself for not sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter; but I must deal plainly with you, Sir, and tell you (now don't be angry) that the fear, of tiring you stopt my hand. I value your correspondence so highly, that I think of every way that may preserve it, and one is not to be too troublesome.

Now I can't guess how you will take this last paragraph; but if it makes me appear affected or silly, I will endeavour not to offend in the same manner again. Some mortification of that kind is wanting to bring me to myself: your ways of making compliments are dangerous snares, and I don't know how to guard against the pleasure they bring: to be remembered and regretted by you, are honours of a very delicate kind. I have been told, that unexpected good fortune is harder to bear well than adversity.

The cold weather, I suppose, has gathered together Dr. Delany's sett: the next time you meet, may I beg the favour to make my compliments acceptable? I recollect no entertainment with so much pleasure as that I received from that company; it has made me very sincerely lament the many hours of my life that I have

lost in infignificant conversation.

I am very much concerned at the disorder you complain of. I hope you submit to take proper care of yourself; and that the next account I have of yourhealth will be more to my satisfaction.

A few days before I had your last letter, my fister and I made ny

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I made a visit to my lord and lady Bathurst at Cirencester. Oakly wood joins to his park; the grand avenue that goes from his house through his park and wood is five miles long: the whole contains five thousand a-We staid there a day and half: the wood is extremely improved fince you faw it; and, when the whole defign is executed, it will be one of the finest places in England. My lord Bathurst talked with great delight of the pleasure you once gave him by surprising him in his wood, and shewed me the house where you lodged. It has been rebuilt; for the day you left it, it tell to the ground; conscious of the honour it had received by entertaining so illustrious a guest, it burst with pride. My lord Bathurst has greatly improved the wood-house, which you may remember but a cottage, not a bit better than an Irifb cabbin. It is now a venerable castle, and has been taken by an antiquarian for one of king Arthur's, " with thicket overgrown grotesque and wild." I endeavoured to sketch it out for you; but I have not skill enough to do it justice. My lord Bathurst was in great spirits; and though surrounded by candidates and voters against next parliament, made himself agreeable in spite of their clamour: we did not torget to talk of Naboth's vineyard and Delville +. I have not feen him fince, though he promifed to return my vilit.

All the Beau monde flock to London to see her royal highness \$\pm\$ disposed of; whilst I prefer paying my duty to my mother, and the conversation of a country girl my sider, to all the pomp and splendour of the Court. Is this virtue or stupidity? If I can help it, I will not go to town till after Christmas. I shall spend one month in my way to London at Long-Leat: I hear

that the young people there are very happy.

It is a little unreasonable of me to begin a fourth page; but 'tis a hard task to retire from the company one likes best. I am, Sir, your, most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

The late princess of Orange.

^{*} Naboth's vineyard belonged to Dr. Swift.

Tor. Delany's beautiful villa about a mile from Dublin.

LETTER XLIII.

CHARLES FORD, Efq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 6, 1733:

I HAD the favour of your letter in Derbyshire, from whence I came last week. I am extremely concerned to hear the ill state of your health. I was afraid of it, when I was so long without the pleasure of hearing from you. Those fort of disorders puzzle the physicians every where; and they are merciles dogs in purging or vomiting to no purpose, when they don't know what to do. I heartily wish you would try the Bath waters, which are allowed to be the best medicine for strengthening the stomach; and most distempers in the head proceed from thence. Vomits may clean a foul stomach, but they are certainly the worst things that can be for a weak one.

I have long had it at heart to fee your works collected, and published with care. It is become absolutely necessary, since that jumble with Pope, &c. in three volumes, which put me in a rage whenever I meet them. I know no reason why, at this distance of time the Examiners, and other political pamphlets written in the queen's reign, might not be inserted. I doubt you have been too negligent in keeping copies; but I have them bound up, and most of them single besides. I lent Mr. Corbet that paper to correct his Gulliver by; and it was from it that I mended my own. There is every single alteration from the original copy; and the printed book abounds with all those errors, which should be avoided in the new edition.

In my book the blank leaves were wrong placed, so that there are perpetual references backwards and forwards, and it is more difficult to be understood than the paper; but I will try to get one of the second edition, which is much more correct than the first, and transcribe all the alterations more clearly. I shall be at a loss how to send it afterwards, unless I am directed to somebody that is going to Ireland. All books are print-

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The differences were certainly promised, that the Test Act should be repealed this session in Ireland; I should be glad to know whether any attempt has been or is to be made towards it; and how it is like to succeed.

We have lost miss Kelly, who they say was destroyed by the ignorance of an Irish physician, one Gorman. Doctor Beaufort was sent for when she was dying, and

found her speechless and senseless.

Our late lord-mayor has gone through his year with a most universal applause. He has shewn himself to have the best understanding of any man in the city, and gained a character, which he wanted before, of courage and honesty. There is no doubt of his being chosen member of parliament for the city at the next election. He is something the poorer for his office; but the honour he has got by it makes him ample amends.

For God's fake try to keep up your spirits. They have hitherto been greater than any man's I ever met, and it is better to preserve them, even with wine, than to let them sink. Divert yourself with Mrs. Worral, at backgammon. Find out some new country to travel in: any thing to amuse. Nothing can contribute sooner than chearfulness to your recovery; which that it may be very speedy, is sincerely the thing in the world most wished for by, your ever obliged, &c.

LETTER XLIV.

Mrs. PRATT to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, Nov. 10, 1733.

OT many days ago I had the pleasure of yours by Mrs Barber, whose turn seems to confin the good impression you give of her. I want not more than your recommendation to engage my wishes to serve

her, and also my endeavours, if any opportunity falls in my way. Are there no hopes of feeing you on this fide of the water? Cannot the great number of your friends, and the great variety of conversation abounding here, be some kind of inducement to your coming amongst us? Is not Mr. Pope a temptation to one of your distinction to draw you this way? Even the variety of people in this great city might contribute to the amusement of your mind, as a journey and exercife would to your bodily health. I would use every argument I could think of to invite you hither, and consequently to preserve a life so beneficial to the publick, and to dear to all your friends. You have a spirit that should prevail against indolence, and bring you into a part of the world, which calls aloud for your talents. This winter would furnish you with many opportunities of doing great good, as well as making a shining figure; which resection gives me great hopes, that you will think it a reasonable obligation; as in that case, like Pitt's diamond, you would stand alone. I wish I had a house in some meafure worthy to entertain a guest that should be so welcome to me. You surprize me greatly in telling me that my lord Shelburne and you have not met, although he has been some time in Dublin, and to my knowledge is one of your great admirers. Why don't you fend to my lord Dunkerin, who undoubtedly wants only that encouragement to wait upon you. I want none to embrace the opportunity of affuring you, that I am, with great elleem, respect, and affection, your very obliged and most humble servant,

H. PRATT.

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LETTER XLV.

Late Lord-Mayor of London [Alderman BARBER] to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 17, 1733.

As I have now got rid of the plague of grandeur, and all its dependencies, I take this first opportunity to pay my respects to you, sir, which I beg pardon

for not doing sooner. The transition from Goldsmiths-Hall to Queen's-Square, is hardly credible; for in one view, to imagine the constant hurry, noise, and impertinence I lay under from morning till night, in oppofition to the peace, the quiet, and great tranquillity I feel in my little retirement, makes me pity your great men, who certainly must be strangers to the great pleafure I now enjoy.

Before I left my office I took care to do justice to Mr. Pilkington, who has received more than I mentioned, and indeed more than any chaplain ever had be-

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Of the city 1. s. d.			
Salary 20 0 0			
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Gratuity extraordinary 21 0 0			
	66	0	0
From my lord-mayor	50	0	0
Five fermons preached before the mayor	10	0	0
For a copy of one fermon printed	04	0	0
£.	130	0	0
		12.00	101

St. Paul's happened to be shut up in the Summer for two months, when the mayor went on Sundays to his own chapel at Guildhall, and his chaplain read prayers for eight Sunday mornings only; for which the mayor got him from the court of aldermen twenty guineas.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I know your great punctuality in things of this nature, as well as to do myself justice. How much he may be a gainer by coming over, I can't tell; but if he had pleased to have lived near the Hall, as he might, in a lodging of ten or twelve pounds a year, he need not have kept a man, (for I had more for show than business) nor given the extravagant sum of thirty pounds a year for lodgings; he might have saved something in those articles. Had he lived in the city, I should now and then have had the favour of his company in an evening;

evening; but his living from me brought him into company, and among the rest into that of Mr. Edward Walpole, from whom he has great dependences.

I recommended him to Mr. alderman Champion, who got the primate's wife's brother to write in his favour to the primate. And he talks of the living of Colerain's being vacant; if it be, I will do him what fervice I can.

Thus, sir, I have discharged mysels of the duty you laid upon me, in relation to that gentleman, which I hope will be to your satisfaction; for I will never be ungrateful, though I have met with it frequently

myself.

All your friends in town are well, and in high fpirits. Lord Bolingbroke complains you don't write to him. Poor Mrs. Barber has the gout, but is better. It was a great mortification to me that you did not come and eat some custard; but I hope your health will permit your coming next Summer. We rejoice much at my brother French's success. I know you don't deal in news, so I send you none. Pray God continue your health, and believe me always, with the greatest sincerity, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

P.S. Why Mr. Pilkington should fend his wife home in the midst of winter, or why he should stay here an hour after her, are questions not easily answered. I am not of his council.

LETTER XLVI.

Mrs. CONDUITT to Dr. SWIFT.*

RS. Barber did not deliver your letter till after the intended wedding brought me hither. She has as much a better title to the favour of her fex

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^{*} Thus endorfed by the Doctor, "My old triend Mrs. Barton, now Mrs. Conduitt."

than poetry can give her, as truth is better than fiction; and shall have my best assistance. But the town has been so long invited into the subscription, that most people have already refused or accepted, and Mr. Con-

duitt, has long fince done the latter.

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I should have guessed your holiness would rather have laid than called up the ghost of my departed friendship, which since you are brave enough to sace, you will find divested of every terror, but the remorse that you were abandoned to be an alien to your friends, your country, and yourself. Not to renew an acquaintance with one who can twenty years after remember a bare intention to serve him, would be to throw away a prize I am not now able to repurchase; therefore when you return to England, I shall try to excel in what I am very forry you want, a nurse; in the mean time I am exercising that gift to preserve one who is your devoted admirer.

Lord Harvey has written a bitter copy of verses upon Dr. Sherwin for publishing (as 'tis said) his lordship's epittle; which must have set your brother Pope's

spirits all a working.

Thomson is far advanced in a poem of 2000 lines, deducing Liberty from the patriarchs to the present times, which, if we may judge from the press, is now in full vigour. But I forget I am writing to one who has the power of the keys of Parnassus, and that the only merit my letter can have is brevity. Please therefore to place the prosit I had in your long one to your fund of charity, which carries no interest, and to add to your prayers and good wishes now and then a line to, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

C. CONDUIT.

Mrs. Barber, whom I had fent to dine with us, is in bed with the gout, and has not yet fent me her propofals.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

CHARLES COOTE, Efq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Dec. 13, 1733. DEING indebted folely to you for a most valuable D acquaintance with the duke and duchels of Queenfbury, and some other of your friends, I ought to have acknowledged it before. It is a common stratagem of mine, and has always succeeded, to give hints in proper places of your allowing me to some degree of perfonal acquaintance with you, and I owe to it most of the agreeable hours I passed at Spa this Summer, where they were; I had strong temptations, especially at that distance, to give myself high airs this way; but finding the bare mention of my having been received by you in a most obliging manner, was enough to do my business, and it being a fact I could make oath of, I kept within due bounds. Her grace, who would be the most agreeable woman in England, though she were not the handsomest, has honoured me with her compliments to you with a walking stick, the manufacture of Spa, where she had it made for you, and I ought to have delivered it two months ago; accidents prevented my leaving this place and it is not certain when I can; so that I must fend it to you by the first proper opportunity, but could no longer delay your pleasure in knowing it, and hers, when you shall acknowledge it. If I can be of any fort of service to you on this fide, your commands will find me at St. Tames's Coffee-house. I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

CHARLES COOTE.

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LETTER XLVIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT *.

DEAR SIR,

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Dec. 20, 1733.

OURS I received, and if it was not that I have a good deal of company to sup at my house upon beef griskings, I would go and play a game of backgammon with Mr. Worral's tables, and be after winning some of Mrs. Worral's coin; I would not fear to win a crown piece of her money by playing fix-pence halfpenny a time. She is a very good body, and one that I have a great value for: I wish my spouse were but half as good, but of this I shall say nothing more till I hope my goffip Delany's spouse is upon the mending hand, for they tell me the has been lately much out of order. She is as good a woman as ever breathed, and it is a thousand pities that any thing should ail her. God Almighty wish her well; for I am sure if the went off, the doctor would not meet with her fellow. I hope nothing ails her but a brush.

To-morrow I eat a bit with Mr. and Mrs. M'Gwyre: if you will make one, you will get as hearty a welcome as if you were their own father; for nobody speaks better of you than they. My humble fervice to all friends and to yourself, is the request of yours to com-

mand,

THADY O SULIVAN.

Hodge hard by the Showel in Francis-Street.

Vol. II.

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LET-

^{*} Indorsed, "Dr. Sheridan's insolence in presuming to answer my eloquent Hybernicisms."

LETTER XLIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

YOU must shake off the leavings of your fex. If you cannot keep a secret and take a chiding, you will quickly be out of my sphere. Corrigible people are to be chid; those who are otherwise, may be very safe from any lectures of mine: I should rather chuse to indulge them in their follies, than attempt to set them right. I desire you may not inform your husband* of what has past, for a reason I shall give you when I see you, which may be this evening, if you will. I am very sincerely your friend,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER L.

The Bishop of CLOGHER+ to Dr. SWIFT.

I HAVE a letter of yours of a very long date ‡, and fhould, it may be, out of good manners have answered it long fince; but I thought it would be better to delay the answer I was then able to make to our first private meeting, which I thought might be soon; and for the same reason that delayed me then, I shall put off my desence till I have the pleasure of half an hour's private conversation with you, when I think I shall be able to clear myself from the heavy charges you bring

^{*} This Letter was occasioned by some accounts from London relative to Mr. Pilkington, which Mrs. Pilkington has given us at large, vol. i. p. 105.

[†] Dr. Sterne.

† That Letter of Dr. Swift's was dated in July 1733, and printed by Johnston in 1765, No. 57. As I have had occasion to refer to this collection of Letters, I shall embrace this opportunity of acknowledging an erratum which escaped my observation in the hurry of transcribing them for the press. The second paragraph, No. 69, begins thus, "Lord Bath, &cc." read Lord Bathurst, &cc. against

against me; and therefore, not to take any farther notice of that letter, I shall, in answer to your last, which I received by last post, return you my thanks for your having taken the same care about the sixty pounds, which at your request I lent foe Beaumont, whose circumstances at that time I was pretty much a stranger to, as you have taken about the money you lent him on the same occasion; and as this shall serve for a full discharge of all demands I have on foe's execution*, so I shall take it as a favour, if you will take on you the trouble of disposing of that sum of sifty pounds, as an augmentation to your own charitable fund, or to any other charitable use you shall judge proper, and that I desire may be without any mention of my name.

If you defire an acquittance in any other form, be pleased to draw one, and I will sign it. I shall be proud of a visit in this mountainous country, being, notwithstanding any coolness or misunderstanding that has happened between us, as much as ever your affectionate

friend and servant,

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^{*} This execution was against the heirs or representatives of Mr. Beaumont, who had died several years before the date of this letter.

LETTER LI.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DE ARMIS TER DE AN

June 28, 1734.

TEXPECTURE anser an da fullone abo ut mi
monito de. Times a re veri de ad nota do it oras
hi lingat almi e state. Mire se ver cannas vel res ad e
villas a peni. Cursim I se fora prime minis ter. Cantu
res a Sum at ab an cursu de an. Atri do. Uno mi de
arde annuo me agro at. Itis hi time tot hinc ope in it.
I ama non est manicæ, ac nave is mi aversio ni de clare.

Ad unis at mi do ore fora Sum îo on da nat urnæ, ab umbelicum in at his ars, as redi as ac at is at amo

use, ora rati se, orabat.

Iambicum as mutas a Statu; as lænas ara que; as de a fas an ad aris; as hæ a vi as an assis; as quæras a duc; aft emas alam; as de ad as a do orna ilis; as infipidas de ad vi negaris; ora potato in me. I re membri vas o na time as qui casa fleat a lædis belli; as meri as a Philli; as fullo pleas ac id; as fullo meretrix as ac it en is, oras ab a boni na capis. I rite si miles use e, cantu ritum. Udi ne at urse de at mi o use. I vah belli fullo meato en ter tenus fit fora nil ordinis equi page. Uva stomachi me ope. Here is ab illo fare. Ago use. A paro dux. Sum fis his, as a paro soles. A paro places. Apud in. Afri casei. Arabit astu in. Neu pes. Neu beans. Alam pij fit fora minis ter o state. Acus tardis ast it abit as at artis. Afri teris mi de lite. Mi liquor istoc que, it costus api Stola quarti a verrit. A quartos ac. Margo use claret as fine as a rubi. Graves. Lac rima Christi. Hoc. Cote rotæ. Sum Cyprus. As fine Sidera se ver Id runcat at averne.

Præbe specus a Superaturus. Summas par a gusto eat. Sum colli slo ures, ac ab age lætis fora Sal ad. Invita lædito ac cum pani ure verens, nota præter, nota coquet. A grave matronis pro per fora grave de an, an

da doctor, an das cole mas ter.

I ritu a verse o na molli o mi ne,
Asta lassa me pole, a lædis o sine,
I ne ver neu a niso ne at in mi ni is,
A manat a glans ora sito fer diis,
De armo lis abuti hos sace an hos nos is,
As fer a sal illi, as reddas aro sis,
Ac is o mi molli is almi de lite,
Illo verbi de, an illo verbi nite.

I figo imus te cato tum an dumus trans ac ure pense exceptive illuc. I fi ple in gestitis fora negat eas ter. Notabit fora cardami, norabit fora di se i, as migra num has sed forti times.

I nono nues offa ni momento ritu buttabata ilis o ver at Dans sic. In Itali an in Germani merce nari es defertum e veri de. O ne gener alis de ad ac an non bullit huc offis hæ ad. A sie et is præ par in fora se site. Me ni Si eges ara carri in o nat his time.

Mi Magis as meri as an apis. Hæ do es se a quæ cur a quæ cur a cur. Hæ is caper in in ac age me do Sali. Abit ob re ad is gener ali his super ora livor offa lambis.

Miser visto alat o me, excuse mi has te; Fore ver an de ver ures.

TOMAS SER ID AN.

Afri de at en ac locat mi Studij.

LETTER LIL

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD Mr. DEAN, Dover-street, Aug. 8, 1734. IT is now fo long fince I have troubled you with a letter, that I am almost quite ashamed to do it now; but the truth of the case is this, I cannot be longer easy any further to defer my making my due acknowledgments to you in the best manner I can, for the many kind remembrances I have received from under your own hand, and your obliging notice of me in your letters to Mr. Pope, &c. It was an extream great pleasure to me to find that I still maintained a share in your thoughts, that I was still worthy to receive your commands; I did my best, I did all that lay in my power to obey them; I wish there had been better success. I asfure you this, that there is no person (I speak without excepting one) whose commands I would more readily obey than yours; I hope you will be so good as to indulge the, and make use of your power often; I value myself not a little upon this score, and you see here how easy it is for you to make one happy, which is more than can be faid of ----.

I shall now take the liberty to talk to you a little upon family affairs; and my encouragement to do it proceeds from this, that ever fince I have been so fortunate to be acquainted with you, you have in the kindest manner always taken a part in whatever fortune befel me or my

family.

Indulge therefore the fondness of a father to detain you so long as to give a sincere friend some account of the compleating a great work, the disposal of an only

daughter in marriage, and in these times.

The whole affair was conducted with as much care and confideration as we were capable of: when we looked over and weighed the many offers that had been proposed to us, and what fort of creatures they were composed of, this person we have now chosen had the fairest and most unexceptionable character, and as his composition

composition is the most unlike the generality of the young gentlemen of this age, which you will think was no small ingredient towards our approbation of him; as I hope and long much to fee you in England, I believe when you fee the duke * you will be pleafed with him, and you will not disapprove of our choice; as he is free from the prevailing qualifications of the present fet of young people of quality, fuch as gaming, sharping, pilfering, lying, &c. &c. fo on the contrary, he is endowed with qualifications they are strangers to; fuch as justice, honour, excellent temper both of mind and body, affability, living well with his own family; and the manner in which he proposed himself was what became a gentleman and a man of honour. Thus you fee I have given you a long account of this affair, and the reasons which induced us to consent to this match. I flatter myself that you will not be displeased with the account I have given you of the gentleman to whom we have given our daughter.

My wife and my daughter defire your acceptance of their humble fervice, with many wishes for the enjoyment of your health, and would be very glad to see you

over here.

Mr. Pope has been upon the ramble above these two months: he is now with my lord Peterborough near Southampton, where he proposes to stay some time. This morning died Willis bishop of Winchester; and is to be

fucceeded by Hoadley, and further I cannot fay.

Pray, has Mr. Jebb got any preferment? I was very glad to hear that he had a share in your good opinion: I hope he has done nothing to forfeit it. What has prevented Mr. Faulkner from sending over your Works? he promised to send them over the end of last May at the farthest. I am, with true regard and esteem, Sir, your most obliged and most saithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

^{*} The late duke of Portland.

LETTER LIII.

Lady HOWTH to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Kilfane, near Kilkenny, Aug. 15, 1734.

O shew you how much I covet your correspondence, I would not even give myself time to rest; for gratitude obliges me to return you thanks for all your favours, in particular your last, which quite cured me of my cold. I can, as yet, give you no account of this country, but that I have been mightily hurried, fettling my little family. We all got fafe here on Monday night; and this day was the fair of Bennet's Bridge, where I had two gentlemen on purpose to look out for a pad for you, but there was not one to be got; but if there be any fuch thing to be had as a good trotter, fuch a one as I know you like, I will have it. I don't know whether you will be as free in writing as you are in speaking; but I am sure, were I at your elbow when you read this, you would bid me go to a writing school and a spelling book. My lord joins me in begging you will accept of our best wishes; and hope you will believe me to be, what I really am, your affectionate friend and humble servant,

LETTER LIV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DRDAYANN Aug. 16, 1734. YE mash aimed off knott wry tin two yew bee four Butt may knee bees knees fees hind red fow Inn trick Kate Eye cud knot. Ewer Ink ly nation Eye no two wards ewer fry ends Toby o ther wise. Ha! view Spoak a knee Prop hote awl too Dock tore Cocks cymb Eye may Ann White comb a bout they Dean a wry off Kill mower a shit. I few heave, right two Their ever end Dock tore She rid Ann Inn cast ell Ham ill tunn knee are Kill ice and draw inn they Count eye Caw van. Eye a mag owing two Bell turbet two meet they ten Ants off Drum lean too race heave mow kneebutt Eye fare Ice hall me taw a par fell off M T Pock heats. Cap tinn Ham ill tunn mad dumb Ham ill tunn Ann dye ware a beau tinn, Ann dye Ned inn a gaze ay beau a pun a past Eye maid off any Sun. Oui mun See your Ann very tea-Cant you right all a mode a France hay?

The upper part of this letter must be read by my mistress to you, who has a key for it, I mean her tongue; but you must have patience with her, for she cannot see well without spectacles; and when she has them on she cannot read well; and when the does read, the cannot speak well, as having an impediment in her speech, which was occasioned by a fright in the nursery. A little before I go to Dublin I intend to kill a buck, and fend you some of it. Mr. Hamilton has promised me that favour. He has the best and fattest venison I ever tasted; and the finest boat, and the finest situation, and the finest house, and the finest hall, and the finest wife and children, and the finest way of living, I ever met. You live in Dublin among a parcel of rabble; I live at Castle Hamilton among gentlemen and ladies : you live upon chaffed mutton, I live upon venison: you drink Benicarlo wine, I drink right French Margoux: you hear nothing but noise; With ravishing musick my ears are K 5 delighted. delighted. If you were here you would never go back again. I fancy that I never shall; and that I shall be able soon to keep my coach, and to bring you down into this elysium, which is both my taste and my choice.

Pouvoir choisir, & choisir le meilleur, ce sont deux avantages qu'a le bon gout. C'est donc un des plus grands dons du ciel d'être né homme de bon choix. And to give you a sample of my good choice, I chuse to end with this French maxim, having no more to write, but my love to my mistress, and service to all friends. Eye am ewers to the day of judgment,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER LV.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

Little Brook-Street, Sept. 9, 1734. SIR, YFIND your correspondence is like the singing of the nightingale; no birds fings fo sweetly, but the pleasure is quickly past, a month or two of harmony, and then we lose it till next spring: I wish your favours may as certainly return. I am at this time, not only deprived of your letters, but of all other means of enquiring after your health, your friends and my correfpondents being dispersed to their summer quarters, and know as little of you as I do. I have not forgot one mortifying article on this occasion; and if your design in neglecting me was to humble me, it has taken effect: could I find out the means of being revenged, I would most certainly put it in execution; but I have only the malice of an incensed neglected woman, without the power of returning it. The last letter I writ to you. was from Glocester, about a twelvemonth ago; after that I went to Long-Leat to my lady Weymouth; came to town in January, where I have remained ever fince, except a few weeks I spent at Sir John Stanley's at North-end, the Delville of this part of the world. hope Naboth's Vineyard flourishes: it always has my good withes, though I am not near enough to partake of

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of its fruits. The town is now empty, and, by most people, called dull: to me it is just agreeable, for I have most of my particular friends in town, and my fuperfluous acquaintance I can very well spare. My lord Carteret is at Hawnes; my lady Carteret is in town, nursing my lady Dysart, who is brought tobed of a very fine fon, and in hopes of my lady Weymouth's being foon under the same circumstances. I have not feen my lord Bathurst fince I was at his house in Gloucestersbire: that's a mischief I believe you have produced; for as long as I could entertain him with an account of his friend the Dean, he was glad to fee me; but lately we have been great strangers. Mrs. Donnellan fometimes talks of making a winter's visit to Dublin, and has vanity enough to think you are one of those that will treat her kindly: her loss to me will be irreparable, besides the mortification it will be to me to have her go to a place where I should fo gladly accompany her. I know she will be just, and tell the reasons why I could not, this year, take such a progrefs. After having forced myself into your company, it will be impertinent to make you a longer visit, and destroy the intention of it; which was only to affure you of my being, Sir, your most faithful, and obliged humble fervant,

M. PENDARVES.

LETTER LVI.

PICKLE HERRING to Mr. FAULKNER*

SIRHA +,

REN'T you the rascal, that makes so free with my family? --- Had you once recollected that, graceless and despised as he is, that same serieant Kite t was my brother, and, however marr'd in the making, was born to be as great a man as myself. Had you thought with what vengeance a man in my high station can espouse any one's quarrel, and especially that of a finking brother, durst you presume to run these lengths? -----Mark what I am going to say; bitter is the forrow, hot, four, and cutting is the fauce you are to tafte after your merry conceits on my poor brother; and what mortal can expect better that meddles with the very worst of the family of the Pickles? --- Recollect at last and tremble! whom hast thou offended and stirred up to wrath, thou little pitiful fwad? - More would I say to thee, but that I take thee right, I look upon thee only as the foul pipe through which the filth and nastiness of a whole nation is squirted in the teeth of my unfortunate brother, the unlucky graceless dog, that has brought all this on himself; but, alas, my brother!---But however provoked, are your scribling spit-fires never to be fatisfied? one should think, that, by this time, if the poor foul had not enough, they certainly had! Is it not sufficient for them to see a man of learning and law, a man of fingular inimitable eloquence, a man of anparallel'd graceful action, a man of unspeakable, inconceivable truth, justice and fincerity, exem-

^{*} Endorsed by Dr. Swift, "An excellent droll Paper."
† This humorous letter, although addressed to Mr. Faulkner,
was ultimately designed for the entertainment of Dr. Swift.

[†] Bettefworth, serjeant at law, whose character is well known for the assault he made upon Dr. Swift in the year 1733, was frequently persecuted by the young poets under the name of Serjeant Kite.

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plary religion, strict virtue, nice honour, and sterling worth in general past finding out; I say, is it not sufficient to fee a luminary like this now thining in meridian luftre, but anon set for ever- in a puddly cloud? Is it not sufficient to see him so unmasked and stigmatized, that he can be no longer a tool even for a courtsharper, and (what's worst of all for him) no longer to be in pay with them! Is it not sufficient to see his poor skull (God help it!) incurably bumped and bulged by that damnable bounce of his against the pulpit-cornish? Is it not sufficient to see with what pain and shame he wriggles along by that confounded splinter of the bar, he lately got trust into his a-, and which has left him a running fore to his dying day? Is it not fusficient to see him, all the last term, walk about in merry fadness an idle spectator in the courts, where he was not retained even for his most noted talent of dirtflinger? Oyou swarms of green counsels and attorneys, I wonder not to see you posted about Idler's Corner, looking sharp, as dinnerless men, for a lucky pop on a client; but why, oh! why, should this ever be the case of my haples brother? O Fortune, Fortune, cruel are thy sports!--- Is it not sufficient to see him doubly tormented in putting a good countenance on treatment, which is inwardly gnawing and confuming him? in which state his whole comfort is, that, for half a score years at least, his conscience could never upbraid him: oh the comfort of an eafy conscience!——Is it not sufficient to see him at Ballyspellan, and every where he goes the common butt of gibe, wink, and titter? Is it not sufficient, that after what has been flying about fince he left it, he knows not how to shew his face in town, nor how to stand the infinite mortifications, he is to meet with this winter? Is it not fufficient, that as his case stands, it is the ferjeant again all the world, and all the world against the serjeant? wretched case, when a creature has not even the cheap relief of common pity! And is not all this sufficient? No, the virulent crew tell me, that as long as the terrible tumour in his breaft continues hard, the caustick and corrosive must be ply'd, and that none

but injudicious quacks, would talk of emollients and lenatives, until some at least of the corrupt and settid matter is discharged. In short, they tell me, that as long as the cause remains, and the world likes the operations, the cure must go on the same way! Well, go on ye scoundrels, go on! and make him as wretched and contemptible as you can! and when you have done your worst, I'll make a provision for him that shall alarm you all; shall make some burst with envy, and others to look on him with a merry sace, whom so long they beheld with hatred and derision.

To keep neither him, nor the world longer in suspence, know ye, that I will take him home to myself, and, after a little of my tutoring, not a turn in his intellects, expression or action (which now are the subject of satire) that shall not soon become matter of high panegyrick. O ye dogs you, I'll set him over all your heads! I'll advance him to a place of performance, which he was born for, and which (however he thought of it all the while) he was not ill-bred to: and there he is sure to meet with the honour and applause he might in vain expect on any other stage.

As for your part, little pert whipper-snapper, Faulkner, is it base sear, or is it unsufferable vanity in you to talk of correction from the hands of my brother? Had you been any thing above the sorry remnant of a man, you might perhaps come in for the honour of a gentle drubbing; but a little rascal, that has already one leg in the grave, what satisfaction or credit would it be to him to beat thee abominably, or even slay thee out right? No, but, Sirha, if our brother Doctor Anthony were alive,——rot you, in spite of your rascally Keven-Bail, and your scribling janisfaries, he should set up his wheel just before your door, and on his pole, thrust up your fundament, he should twirl

^{*} A whimfical odd kind of a man, who had abundance of low humour, and frequently used to entertain the school-boys and populace with his harangues and pleasantry, mounted upon a ladder in some corner of a street. He died about eight or ten years before the date of this letter.

you about till your brains tumbled down into the hollow of your wooden shin-bone, and till all the bones in your skin rattled and snapped like pipe-stoppers in a bladder. Take that from your sworn and mortal enemy,

PICKLE HERRING.

Corke, Sept. the 24th, 1734.

LETTER LVII.

Sir WILLIAM FOWNES to Dr. SWIFT*.

SIR.

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THERE are a fort of gentlemen who, after great labour and cost, have at last found out, that two dishes of meat will not cost half so much as five or fix, and yet answer the end of filling the bellies of

as many as usually fed upon the five or fix.

I have considered that a like fort of reduction in other articles may have the like proportion of good effect: As for instance, when any one bespeaks a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, or a pair of gloves, they should bespeak a pair and a half of each, and make use of these turn about: I am very consident they will answer the end of two pair; by which good management a quarter part of the expence in those articles may be saved. Perhaps it may be objected, that this is a spoiling of trade; to which I answer that when the makers of those sorts of ware shall reduce their rates a quarter part (instead of enhansing them, as has been done in some late years unreasonably) and now ought to be reduced according to the rates of wool and leather;

Then it may be reasonable to bespeak two pair in-

stead of a pair and a half.

Another objection may be started as to gloves, with a query, which of the hands shall be obliged with two gloves? To this I answer, That generally the

^{*} Endorsed, " A humorous project,"

left hand is used but seldom, and not exposed as the other to many offices; one of which in particular is the handing of ladies. For these reasons, two gloves

ought to be granted to the right hand.

There are many other frugal improvements, which, as foon as I have discoursed Thomas Turner the quaker, who is now upon finding out the longitude, and farther improving the latitude, I shall be able to demonstrate what fort of meat, and the joints, will best answer this frugul scheme, as likewise in cloathing, and other parts of good economy; and they shall be communicated to you by, Sir, your most humble servant.

PHILOM Æ.

From my observatory in the Parliament house, Oct. 18, 1734.

LETTER LVIII.

The Reverend MARMADUKE PHILIPS to Dr. SWIFT.

Markon in Somersetshire, Nov. 2, 1734. SIR, TO U may be affured that I should not have denied myself so long the pleasure of that great privilege and favour you allowed me at our parting of coresponding with you whilft I staid in England, but that I waited to give some account of the success of your kindly and friendly negociations for me in the letter that you were so good to give me to lord Orrery, and that I could not do before this week; for though I delivered my credentials to his lordship near a month ago, yet we did not talk over the affair till very lately; for as I thought it my duty to wait his time and leisure, I did not press him for an answer; and as I have all the reason in the world to imagine, from the many friendly offices you have done me, that you would rejoice at any good that may befal me, fo I can at length tell you, that it was as favourable as I could well with for, confidering every thing and circumstance

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cumflance attending that affair; for it feems the scheme in relation to Mr. Taylor's giving my mother and me fo much money for our good will in the leafe, can never take place, for many very good reasons his lordship gave me, which are too tedious now to trouble you with; and therefore he only told me in general terms, that as he thought our case a little hard and severe, somewhat or other at the expiration of the lease must be done for me, but in what manner it was not possible for him yet to fay; which furely was as much as any confionable and reasonable man (and God forbid that I should ever prove otherwise) could expect: in short, his kind reception of me at Marston, and the handsome manner he has behaved himself towards me in every particular fince I came to him, has been like lord Orrery himself: and now to whom must I attribute all this? not to any merit or conduct of my own, for I am conscious of none, but to the worthy dean of St. Patrick's who takes delight in doing all the good he can to those who have the invaluable happiness and honour of being acquainted with him; and therefore what a monster of ingratitude should I be not to acknowledge the channel through which this intended bounty of his lordship is to flow to me, let it be more or less? No! agnosco fontem; for without controversy, you have been the means of bringing all this about: for which I shall say no more (being but bitter bad at making speeches) but the Lord reward you, and to assure you, good sir, that this your act of friendship manet et manebit alta mente repostum. His lordship told me that he would answer your letter very soon; and as his pen and head infinitely transcend mine, it is likely you will have then a clear and better account of this matter than I can possibly give you.

I have been under an unspeakable concern at an account I lately saw from Ireland of a return of your old disorders of giddiness and deasness; but I still stater myself that it is not so bad with you as my sears have represented it, which makes me long impatiently to hear how you really are; but I am in hopes your usual medicina gymnastica will carry it all off; if it

does

does not more the pity say I, and so will all say, I am consident, that know you; but surely ten thousand times more pity is it that you are not like one of Gulliver's Struldbrugs, immortal; but alas! that cannot be, such is the condition of miserable man; which puts me often in mind of the following lines I have somewhere or other met with, which I apply now and then to myself, by way of cordial.

What's past, we know, and what's to come, must be, Or goodor bad, is much the same to me; Since death must end my joy or misery, Fix'd be my thoughts on immortality.

But hold! I believe I begin to preach; and it's well if you don't think by this time that I imagine myself in Rathenny * pulpit instead of writing a letter to the dean, and therefore I forbear.

I know writing in your present circumstances must be so very troublesome and uneasy to you, that I am not quite so unreasonable as to expect it from you; but whenever your health permits you, it will be an infinite pleasure and satisfaction to me to hear from you; and the safest way of sending a letter to me will be under cover to lord Orrery, and Marston, near Frome in Somersetshire. I shall trouble you, sir, with my compliments to my very good friends and neighbours lady Acheson and her mother, for whom I have a very real esteem and value, and also to Dr. Helsham and his lady, and with my very affectionate love and service to all my Sunday companions at the deanry †.

Mr. Philips's benefice about three miles from Dublin.

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[†] It was customary for the Doctor's friends and acquaintance to visit him on Sunday afternoons, and spend the evening with him; so that every one who was at leisure to go there, was sure of meeting variety of good company.

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I have no novelties to entertain you with from hence; for here we lead a very retired and perfectly rural life: but when I get to London (which I believe will not be till after Christmas, because as I am within ten or a dozen miles of Bath, I have some thoughts of making a trip thither, and try what good those waters will do me) you may depend upon having an account of what passes in the positical and learned world that is possible for me to come at and convey to you, and I hope to be then honoured with all your commissions and commands in that place; for I wish for nothing more than an opportunity of thewing with how much gratitude and true esteem for all your favours, I am, Sir, your most obedient and much obliged humble servant,

MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

I have seen your friend Mrs. Cope at Bath, and she desired me to send her compliments to you.

LETTER LIX.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

I A M truly concerned at your having been fo much out of order: I most heartily wish you constant health and happiness, though that's of little use to you, and only serves to do honour to myself, by shewing I know how to prize what is valuable.

I should have returned you thanks much sooner for the favour of your last letter; but when I received it I was preparing for my journey hither, and have ever since had so great a disorder in one of my eyes, that till this moment I have not been able to make my acknowledgments to you. I wonder you should be at a loss for a reason for my writing to you; we all love honour and pleasure: were your letters dull, do you imagine my vanity would not be fond of corresponding with the

dean of St. Patrick's? But the last reason you give I like best, and will stick by, which is, that I am a more constant nymph than all your goddesses of much longer acquaintance; and furthermore I venture to promise you are in no danger of receiving a Boutade, if that depends on my will. As for those fasting-days you talk of *, they are, I consess, alluring baits, and I should certainly have been with you in three pacquets, according to your commands, could I either sty or swim: but I am a heavy lump, destined for a few years to this earthly element, and can't move about, without the concurrent assistance of several animals that are very expensive.

Now for business: As soon as I received your letter, I went to your brother Lansdown, and spoke to him about the duke of Chandois. He desired me to make his compliments to you, and to tell you he was very forry he could be of no service to you in that affair; but he has had no manner of correspondence or even acquaintance with the duke these fifteen years. I have put it however into hands that will persue it diligently, and I hope obtain for you what you desire; if they do not succeed, you must not call me negligent; for whatever lies in my power to serve you, is of too much conse-

quence for me to neglect.

I have left my good friend, and your humble fervant, Mrs. Donnelan, behind me in London, where she meets with little entertainment suitable to her understanding; and she is a much fitter companion for the Dublin Thurfday Society than for the trisling company she is now engaged in; and I wish you had her with you (since I can't have her) because I know she would be happier than where she is, and my wish I think no bad one for you. Neither my eyes nor paper will hold out any longer. I am, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all your friends.

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^{*} i. e. Dining upon two or three dishes at the deanry; which in comparison of magnificent tables the Doctor used to call fasting.

LETTER LX.

* * * * * * to Dr. SWIFT.

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Montrose, Dec. 17, 1728.

COME people here having flattered me that I have a genius for poetry, and my circumstances a little favouring it, I have refolved to turn my thoughts that way: I have already tried my talent on some little amusements, and have had the pleasure in secret to see them pretty well received; but few here being much conversant in that study, can be proper judges; and as I would not venture my character abroad in the world without the advice of those who have succeeded in it, I thought I could not more properly apply than to you, who have been pretty happy that way. What I mean is, that you would be pleased to furnish me with a theme to try my genius, with what rules you may think necessary. I expect your compliance with this, as it is the first, at least of this nature, you ever had from this place; and as foon as it is finished, you may expect a copy of the performance from, Sir, your most humble iervant,

† As this letter feems to have been written by some very young adventurer in poetry, we chuse to suppress the name at present, especially as we cannot tell what answer he received from Dr. Swift, or whether afterwards he applied himself with success to Apollo and the Muses.

LETTER LXI.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIF T.

DEER SOAR,

Dec. 25, 1734.

Ay morn in Two mete they ten ants off Drum lean, two pea me fum Mow knee dew of Michael Mass and March Gale. Eye fup hose Eye shall race heave a bout to hun dread pounds, or they raw bouts. Eye am fore Eye two here ewer health is knot bet her. Eye wood heave yew take sum ray maid Eyes first, and then go in ash hays two week low, where Eye no yew will bee as well come as a knee 1 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ in ire land. Yew no eye promiss said too right yew a Nun inn tell liege eye bell Let her. He writ is. Eye main as crop off it.

Duglidge gravelson meltronimon bagaron resonsa fore monra pe nos satas epronsa car filomen sezindo crapenter forami dansa prezina mentre soga ni son im contra serez imilo sik mitigan nastico dna cisa melisnot dlor calica

doen ap fagen gesonda refilo namis sendo.

I suppose by this time those last six lines have given you amusement enough; and to put you from farther labour, I tell you honestly, that they have no meaning at all. So let them pass for a Christmas trick—But I desire that doctor Helsham, and some other friends may take a turn at them; for it is not reasonable that you should be at all the trouble.

Mr. Hamilton is glad the venison got safe to you; it was carried by a County-Cavan man in the 75th year of his age, who went off on Wednesday morning, was back with us on Saturday night, in all 104 miles.—
He was much affronted that a young fellow was proposed for the expedition—There's a County-Cavan man for you.

As for myself, I am grown thirty years younger, by no other method than eating, drinking, and breathing freely in this *Elysium* of the universe. Happy will it be for you (if I misjudge not, and very seldom I do, as

you yourself can witness, who have known me above fixteen years, and I believe a little more, if my memory fails me not, as I have no reason to think it does; for I do not find it in the least impaired) to convey yourself into the finest apartment of our Elysium, I mean to Castle Hamilton, where you will find a most hearty welcome, and all the delights this world can give—
But you must take me along with you.—

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l it as you Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to hear that your innocent subjects of the Kevin Bay!

* escaped the gallows, in spite of Bettisworth + and all his add hay rents——If he were to make them a holiday, it should make one for me and my boys likewise.

Sunday we had a very hard frost—Yesterday morning fair—The afternoon, all night, and this morning to ten, was rain—Now fair again, but lowring.

We are just now going to dinner at captain *Perott's*, where your health is never omitted, both as Dean and Drapier—I forgot to tell you that there is a Drapier's Club fixt in *Cavan* of about thirty good fighting fellows; from whence I remark you have the heart of *Ireland*. Vid. *Grierson's* new map.—There is another *Cavan-Bayl* for you.

I have no more to trouble you with, but my good wishes for your long health and happiness. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

If you go out of town before I return, leave the key of your strong box with Jane 1, that I may put my money among yours.

* Dr. Swift used to call the people who lived in the liberty of St. Patrick's his subjects: and without dispute they would have fought up to their knees in blood for him.

† The right fpelling of this name is Bettefworth, constantly pronounced as a word of two syllables, until some poems had come out against him, and then Bettefworth affected to pronounce it as three syllables, to which this spelling by Dr. Sheridan alludes.

1 Dr. Swift's cook-maid.

LETTER LXII.

Mrs. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR. London, January 19, 1734-5. Y brother tells me you are so good to enquire after me, and to speak in a very kind manner of me, which as it gives me the greatest pleasure, so it raises in me the highest gratitude. I find I have a great advantage in being very inconsiderable; I dare believe people fincere when they profess themselves my friends; I confider I am not a wit, a beauty, nor a fortune; then why should I be flattered? I have but two or three qualities that I value myself upon, and those are so much out of fashion, that I make no parade of them: I am very fincere, I endeavour to be grateful, and I have just sense enough to discern superior merit, and to be delighted with the least approbation from it. My brother, some time ago, gave me hopes of receiving a letter from you, but he now tells me your ill state of health has made writing uneasy to you. I grieve much at my loss, but more at the occasion of it; and I write now only to return my best thanks for your good opinion and defigns, not to folicit new favours, or give you the trouble of answering this. I hope next Summer to be in Ireland, where I shall expect to receive your answer in person, when the sun with its usual bleffings shall give us this additional one of restoring you to that state of health that all those who have the happiness of knowing you either as a friend and companion, or lover of your country, must with the greatest earnestness desire. You will laugh perhaps, sir, at my faying I hope to fee Ireland this year; indeed the generality of our country folks who spend a little time here, and get into any tolerable acquaintance, feem to forget they have any other country, till a knavish receiver or their breaking tenants put them in mind of it; but I affure you I have so little of the fine lady in

me, that I prefer a sociable evening in Dublin to all the diversions of London, and the conversation of an ingenious friend, though in a black gown, to all the powdered toupees at St. James's. What has kept me feven years in London, is the duty I owe a very good mother, of giving her my company fince she defires it, and the conveniency I enjoy with her of a house, coach, and fervants, at my command. I suppose, sir, you know that Mrs. Pendarves has been for some time at Glocester: she has preferred a pious visit to a sick mother in a dull country-town to London in its gayest dress; fhe tells me she designs next month to return to us; the only uneafiness I shall have in leaving London is the parting with so valuable and tender a friend; but as she promises me, that if I stay in Ireland she will make it another visit, I think, for the good of my country, I must leave her. But whilft I am indulging myself in telling you my thoughts and deligns, I should consider I am perhaps making you a troublesome or unseasonable visit; if so, use me as all impertinent things should be used; take no notice of me: all I designed in writing to you, was to let you know the high fense I have of all your favours, and that I am, with the greatest gratitude and esteem, Sir, your most obliged obedient humble servant,

H. DONNELLAN.

I beg you will be so good to give my best wishes and services to Dr. Delany and Dr. Helsbam.

LETTER LXIII.

From some Unknown Gentleman to Dr. SWIFT *.

REV. SIR. Jan. 21, 1734-5. HIS letter is not to return you country thanks for your royal bounty to the army of Parnassus. Every body knows that Louis the 14th built and endowed the noblest foundation in the world for his invalids; we in imitation have our Greenwich, Chelfea, and Killmainham; and 'twas but fit that the king of poets should provide for his jingling subjects, that are so maimed and wounded in reputation, they have no other way of sublistence +. The occasion of this is as follows: This evening two learned gentlemen (for aught Henow) laid a wager on the matter following, and referred it to you to decide; viz. Whether Homer or Tacitus deserves most praise on the following account; Homer makes Helen give a character of the men of gallantry and courage upon the wall; but, as if it were not a fine lady's province to describe wisdom in Ulysses, the hero of his fecond poem, he makes Antenor, the wifest of all Troy, interrupt her. The passage in Tacitus is as follows, viz. On this year died Junia, being the fixtieth after the Philippi battle, wife to Cassius, fifter to Brutus, niece to Cato, the images of twenty houses were carried before her, &c. Sed præfulgebant Brutus & Cassius, eo ipso quod imagines eorum non visebantur. These gentlemen beg they may not have apartments assigned them in your observatory. Your most obedient humble servant,

T. L. P.

Be pleased to direct To the Reverend Mr. Birch at Roscrea.

^{*} This letter is endorfed, Whimfical and little in it.

⁺ The writer seems to allude to Savift's then designed hospital for idiots and lunaticks.

LETTER LXIV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 25, 1734-5.

Fy brew Harry 25, 1734-5.

RAVE E'ER END DAY ANN,

YE fan see they Rake order is a deel a tory jant ill man, bee cause he mite heave scent his o pin eye on beef o'er this. Yew no eye heave sum mow knee too pay miss tear Hen a wry, Ann damn inn hay east tub ring Matt Eyrs twack on clue shun. Eye maid a nap point meant two Bee at they Dean a wry tun eye't, butt am pray vent head buy a ten ant in Jew red buy Ann at Urn I, buy home eye must and. Eye am ewer mow stob ay dy ant Ann dumb bell serve aunt,

Tom as She 1id Ann.

LETTER LXV.

Mrs. PRATT to Dr. SWIFT.

THINK you know me sufficiently not to doubt of a letter any way coming from you being acceptable; therefore any omission but that cannot fail of an excuse from me, whose friendship is pleasingly gratified by the honour of having it returned from one of your distinguishing talents and merit, whose life I wish to preserve, but wish more to make it agreeable to you by the full enjoyment of health, friends, fortune, and situation; and my next desire should be, that I had a power to contribute to your attainment of any of these comforts.

Your kind enquiries in relation to myself, only justify taking up your time with so insignificant a subject, which I shall be particular upon merely in obedience to

your commands.

I have no obligations to the Court, nor am likely to have any; I have to my lord Shelburne, whose house in London is my fettled habitation; though I am afraid two years will put an end to my good fortune, the lease of the house, which is an old one, being then expired; and so perhaps may be that of my life, which I have been long tired of. Added to my lord Shelburne's favours, I have great and many, more than I can express here, to the duchess of Buckingham, whose table is my constant one, and her coach much oftner mine than I ask for it; besides, fetching me every day, and bringing me home, makes me share in publick amusements without expence; and in Summer the variety of change of air, which her station impowers her to take, and more her inclination, to impart to her friends the benefit of, who cannot fail of being so to her, if they have merit enough to be capable of being obliged by the most agreeable sincere manner to engage approbation and gratitude: then I hope you think I have enough to do justice, both in my thoughts and actions, to one fo worthy of it. I am, Sir, your fincerely obliged and affectionate humble fervant,

H. PRATT.

LETTER LXVI.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, April 5th, 1735. MONG all the rest of Mrs. Sheridan's diabolical proceedings, she is at this juncture carrying on an intrigue of marriage between her daughter-and a finical thorough fop * * * * * * For Heaven's fake, as you have been my best friend, talk to the monster upon this occasion (for it is the town talk) she will not know how you came to know it; and among other questions desire her to produce her daughter's work for these two years past, and you will find not the fourth part of a poor spider's day labour. This I have been from time to time pressing for to no purpose, because prevented out of spight to me; yet every b-h in town are advocates against me, as I cannot drink mountain, snivel, complain, and out-lie the father of lies. I beg you will only observe her damnable hypocritical countenance when you charge her with this, and if you do not fee it transformed into a mask in one inslant, I will forseit all title to your friendship. Thus have I been linked to the Devil for twenty-four years, with a coal in my heart, which was kindled in the first week I married her, and could never by all my industry be extinguished since. For this cause I have often been charged with peevifhness and absence among my best friends. When my foul was uneasy, every little thing hurt it, and therefore I could not help fuch wrong behaviour. You were the only one who had an indulgence for me. And now I earnestly ask this last friendship; (for I shall be ashamed to ask any more) that you will interpose your authority to prevent what may prove a greater affliction, if possible, than my mar-L 3

riage. Mrs. -- was fo charitable as to give me a hint of this affair, and at the same time her advice to hurry away that girl as foon as I possibly could. I did not know what method to take before this inflant that Mrs. Perott has invited my two eldest daughters to her house till such time as I may be settled at Cavan. She is a lady the best housewife in Ireland, and of the best temper I ever knew. Her daughters are formed by her example, fo that it is impossible to place them where they will have a better opportunity of learning what may be hereafter of real advantage to them. Dear sir, I shall impatiently wait your advice; for my affairs here require a longer attendance than I expected. You will be so good as to let me know from Mr. Lingen whether the duke of Dorfet's letter be come in answer to the lords justices, that I may hurry to Dublin; for people are here impatient at having their childern fo long idle. I am apt to believe that if you put this matter in what light you think proper to the lord chancellor, he will not infift upon a punctilio, which may prove a great loss to me. The bishop of Killmore can produce a letter I think sufficient to justify their excellencies the lords justices in granting us patents.

I wish you long health and happiness, and shall, dear fir, ever have a grateful sense of your friendship, and be with all respect, your most obedient and very humble

fervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER LXVII.

Alderman BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

T was with great pleasure I had the favour of your most obliging letter by the hands of Mr. Richardson, agent to the Irish society; for as I am always proud to receive your commands, he may depend upon any service I can do him that is in my power: when I say this, I make you no great compliment; for as that gentleman's merit has raised him to the post he now enjoys under the society, it is hardly to be doubted but that

his integrity, and good conduct for the future, will eafily preserve his interest in that body.

I am very forry to hear that your old complaints from your head continue; and the more so, because they have deprived your friends here of the great pleafure and fatisfaction of feeing you among them, which is a sensible mortification to them indeed; but I am very much pleased with the account you give of your way of living, because I am a living instance how the economy you are under must necessarily preserve your life many years. I have the gout sometimes, the asthma very much, and of late frequent pains in my bowels; and yet, by keeping in a constant regular way, I battle them all, and am in much better health than I was twelve years ago, when four top physicians pronounced me a dead man, and fent me abroad to die. I ride when I can, but not in winter; for the fogs and mists, and cold weather, murder me. I drink a pint of claret at dinner (none at night) and have a good stomach, with a bad digestion: but I have good spirits, andam chearful, I thank God.

I beg pardon for entertaining you so long with my infirmities, which I would humbly apply, That if my being regular, with so many distempers, preserves me to almost a miracle, what must the same method pro-

duce in you?

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About ten days ago I saw Mr. Pope, who is very

well: fo is the lord of Dawley *.

It is a melancholy reflection you make, how many friends you have lost fince good queen Anne's time. Many indeed! for there are very few lest. The loss of a friend is the loss of a limb, not to be restored. Poor lady Masham among the rest. Our friend the Dr. + I am asraid did not take the care he ought to have done. I am told he was a great epicure, and denied himself nothing. Possibly he might think the play not worth the candle. You may remember Doctor Garth said he was glad when he was dying; for he was weary of having his shoes pulled off and on. As for my part, I am resolved to make the remains of my life as easy as I can, and submit myself entirely to the will of God.

You will give me leave, Sir, just to congratulate you on your publick spirit (and for which all mankind appland you) in erecting an hospital for the unhappy. It is truly worthy of your great soul, and for which the present and the suture age must honour and revere your memory! I dare say no more on this head for sear of

offending.

That God Almighty would please to restore your health, and preserve you many years for the good of mankind, is the hearty prayer of, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

My service to Dr. Delany.

^{*} Bolingbreke.

LETTER LXVIII.

Mrs. PRATT to Dr. SWIFT.

WROTE in such haste that I forgot to make my lady Savile's acknowledgments, which before she left this, she engaged me to do in a particular manner from her, by affuring you that she is your obliged humble servant, and wishes you all happiness, as many more do amongst your friends here. Her number of children is three, two girls and a boy; who, thank God, seem promising.

My lord Shelburne, who is just come to town for two or three days, desires his sincere compliments to you, invites you next June to an empty town house, and wishes that accommodation of removing you from the inconveniencies of a lodging, may tempt you to a change of air, and to come amongst your friends. I wish I could tempt you to come hither, as I long to have the pleasure of assuring you in person, how sincerely I am, Sir, your ever obliged and most faithful humble servant,

H. PRATT.

LETTER LXIX.

Mrs. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

SHOULD before this have returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I feared too quick a correspondence might be troublesome to you. When I receive a very great honour and favour, I think it ungenerous immediately to sue for another, though I

have the highest sense of the obligation.

You say you want me to assert your right over our fex; and your letter is so powerful a bribe, that I sear I shall give them up to you, though I am a great asserter of their rights and privileges. As to the employments you assign me, I readily undertake them all, though I know myself very unfit for some of them but I have such high examples on my side, that I am not at all assamed of pretending to more than I can do. I think I can be a very good nurse; you shall teach me to be your companion; and, for a housekeeper, I will assure you I know to a farthing the lowest price of every thing, though I am ever so ignorant of the matter.

Mrs. Pendarves hath, as you say, forsaken us: by my lord Lansdown's death, her brother Mr. Granville is become possest of eight hundred pounds a year, and twenty thousand pounds in money; which was so settled that my lord Lansdown could not touch it. Mr. Granville is a man of great worth, and a very kind brother, and has it now in his power to provide for their sister miss Granville, whom Mrs. Pendarves is extremely fond of: this you may imagine has been a cordial to her for lord Lansdown's death, though she had a great regard for him. I tell her when she has married and settled her brother and sister, if she does not settle herself she must think of her friends in Ireland; and she promises me she will.

It is so much my interest, Sir, to believe you sincere, that I will not doubt it: I will rather think you want judgment (which is very hard for me to do) or why

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should not I (which is still more pleasing) believe I have really those good qualities you ascribe to me? It will only make me vain; and who can be humble when

praised by you?

I think your indignation against our absenters very just, though some of my samily suffer by it; but we are resolved to be no longer of the number, and propose leaving London this month. Poor Mrs. Barber has been confined with the gout these three months; and I fear we shall leave her so: her poems are generally greatly liked: there are, indeed, a few severe critics (who think that judgment is only shewn in finding saults) that say they are not poetic; and a few fine ladies, who are not commended in them, that complain they are dull.

I am very forry Dr. Delany has given up his house in Dublin; for one cannot, as often as one may wish it, command time and a coach to visit him at Delville. I I hope though to be admitted into the new apartment,

and to have the happiness of meeting you there.

My brother is highly honoured in the character you give him, which, though he is my brother, I must say I think a very just one: he will deliver you this letter, and with it my best thanks for all your favours; being, Sir, with the highest gratitude, your most obliged obedient servant,

H. DONNELLAN.

My best respects attend Dr. Delany, and Dr. Helsbam.

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LETTER LXX.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, May 16, 1735. 70U have never yet put it in my power to accuse you of want of civility; for fince my acquaintance with you, you have always paid me more than I expected: but I may fometimes tax you with want of kindness; which, to tell you the truth, I did for a month at least. At last I was informed your not writing to me was occasioned by your ill slate of health; that changed my discontent, but did not lessen it; and I have not yet quite determined it in my mind, whether I would have you fick or negligent of me: they are both great evils, and hard to chuse out of: I heartily wish neither may happen. You call yourfelf by a great many ugly names, which I take ill; for I never could bear to hear a person I value abused. I, for that reason, must desire you to be more upon your guard when you speak of yourself again: I much easier forgive your calling me knave and fool. I am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you express for the weakness of my eyes: they are now very well have had a much greater affliction on my spirits, which prevented my writing fooner to you. My fifter (the only one I have, and an extraordinary darling) has been extremely indisposed this whole winter. I have had all the anxiety imaginable on her account; but she is now in a better way, and I hope past all danger. I would rather tell you somewhat that is pleasant; but how can I? I am just going to lose Mrs. Donnellan, and that is enough to damp the livelieft imagination: it is not easy to express what one feels on such an occasion: the loss of an agreeable, sensible, useful companion, gives a pain at the heart not to be described. You happy Hibernians that are to reap the benefit of my dittress, will hardly think of any thing but your own joy and not afford me one grain of pity. things are carried in this world, the rich forget the poor. I am forry the sociable Thursdays, that used to bring bring together so many agreeable friends at Dr. Delany's, are broke up: though Delville has its beauties, it is more out of the way than Stafford-street. I believe you have had a quiet winter in Dublin; not so has it been with us in London. Hurry, wrangling, extravagance, and matrimony, have reigned with great impetuofity. The news-papers I suppose have mentioned the number of great fortunes that are going to be married. Our operas have given much cause of dissention. Men and women have been deeply engaged; and no debate in the house of commons has been urged with more warmth: the dispute of the merits of the compofers and fingers is carried to fo great a height, that it is much feared, by all true lovers of music, that operas will be quite overturned. I own, I think, we make a very filly figure about it. I am obliged to you for the two Latin lines in your last letter: it gave me a fair pretence of showing the letter to have them explained; and I have gained no small honour by that. I hope, Sir, though you threaten me with not writing, that you will change your mind: the feafon of the year will give you spirits, and I shall be glad to share the good effects of them. I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant.

M. PENDARVES.

When you see Mrs. Donellan, she will entertain you with a second edition of Fauset, too tedious for a letter. I have made a thousand blunders, which I am ashamed of.

LETTER LXXI.

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Lady BETTY BROWNLOWE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, May 19, 1735. HAVE the honour to fend you the enclosed letter, and the cover, as it came to Mr. Brownlowe. I hope your frugal correspondent has not, at your expence, incurred the proverb of being penny wise, &c. and thereby occasioned your being a sufferer by any delay or business. I should beg pardon for not having obeyed your commands in writing fooner, but that I am the only sufferer by it, by being deprived of the satisfaction of hearing of your health. The extreme cold weather we have had this month, has made the country much less agreeable than usual at this time of year; but this having been a fine morning, I have been amufed very much to my fatisfaction with laying out what I think a very pretty design in my garden. I like my gardener mightily, and found every thing in his care in perfect good order; but the coldness of the season makes every thing very backward: the cucumbers are not larger than guerkins. I beg, if you honour me with a line, you will let me know how both lady Acheson and Mrs. Acheson do, for I have a sincere concern for both their welfares. We go next week to make a visit to our friends at Seaford, where we propose staying about a fortnight. I heard yesterday you had thoughts of going to Cashel: if it were possible for me to have the happiness to be present at your's and the archbishop's conversation, I am certain I should retrieve my character, and that you would allow me to be a good liftner, which, through other people's faults, you do not know; for I affure you I have too great a desire to be informed and improved, to occasion any interruption in your conversation, except when I find you purposely let yourfelf down to such capacities as mine, with an intention,

intention, as I suppose, to give us the pleasure of babbling. Mr. Brownlowe desires you will accept of his compliments; and I am, Sir, with great respect, your truly affectionate and obedient humble servant,

ELIZABETH BROWNLOWE.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.

